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TALIESIN.



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TO

WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE, ESQ.

F. A. S.

My dear Sir,—In thus availing myself, without your knowlege, of the sanction of your name to the second Volume of the Cambro-Briton, I shall have occasion for all your indulgence, since I cannot but feel, that my humble work can confer nothing on you in return for the honour it thus derives. However, your long and unequalled services in the field of Welsh literature have so rendered your name a kind of public property, as, in some degree, I hope, to excuse the freedom I am now using. And, even if I were without this apology, the friendly assistance, which you have afforded me through the whole of my enterprise, has, in a manner, imposed upon me the duty of thus publicly expressing my gratitude. My only regret is, that my limits will not allow me here to particularise the many instances, in which I have experienced the advantage of your valuable co-operation.

Having thus, my dear Sir, however imperfectly, discharged a duty, which your important aid of the Cambro-Briton so obviously required, I profit by the opportunity to offer also my acknowlegement, in common with the rest of your countrymen, of the more general, and still more important, services, your various productions have rendered to Welsh literature, and which, while that literature

has any charms for the world, must rank your name among those of its most eminent benefactors. And let me add to this the expression of a wish, that cannot but be ardently felt by all your admirers, that the monument, you have so happily reared to your fame, may soon experience an additional lustre in the completion of the national design, you are known to have contemplated. By a translation of the MABINOGION, avowedly among the most curious of our ancient remains, you will not only impose on your country a lasting obligation, but you will enrich, in an essential degree, the literary treasures of Europe. There may be other departments of learning more useful, but there is none more generally attractive, than that, in which the Genius of Romance has painted the fantastic splendours of her visionary reign. And among the numerous ancient productions of this nature there are few, if any, that excel in interest the Juvenile Romances of Wales.

I will only, in conclusion, observe, that, whatever disappointment may hitherto have attended me in my career, the reflection, that I have been so ably supported in it by your friendship, cannot fail to be at all times consolatory. And I shall feel too, on this account,—what a confinement to my own resources might never have taught me,—that, according to the well known line of an English writer, it may be possible to deserve success when we cannot command it. I am, and shall ever remain,

MY DEAR SIR,

With great sincerity, Your truly obliged,

THE EDITOR.

LONDON, *May* 25, 1821.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

WELSH LANGUAGE.

ITS ORNAMENTAL PROPERTIES.

AMONG the singular attributes of the Welsh tongue its extraordinary, and almost illimitable, faculty of giving new beauty and variety to its expression, by the aid of prefixes and other adjuncts, is, perhaps, the most worthy of investigation. This power springs, undeniably, from that elementary character of the language, which has already been the subject of some inquiry in this work *, and which, as being obviously founded in the most natural principles, serves essentially to prove the purity and antiquity of the Welsh tongue. If, indeed, we were not to come to this conclusion, we should be at a loss to account for these ornamental properties, as belonging to the language of a people, who have never been distinguished by history for their proficiency in arts and sciences, and to whom, consequently, an artificial embellishment of their native speech to any great extent could not reasonably be ascribed. The bards, it is true, may have made some progress in this way; but even the bards, with all their poetical predilections, and with all their traditional lore, could never have raised such an edifice, if Nature herself had not laid the foundation †. These properties, therefore, must not only be considered as

* See VOL. I. pp. 81 and 161.

† It has been somewhere intimated, in the former part of this work, that the Welsh tongue owed much of its beauty and energy to the cultivation, which it received under the Bardic Institution: and, in a qualified sense, this is certainly correct. The language was, no doubt, essentially improved by the bards and the early poets; but, on the other side, it must always be remembered, that they only wrought on materials, which they found ready to their

the most remarkable, but likewise as among the most simple and primitive, of the various characteristics of the Welsh language.

The ornaments of expression, about to be now considered, may be classed under the following general heads. 1. Qualifying Prefixes: 2. Plural Terminations: 3. Singular Terminations: 4. Comparisons of Adjectives: 5. Pronouns, and Pronominal Prepositions. It will be impossible, w thin the view intended to be here taken of these several classes, to enter into a particular and minute illustration of them, and which the reader will be disposed to admit, when he is informed, that, generally speaking, every primitive word in the language, whether noun, udnoun, or verb, is capable of more than a hundred variations, by means of prefixes and other auxiliary particles.

The first class to be considered are the Qualifying Prefixes, and which may again be divided into Primitive and Compound. A few of these of the most elementary character have already been noticed in the Essays above cited; and what will now be added are formed upon an extension of the same principle. The number of primitive or simple Prefixes is about fifty, and they are, generally, unlimited in their adaptation to all words, as far as they do not thereby nullify the sense. These are again united, one with another, to the number of about two hundred and fifty combinations, to form the second subdivision of Prefixes. Hence, there are about three hundred of both subdivisions, and universal in their use as far as can possibly be required.

For reasons already mentioned, a particular investigation of the various powers of these Prefixes cannot be here undertaken: a selection will, therefore, be made from among those, which have no equivalents in English, as most worthy of attention. And, perhaps, the most satisfactory mode of giving the necessary illustration will be by adhering to one primitive word, to which such prefixes may be annexed. The following then, are some of the variations of the word *Lled*, signifying breadth or expansion:—*Cyvled*, of equal breadth,—*Gogyvled*, partly of equal breadth,—*Diogyvled*, not being partly of equal breadth,—*Amledu*, to expand about,—*Goamledu*, partly to expand about,—*Diamledu*, to cease expanding about,—*Goramledu*, to expand about extremely,—*Tryledu*, to expand through,—*Ymledu*, to expand mutually, to

hands, and brought no stock of their own. They found their language rich in native, but hidden, stores of energy and harmony; and they deserve the highest praise for having converted them to so noble a use. It was never meant to assert, they had done more than this.

spread one's self,—*Ymddyledu*, to be mutually expanding,—*Ymorledu*, to overspread one's self,—*Dadymledu*, to unexpand one's self,—*Adymledu*, to re-expand one's self,—*Arledu*, to expand upon,—*Arymledu*, to spread one's self upon.

In the same manner, from *Ciliaw*, to recede, we have *Enciliaw*, to retreat,—*Dygilia*, be thou receding,—*Ymgilia*, draw thyself back,—*Ymgiliant*, they will mutually recede,—*Goymgiliant*, they will mutually recede a little,—*Dymciliant*, they will cease to recede,—*Dirgiliant*, they will forcibly recede,—*Rhygilier hi*, she will be made to recede overmuch.

But it may be more interesting to diversify the subject by selecting a few examples from the works of the bards.

Tir Brochwel, hir *rhygodded !*—*Llywarch Hen.*
The land of Brochwel, long *has it been sorely vexed.*

Carav a *ddigerais.*—*Id.*
I love what *I had refrained from loving.*

Gorwyliais nos yn achadw fin
Gorloes rydau dwyr Dygen Vreiddin.—*Gwalchmai.*
I have overwatched the night, protecting the border
Of the over-plaintive fords of the water of the Breiddin hill.

Am ardal Caer Dathl
Amdrychion berion buant,
Amgoch bryn, a phenryn, a phant.—*Cynddelw.*
Around the territory of Caer Dathl
There were *mangled ones about* of vultures
Reddening around the hill, and promontory, and dale.

Gwyach rudd *gorvudd goralwai*,
Ar doniar gwyar *gonoviai.*—*Id.*
The red cormorant for *an overglut did extremely call*,
On a wave of gore *did flaggingly swim.*

Rhian—
Cyvleuer gwawr dydd pan ddwyre hynt
Cyvliw eiry *gorwyn* gorwydd epynt.—*Id.*
A maiden—
Of equal splendour with the dawn of day, when it ascends its course,
Of the same hue as the *extremely white* snow of the front of the declivity.

Tòn wèn *orewyn*—
Gyvliw ag arien awr yd gymydd.—*Hywel ab Owain.*

The white wave, *mantled with foam—*
Of the same hue as the hoar at the time it rises.

Similar examples might be adduced, without number: indeed, very few passages could be selected, and especially from the more ancient bards, which do not exemplify this remarkable and highly poetical quality of the Welsh tongue. The following sublime lines, however, by the poet Casnodyn, describing the Day of Judgment, will, with those already transcribed, be sufficient for the present purpose.

Pan wnêl Duw ddangaws ei varan,
Dyddwyre dy daerad arnan,
Dychryn twryv torvoedd yn eban
Dychyrch hynt, *dychre* gwynt gwaeddvan,
Dychymmriw tôn *amliw* amlân,
Dychymer uveliar bâr bân
Dychrys gwrys gwres tandde allan.—*Casnodyn.*

When God shall manifest his presence,
The house of earth *shall uplift itself* over us,
The terror of the tumultuous noise of legions in conflict
Will be taking its course,—a loudly shouting wind *will be howling,*
The wave *of varied hue will be spraying itself* about the shore,
The sulphureous element *will be taking to itself* high wrath,
The ardency of the heat of fire *will be hastening out.*

From these examples, inadequate as they may be fully to illustrate the subject, it cannot fail to be inferred, that the language, to which they belong, must possess abundant treasures, whether for augmenting the force and delicacy of its expression or for increasing the harmony and variety of its poetical numbers. Indeed this modification and extension of the meaning of words, by the agency of qualifying prefixes, is amongst the most obvious proofs of that ornamental richness of phraseology, in which the Welsh surpasses most, if not all, other tongues.

With respect to the next class, that of Plural Terminations, some primitive words assume a plural form by a mere mutation of vowels; but, in general, plurals become so by a variety of terminal adjuncts, in number about twenty, and which are, for the most part, elementary terms, signifying, in an abstract sense, continuity, extension, or succession *. But our present business is only with such as are of an ornamental nature, and which not only

* Among these the most frequent are, *au, awr, ed, edd, i, iau, ion, od, odd, on, wys, ydd.* Most of these terminations, in their original and elementary sense, implied the qualities ascribed to them in the text.

augment, but in some respect vary, the sense of the words, to which they are attached. These plural terminations may, with reference to this view of them, be subdivided into those of Nouns, and those of Adnouns or Adjectives. The former are of a diminutive character, implying either endearment or contempt: the latter are such as give to plural adnouns the force and quality of nouns. The following are examples of the first of these.

Dynion, men;—*Dynionos*, little men.—*Dynionach*, poor little men.

Thus the poet,

Dowch y pydron *dynionach.*
Come ye corrupt *frail mortals.*

Plant, children, *Plantos*, dear little children,
Meibion, sons, *Meibionain*, puny sons.

Thus, too, *Gweision* becomes *Gweisionain*, as in the following line,—

Wrth Wen *gweisionain* oeddynt.
Compared to Gwen they were *puny striplings.*

Other instances might easily be selected, but these are sufficiently illustrative of the quality above noticed: we may therefore proceed to exemplify the second subdivision under the last mentioned class, wherein plural adjectives assume the functions of nouns, as,—

Dynawl, human,	*Dynolion*, human beings.
Daiarawl, terrestrial,	*Daiarolion*, terrestrials.
Nevawl, celestial,	*Nevolion*, celestials.
Marwawl, mortal,	*Marwolion*, mortals.
Cain, splendid,	*Ceinion*, splendid things, jewels.
Mân small,	*Manion*, small particles.

The Singular Terminations, which form the third Class under the preceding arrangement, are such as give to words a diminutive sense, similar to that conveyed by some of the plural affixes just noticed. And these are of three kinds, being formed, first, on a singular noun,—secondly, on a singular adjective,—and, thirdly, on a plural noun. A few instances of these will here be given in the order, in which they have now been mentioned. And it may be premised, with respect to the first sub-division, that the feature is common to the Latin and Italian, and, in some degree also, to the French: and it has always been considered in those tongues as a source of particular beauty and delicacy. Why, therefore, is not the same merit to be conceded to it in Welsh, and that too, as it deserves, to a far greater extent?

FIRST SUBDIVISION.

Dyn, a man:—*Dyno*, a manikin, also *Dynyn*, (masc.) *Dynen*, (fem.) *Dynan*, (neut.)

*Min**, a mouth,	*Minws*, a tiny mouth.
Mant, the region of the lips,	*Mantach*, a shrivelled mouth.
Hâd, seed.	*Hedyn*, a grain of corn.
Yd, corn,	*Yden*, a grain.
Aur, gold,	*Euryn*, a piece of gold.
Tân, fire,	*Tanen*, a spark of fire.
Oen, a lamb.	*Oenen*, a lambkin.

To this subdivision may also be referred several diminutive proper names, as *Bedo*, *Deio*, *Mocyn*, *Meigen*, *Cynan*, and others.

SECOND SUBDIVISION.

Mwyn, kind:—*Mwynyn*, (masc.) a kind one, *Mwynen*, (fem.) *Mwynan*, (neut.)

Rhudd, red,	*Rhudden*, a ruby.

THIRD SUBDIVISION.

Myrion, emmets,—*Myrionyn*, (masc.) an emmet, *Myrionen*, (fem.).

Grugion, the same,—*Grugionyn*, (masc.) the same, *Grugionen*, (fem.).

Meillion, trefoils,—*Meillionen*, (fem.) a trefoil.

The fourth general Class, embracing Comparisons of Adjectives, possesses a feature, peculiar, perhaps, to the Welsh language. In addition to the three degrees of comparison, which it possesses, in common with other languages, and expresses alike by auxiliary words, as in English, and by terminations, as in the ancient and some modern tongues, it has also a degree, denoting equality or co-equality, and which is farther capable of being adapted to other modes of speech, as the following examples will evince.

Pell, far,—*Pellach*, farther,—*Pellav*, farthest.

Pelled, so far as, or *Cybelled*, equally as far as.

* It may be curious to observe, with respect to the word *min*, that its simple and proper meaning is an edge or rim, as the edge of a sword, or the rim of any orifice, whence it came to denote the lip, and, by an extension of the idea, the mouth. Accordingly, *min-vin* means edge to edge and lip to lip. This may help to explain the bold Hebrew metaphor, by which *Pi*, a mouth, is applied to the edge of a sword, and translated the "mouth of a sword." And the Greek δίστομος, or two-mouthed, is also applied to a two-edged sword.—There are in Welsh other names for mouth, as *ceg*, *genau*, *mant*, and *savn*: the first is used when our conversation has reference to eating,—the second when applied to the organ of speech,—the third to the form of the mouth. The fourth is, more strictly, the internal part or hollow of the mouth, and is generally used for the mouth of animals. *Min* occurs, most commonly, in an amatory acceptation.

The last of these forms of comparison may also be used as an exclamation; as,—

Tirioned yw!	How pleasant it is!
Truaned!	How wretched!
O waned!	O how weak!
O gased!	O how odious!

Or, to shew the copious resources of the Welsh tongue, this mode of speech may also be expressed by an auxiliary word, as in other languages.

Mor dirion, yw!	How pleasant it is!
Mor druan!	How wretched!
O mor wan!	O how weak!
O mor gâs!	O how odious!

It is impossible not to perceive and to admire the niceties of expression, of which the peculiar degree of comparison, above noticed, is capable. At least it must be admitted, that it avoids, by a happy brevity, the tedious circumlocution, adopted in other tongues, to arrive at the same end.

The last description of ornamental adjuncts, under consideration, is that belonging to Pronouns and pronominal Prepositions, and which will be seen to involve *phenomena*, not less worthy of attention than any of the preceding classes. And here again we have another feature, of which, it is probable, the Welsh tongue only can boast, in those delicate discriminations of persons and situations, which are embraced by its demonstrative Pronouns, and for which, in other languages, we are compelled to resort to a circuitous, and often ambiguous, mode of expression. This will be sufficiently exemplified in the following instances.

Masc.	Fem.	Neut.
Hwn, this.	*Hon*.	*Hyn*.
Hwna, that one present.	*Hona*.	*Hyna*.
Hwnw, that one absent.	*Hono*.	*Hyny*.
Hwnyma, this here.	*Honyma*.	*Hynyma*.
Hwnyna, this there.	*Honyna*.	*Hynyna*.

A few familiar phrases will, perhaps, illustrate the agency of these respective Pronouns more clearly *.

* The examples, that follow, are extracted from the excellent Grammar prefixed to Mr. Owen Pughe's Welsh Dictionary. And the writer of this Essay has farther to thank the learned author of that work for his able assistance on the present occasion.

A weli di *hwn?*—Dost thou see *this male?*

Gwelav: a *hwnw*, a *hona* hefyd.—I do: and *that male* and *that female* also.

Pera i *hona* vyned at *hono.*—Bid *that female present* go to *that female absent.*

Mae yn rhaid i *hwn*, a *hwnyma*, a *hwna*, a *hwnyna* vyned at *hwnw.*—It is necessary for *this male* and *this here*, and *that*, and *that there* to go to *that male absent.*

In addition to the foregoing the following pronouns may also be noticed, as possessing, by means of their terminal adjuncts, those qualities of discrimination, which are at once the source of precision and elegance. *Minnau*, I also.—*Tithau*, Thou also.—*Yntau*, He also.—*Hithau*, She also.—*Ninnau*, We also.—*Myvinnau*, I myself also.—*Tydithau*, Thou thyself also.—*Nyninnau*, We ourselves also.

The other ornamental property, included in the last class, arises from the union of personal Pronouns and Prepositions, accordingly called Pronominal Prepositions, a mode of combination known, though not to an equal extent, to Italian, and always considered a particular beauty in that tongue. The Prepositions, that admit of such a combination in Welsh, are in number three and twenty *, and therefore afford to this feature of the language a far greater variety than is possessed by the correspondent quality in Italian. The few examples, that follow, may serve to illustrate this peculiarity.

Imi, to me, *iti*, to thee, *iddo*, to him.
Atav, towards me, *atat*, towards thee, *ato*, *ati*, &c.
Arnav, upon me, *arnat*, *arno*, &c.
Amdav, or *Amdanav*, about me.
Erov, for me, or for my sake, *erot*, &c.
Canov, with me: *Trwyov*, through me.
Oddiamdanav, from about me.
Trosov, over me: *Rhyngov*, between me.

But it may be more pleasing to have recourse again to the poets.

A dydd brawd y daw *atam* ni yma. *Taliesin.*
And in the day of doom he will come again *to us* here.

Ti *hebov* nid hebu oedd tau:
Mi *hebod* ni hebav innau. *Cynddelw.*

Thou *without me*, no converse was to thee:
I *without thee*, I also do not converse.

* These are the following:—*am*, *ar*, *at*, *er*, *heb*, *dar*, *hyd*, *i*, *idd*, *han*, *hon*, *can*, *o*, *odd*, *tan*, *tros*, *trwy*, *oddiar*, *odditan*, *rhag*, *rhwng*, *wrth*, *yn*.

Dybryd yn, veirdd byd, bod daiar *arno*,
Ac *arnan* ei alar!—*Llywelyn. P. Môch.*
Melancholy to us, bards of the world, there being earth *upon him*,
And *upon us* his mourning.

Hiraeth a'm dug *amdenyw.—D. ab Gwilym.*
Grief has taken hold of me *about him.*

Such are, principally, the ornamental characteristics of the Welsh language, as they result from the use of prefixes and terminations; and these, upon a candid examination, will be allowed to contribute in an essential manner to its force and its harmony. The opportunities, thus afforded for the invigoration or embellishment of style, are, in the hands of a master, incalculable: and, if they have not often been turned to the best advantage, it is, perhaps, because even Welsh writers themselves, and they too of celebrity, have not been sufficiently aware of the elementary construction of their native tongue *. However, it is not, therefore, less true, that it possesses these singular attributes, which are the strongest testimonies, as well to the primitive simplicity of its origin, as to the boundless variety, of which its phraseology is susceptible.

THE TRIADS.—No. XI.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN†.

LI. The three Atrocious Assassinations of the Isle of Britain: the slaying of Aneurin of flowing eulogy, the supreme of bards, by Eiddyn, the son of Einygan; the slaying of Aväon, the son of Taliesin, by Llawgad Trwin Bargawd; and the slaying of Urien, the son of Cynvarch, by Llovan Law Dino. They were three bards, who were slain by those three men.

[In the first series of Triads, the second assassin is called Llawgad Trwm Bargawd Eidyn; and the third is called Llovan Llawddino. Urien, the son of Cynvarch, is the same with Urien of Rheged,

* Perhaps there is no work, which exhibits the Welsh tongue to greater advantage in this particular, than the recent translation of Milton's Paradise Lost (*Coll Gwynfa*) by Mr. Pughe, as it also is the happiest illustration of the powers and resources of the language in every other respect.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 65. Tr. 47—50.

the patron of Taliesin and Llywarch Hen. A memoir of Aneurin was given in vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 91.]

LII. The three Atrocious Axe-strokes of the Isle of Britain: the axe-stroke of Eiddyn, the son of Einygan, on the head of Aneurin Gwawdrydd; and the axe-stroke given by Cadavael the Wild, on the head of Iago, the son of Beli; and the axe-stroke given on the head of Golyddan the bard, because of the slap given by him to Cadwaladr the Blessed.

[The second series, in p. 13, gives the substance of this Triad thus,—"The three outrageous men of the Isle of Britain, who committed the three atrocious assassinations: Llovan Llawddifro, who slew Urien the son of Cynvarch; Llawgad Grwm Vargod Eidyn, who slew Avon (Avaon) the son of Taliesin; and Heiden, the son of Euengad, who slew Aneurin Gwawdrydd, the supreme of bards. The man, who put a 100 kine every Saturday in a medicinal bath at Talhairn, struck him with a felling axe on the head, and that was a third axe stroke; and the second was by a woodman of Aberfraw, who struck Golyddan on his head with an axe; and the third was by the liegeman of ... (Iago) the the son of Beli, who struck him on the head with an axe." Iago ab Beli lived about the middle of the seventh century, his father being the son of Rhun ab Maelgwn Gwynedd.—Cadwaladr has been already commemorated in this work. See vol. i. p. 248.]

LIII. The three Fatal Slaps with the Hand of the Isle of Britain: the Slap of the Matholwch the Gwyddelian on Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr; and the Slap given by Gwenhwyvach to Gwenhwyvar, which occasioned the battle of Camlan; and the Slap given by Golyddan the Bard to Cadwaladr, the Blessed.

[One of the tales of the Mabinogion is founded upon the Box given to Bronwen. Triad 51 of the first series, p. 13. differs as to the other two Blows; for it is therein thus: "And the Slap of Arthur to Medrawd; and the Slap of Gwenhywar to Gwenhwyvach;" but the second series agrees with the above.]

LIV. The three Frivolous Battles of the Isle of Britain: the first was the battle of Goddeu, and which was on account of a bitch, a hind, and a lapwing, and in that battle 71,000 men were slain; the second was the action of Arderydd, and a lark's nest was the cause of it, where 80,000 men were slain of the nation of the Cymry; the third was the battle of Camlan, between Arthur and Medrawd, where Arthur was slain, and with him 100,000 of the choice men of the nation of the Cymry. And by reason of the three frivolous battles it was that the Saxons gained

the country of Loegria from the nation of the Cymry, because there was not of men of war a force, that could withstand the Saxons, with the treason of Gwrgi Garwlwyd, and the illusion of Eiddilig the Dwarf.

[This Triad is only in the first of the two other series. And therein nothing is said as to the number of men slain; neither is the concluding reason mentioned; but only that they were called frivolous battles from their having taken place from causes so trivial. There is an account of the battle of Goddeu in the Archaiology of Wales, vol. i. p. 167. and in which it is described to have taken place on account of a white roe-buck and a whelp, which were brought from the lower regions by Amathaon the son of Don. There is also, in the same volume, a long poem by Taliesin on the same subject. A translation of the former account is given in the Celtic Researches, p. 259, where the learned author expresses his opinion, that it is "ænigmatical."—For some account of the battle of Camlan see the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 204. and of the battle of Arderydd, p. 442.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM*.

LXXXI. Three things that will vanish by embracing them overmuch: easy life, fame, and worldly wealth.

LXXXII. Three things that God will not love such as love to see them: the seeing of fighting, the seeing a monster, and the seeing the pomp of pride.

LXXXIII. There are three things, and with the third the two first cannot be dispensed: namely, that can, that ought, and that would.

LXXXIV. Three things that ought to be considered before some things shall be spoken: the manner, the place, and the time.

LXXXV. Three things, which persons loving, love what they ought: the whistling of the wind, the dashing of the waves, and the violence of the thunder.

LXXXVI. Three things let no one love such as shall dislike them: the scent of trefoils, the taste of milk, and the song of birds.

LXXXVII. The three similitudes of a man to a devil: in frightening a child, obstructing the way, and laughing at mischief.

LXXXVIII. Three persons on whom every body ought to look

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 211.

with delight: namely, such as look with delight on the face and appearance of the earth, and on little children, and on scientific excellence.

LXXXIX. Three persons who love not their country: that loves his belly, that loves riches, and that loves bodily indulgence.

XC. Three things which it is not prudent to praise or dispraise: food, country, and kindred.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

HIS CHARACTERISTIC INDUCTIONS*.

1. If a crown were worn by every fool, we should all of us be kings.

2. If a bell were put about the neck of every simpleton, there would be none found in a church but parsons and clerks.

3. If every indiscreet person should die, nobody would be buried for want of a man alive to open the grave.

4. If there were horns on the head of every fool, a good sum of money might be had for showing a bald man.

5. If the shame of every one should be written on his forehead, the materials for masks would be very dear.

6. If a woman were as quick on her feet as with her tongue, she would catch enough of lightning to kindle the fire in the morning.

7. If no tongue were to tell other than truth and wisdom, the number of the mutes would be surprising.

8. If the talkative were to see the nonsense of his chattering, he would save his breath to cool his broth.

9. If the buffoon were to see the vanity of his feat, he would leave it off for shame.

10. If a miser were to have a sense of the bad scent of his heart, he would die by the stench.

11. If the slothful were to see the evil that awaits him, he would crawl from his weakness through fear and shame.

12. If love were to see his weakness, he would come to an end through fear.

13. If the proud were to see his own heart, he would lose all his senses through dread.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 51.

14. If every one were to see the heart of the other, it would be full time for all to flee from devils.

15. If envy were to see her blackness, she would hang herself from the contempt of God and man.

16. If discretion were to see his indiscretion, he would hide his face for shame.

17. If drunkenness were to see his odiousness, he would hide himself in the dunghill.

18. If falsehood were to see his viciousness, he would lose himself through distraction.

19. If deceit were to have a taste of his filth, he would spue his bowels out.

20. If ambition were to have a view of his ugliness, familiar would be to him the form and aspect of a dæmon.

21. If scandal were to see what comes of his work, he would see the whole coming finally upon his own head.

22. If cunning were to see his dirtiness, he would use cunning with himself to escape from it.

23. If wrath were to see his furiousness, he would be furiously wroth with himself for it.

24. If revenge were to see his devilishness, he would go to the devil rather than give himself up to it.

25. If the rapacious man were to see the condition of his conscience, he would scream out, Woe me! I have seen a demon from the extremities of hell.

26. If hypocrisy were to see his uncleanness, he would frighten himself out of his senses.

27. If adultery were to see his pollution, he would abhor the ground he trod upon.

28. If the lover of war were to see his cruelty, he would fear that every atom in the sun-beam might stab him with a sword.

29. If ignorance were to see his unsightliness, he would be envious at seeing how sightly the toad was compared to him.

30. If the obstinate were to see how silly he is, he would writhe through distraction for being more foolish than every body.

31. If ungodliness were to see his end, he would die through horror.

COLLECTANEA.

As there exist several productions of some of our most eminent Welsh scholars, comparatively of a modern date, that have not been printed, as well as other literary remains of a miscellaneous character, and not precisely belonging to any of the heads already adopted in the CAMBRO-BRITON, it is proposed to insert such, as may be procured, under the title prefixed to this article. The following Latin translation by the celebrated Dr. John Davies will partly exemplify what is above meant: it is inserted precisely as he left it, and without an English version, which may be given hereafter.

WELSH GAMES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

Sir,—I send you for insertion in your next Number the four and twenty Welsh or British games, with a Latin translation by Dr. John Davies of Mallwyd, author of the Latin-Welsh Grammar and Dictionary, who was an excellent classic, judicious critic, and well skilled in various languages, and I hope they will be acceptable to many of your readers.

Yours, &c. P. B. W.

Apud Græcos et postea apud Romanos, aliasque gentes, varia olim celebrabantur certamina et Ludi Gymnastici; cujusmodi fuerunt olim apud Britannos Ludi Agonistici et certamina athletica, quæ ad nostra usque tempora pervenerunt, et nostrâ memoriâ desuescere cœperunt, compotationibus in eorum loco succedentibus. Ea linguâ nostrâ appellamus *Campau*—certamina athletica, artes, facultates, virtutes, qualitates, ludos publicos,—cujus vocis singulare, *Camp*, qualitatem, virtutem, facultatem, artem, unumquemque ludorum istorum; item ludi publici præmium, et bravium significat [ut et Græcè Ἀεθλα, aethla]: sunt et certamina ipsa, et certaminum præmia. Hæc viginti quatuor nostri enumerant sic

Y pedair camp ar hugain

Viginti quatuor ludi, certamina, αγωνες, αθλοι, ludi, ludicra.

O'r pedair ar hugain hyn deg gwrolgamp sydd, a deg mabolgamp, a phedair o'r gogampau.

Ex his viginti quatuor decem sunt ludi viriles, et decem juveniles, et quatuor qualitates, virtutes, facultates, artes, scientiæ, minores, minus principales, triviales, et vulgares.

O'r deg gwrolgamp chwech sydd o rym corph, a phedair o rym arfau.

Ex decem virilibus ludis sex sunt, quæ vi corporis, et quatuor quæ vi et ope armorum perficiuntur.

Y chwe gwrolgamp o rym corph yw 1. *Cryfder.* 2. *Rhedeg.* 3. *Neidio.* 4. *Nofio.* 5. *Ymafael.* 6. *Marchogaeth.*

Sex Ludi viriles, ex vi corporis, sunt 1. Robur, fortitudo; (quæ 1. trahendo, 2. impellendo, 3. dejciendo, 4. tollendo, 5. deprimendo pollet;) (*Artes Rhet.* 2.) 2. Cursus, 3 Saltus, 4. Natatio, 5. Athletica, lucta, palæstra, 6. Equitatus (Equitatio.)

[Disci lusui, apud nostrates, lapidis impulsus, protrusio, jactus respondet. Fuit enim discus ille lapis rotundus, quem lusores manu projiciebant, qui et *solus* dicebatur. Fuit autem aliquando massa ferrea, vel fiebat ex ligno vel ære, aliisve metallis. Vide Eustath. in Iliad, β. θ. χ.]

O'r chwech hyn pedair sydd bennaf, ac a elwir tadogion gampau; 1. *Rhedeg,* 2. *Neidio,* 3. *Nofio,* 4. *Ymafael; a hwy a elwir felly, am nad rhaid wrth ddefnydd yn y byd, i wneuthur yr un o honynt, ond y dyn fel y ganed.*

Horum sex quatuor sunt præcipui (primani) et vocantur paterni (patres) ludi; *videlicet,* 1. Cursus, 2. Saltus, 3. Natatio, 4. Palæstra; atque ita vocantur, quia ad ea peragenda nullâ aliâ opus est, nisi ipso homine, ut natus est.

Y pedair gwrolgamp o rym arfau, yw 1. *Saethu,* 2. *Chwarae cleddau, a bwccled,* 3. *Chwarae cleddau deuddwrn,* 4. *Chwarae ffonn ddwybig.*

Quatuor Ludi viriles ex vi vel ope armorum sunt, 1. Saggittare, 2. Ludere gladio et clypeo, 3. Ludere gladio longo; spathâ, spathulâ, romphæo, gladio duplici capuli, 4. Ludere hastâ bicipiti et respondet Græcorum ακοντος ερση.

O'r deg mabolgamp tair helwriaeth sydd, 1. *Hely á milgi,* 2. *Hely pysg,* 3. *Hely aderyn.*

Decem Ludorum juvenilium tres sunt venationes, 1. Venari cane leporario, gallino, vertago, 2. Venari piscem, 3. Venari avem.

Saith gamp deuluaidd sydd, 1. *Barddoniaeth,* 2. *Canu Telyn,* 3. *Darllain Cymraeg,* 4. *Canu Cywydd gan Dant,* 5. *Canu Cywydd pedwar, ac accenu,* 6. *Cynnu* (*q. Tynnu*) *Arfau,* 7. *Herodraeth.*

Sunt septem facultates (scientiæ) œconomicæ (hospitales domesticæ), 1. Poetica, 2. Canere Lyra, Citharâ, Citharistam agere, 3. Legere Cambrica, (i. e. Britannica vetusta legere), 4. Canticum Cordæ (i. e. instrumento musico) accinere, psallere citha-

ristam, lyricinem agere, 5. Psallere cantilenam (canticum) quatuor partium, et accinere, et admodulari, 6. Insignia (nobilium gentilitia) delineare et depingere, 7. Genealogias describere.

A'r pedair a elwir gogampau yw, 1. *Chwarae Gwyddbwyll*, 2. *Chwarae Tawlbwrdd*, 3. *Chwarae Ffristial*, 4. *Chweiriaw Telyn*.

Et quatuor, quæ dicuntur ludicra, (trivialia) sunt, 1. Ludere talis aut tesseris [Angl. to play at dice]. 2. Ludere fretillo [Angl. Back-gammon, a Brit. *Bach-Cammawn*] 3. Ludere Latrunculis [Eng. Chess or Tables]. 4. Lyræ cordas ad musicum parare.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XI.

Bishop PERCY *to the Rev.* EVAN EVANS, *dated* EASTON MAUDIT, *March* 20, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—I received your obliging letter, which is so curious, that I can not but request the repetition of such valuable favours. I am going to draw up a short Essay on the origin and progress of our English poetry, in which I shall have occasion to be very particular in my account of our metrical Romances; and, as I believe many of these are drawn from old British fables, if not downright translations from the ancient British language, I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would give the titles, and, if possible, a short account of the subjects, of all such Romances, as are contained in the vellum manuscript, which you mention, or any other, which you may remember to have seen. I have a notion, that we have many of them translated into English and thence into French and other southern languages *

Inclosed I send you a litle Essay on the origin &c. of the English drama. Bishop Warburton has handled the subject before me in the 5th vol. of his Shakespeare; but, as he derives all his information from the French critics, and his instances from the French stage, you will conclude, that he is often wide of the mark and generally superficial. Yet he has one extract from Carew's Survey of Cornwall, relating to the old Cornish plays, which I recommend to your notice; because I could wish to know (not now but at any future leisure), whether you have

* A valuable note on the subject of the old Welsh Romances, extracted from Mr. Gunn's late edition of Kennius, will be found in a subsequent page of this Number.—ED.

any thing similar in Wales. The passage from Carew is this. "The Guary* Miracle, in English, Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled, in Cornish, out of some scripture history†. For representing this they raise an earthen amphitheatre, in some open field, having the diameter of this inclosed plain some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides to see and hear it: for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their heels, with the book in his hand." In an act of Parliament, 4th Hen. IV. mention is made of certain *Wastours*‡, Master Rimo urs (Rimers) and Minstrels, who infested the land of Wales, to make commorths or gatherings upon the people there. Query the meaning of this? I am afraid, lest I should be too troublesome with my queries, and, therefore, reserve what you please to answer at any future hour; only send me an account of your romances now, which will oblige, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

LETTER XII.

The SAME *to the* SAME, *dated* EASTON MAUDIT, *Dec.* 31, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—I have been many months indebted to you for a very obliging letter. I delayed to answer it, in expectation of seeing your curious Specimens of Ancient British Poetry, advertised, from the press before this time. Permit me to enquire, what forwardness that intended publication (which you gave me hopes in your last of seeing speedily printed) is in? From the translations, you have already favoured me with a sight of, I conceive a very favourable idea of the merit of your ancient bards, and should be sorry to have their precious relics swallowed up and lost, in the gulph of time; a danger, which they will incur, if you, that are so well acquainted with their beauties,

* Brit. *Chwareu*. P. B. W.

† There is preserved, in the British Museum, a very curious copy of a Cornish play or opera, entitled the "Creation of the World," translated *verbatim* into English, and collated with the original, by the celebrated Mr. Edward Llwyd. Some extracts from this will be given in a future Number.—ED.

‡ Gwestwyr, P. B. W.

and so capable of making them understood by others, neglect this opportunity of preserving them. I can readily conceive, that many of their most beautiful peculiarities cannot possibly be translated into another language, but even through the medium of a prose translation one can discern a rich vein of poetry, and even classical correctness, infinitely superior to any other compositions of that age, that we are acquainted with. Certain I am, that our own nation, at that time, produced nothing that wears the most distant resemblance to their merit.

I have lately been collecting specimens of English poetry, through every age, from the time of the Saxons down to that of Elizabeth, and am ashamed to shew you what wretched stuff our rhimers produced at the same time that your bards were celebrating the praise of Llywelyn, with a spirit scarce inferior to Pindar. Inclosed I send you a specimen of an Elegy on the death of Edward I.—that cruel Edward, who made such havoc among the Cambrian poets. I know not whether you will be able to decipher these foul scrawls, or distinguish them from the marginal explications, with which I have accompanied them. But you will see enough to be convinced of the infinite superiority of your own bards; nor do I know, that any of the nations of the continent (unless perchance Italy, which now about began to be honoured by Dante) were able at that time to write better than the English. The French, I am well assured, were not. One thing is observable in the Elegy on Edward the First, which is, that the poet, in order to do the more honour to his hero, puts his eulogium in the mouth of the Pope, with the same kind of fiction as a modern bard would have raised up Britannia or the genius of Europe, sounding forth his praises. Considering the destruction, which our merciless monarch made among the last sons of ancient genius, it may be looked upon as a just judgment upon him, that he had no better than these miserable rhimes to disgrace his memory.

With regard to your Specimens, should they not yet be put to the press, I should take it for a great favor, if you would indulge me with a sight of them in MS. or at least the Dissertation to be prefixed to them; an indulgence that would not be abused, and which, under whatever restrictions you please, would oblige, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. VIII.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I beg to send you, agreeably to my promise, (vide p. 54. vol. i.) the names of the Melodies, to which the various *Pennillion*, inserted in the CAMBRO-BRITON, are sung. All those, which appear in No. I. p. 29, and others of the same metre and length, may be sung to—"*Ar hyd y nos*," by repeating the last line of each stanza, or to "*Nos Galan*," by introducing "fal fal la" between each line. They may be also sung to "*Megen a gollodd ei gardas*" (Megen who lost her garter). One Pennill will answer to the first part or strain, the then singer may rest eight bars and commence at the ninth, when one stanza will carry him to the end of the Melody. This should be repeated; thus four stanzas will complete the tune.

Pennill 19 (No. III. page 109.) may be sung to "*Glan Meddwdod Mwyn*," or to "*Llwyn Onn*"—"*Wyres Ned Pugh*," or "*Trichant O Brunnau*."

Pennill 8 (No. II. p. 68.) may be sung to "*Codiad yr Hedydd*," "*Pen Rhaw*," "*Serch Hudol*." So may Nos. 16. 39. 52. 56, and any others of the same metre and length. This style of Pennillion is considered the best by the singers with the harp; and the manner of performing them is peculiar to the Welsh. (Vide vol. i. CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 173.)

It is intended to introduce, at the Congress of Bards at Wrexham, various specimens of Welsh singing with the harp, and to give a few stanzas in English, (expressly written for the occasion,) that strangers to the language may form some idea of their beauty and effect, an account of which I shall be happy to send to the CAMBRO-BRITON at a future period.

No. 8, *Newman Street*, Your's, &c.
August 25, 1820. JOHN PARRY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

THE LATE LORD PENRHYN.

The sixteenth tribe, sometimes in our MSS. called that of Maelor, and of March, from the property of the founder being on the

marches, or borders of Wales, has in our day given to its country two names, which have done honour to its records:—the late Thomas Pennant, of Downing, Esq. by his researches in the fields of science,—and Lord Penrhyn, by his exertions in the province of improvement, which a happy union of mind, means, and the peculiar situation of his property in Wales, enabled him to make.

His lordship was ninth in descent from Thomas, Abbot of Basingwerk, or Dinas Basing, in 1480; who, quitting his abbey, married Angharad, daughter of Gwillim ab Gruffydd, of Penrhyn, Esq. and founded the families of Bychton, Downing, and Hendre, all in the county of Flint: the last of which is extinct in the person of his lordship. He was also the third from Giffard Pennant, Esq. who had a grant of lands in Jamaica during the Protectorate; where he settled, and created the transatlantic opulence of this branch of the family.

He was returned for Petersfield, in the first Parliament of his late Majesty, which place he vacated in 1767, and took his seat for Liverpool: for which town he was again elected in 1768, 1774, and 1784. When his commercial experience and sound judgment are considered, a great trading town was never more ably and faithfully represented than that of Liverpool by him: and the House of Commons never contained a member of greater integrity and independence than Lord Penrhyn.

In 1765 he married Anne Susannah, daughter and sole heiress of Lieutenant-general Warburton, of Winnington, in the county of Chester; and in right of her grandmother, Anne, second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Williams, of Penrhyn, Bart. became possessed of a moiety of that estate, the eldest, Frances, Lady of Lord William Russel, second son of the Duke of Bedford, having died without issue. The other moiety, the property of the Yonge family, by the marriage of Gwen, the youngest, to Sir Walter Yonge, of Escot, in Devonshire, Bart. was purchased of them by John Pennant, Esq. his lordship's father. So that, by a peculiar good fortune, this compact property became again united in the persons of its noble proprietors.

When his lordship became an occasional resident in Wales, he had reached that period of life, when nature, generally speaking, prefers repose to business—ease to exertion, and was in possession of such a fortune, as would justify, in the eyes of many, an indolent and luxurious enjoyment of the remainder of his days.—Yet, thus situated, did this true patriot begin labours, that would

have appalled other minds at five and twenty, and became as indefatigable in the various paths of quarrying, building, planting, and cultivating, as if his support had depended on his personal efforts; and he soon had the encouraging satisfaction of seeing his estate become as beautiful and attracting a feature on the countenance of Arvon, as his exemplary life will be an epoch in its history.

In 1793 he was advanced to the Peerage. This dignity created for him has ceased with him; but his name has a higher claim—a firmer hold on the gratitude of the age, and the veneration of posterity than any thing, which the artificial distinctions of society could possibly confer. These, like the possessions attached to them, are alike the hereditary, collateral, or accidental acquisitions of worth and worthlessness, intellect and imbecility; but his name, independently of adventitious circumstances, will rank high in the public esteem, while virtue is of value among men.

Yet, let us not, in the language of despondence, like the writer of the elegy on a distinguished prelate * of the Penrhyn family, cry out—

"Fyth weled ei fath eilwaith:"

but, rather, like Sion Brwynog, when addressing a conspicuous cotemporary cultivator, exclaim—

"Rhai a ddêl a wêl dy waith."

And hope, that the industry, which he has excited—the commerce, which he has fostered—the intercourse, which he has facilitated—and the district, which he has ornamented—will excite in other proprietors a spirit of emulation, that will rank them, like him, among the benefactors of their country; and, finally, render the words of Augustus as applicable to them as they are justly to Lord Penrhyn:—

"Urbem lateritiam inveni, marmoream reliqui."

LLWYD.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

——— "Well do I know these mountain wilds:
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory." SOUTHEY.

WALK I.

Dolgellau, "the modern capital of the wild county of Merioneth," as one of our Welsh tourists has yclept it, is distant

* Archbishop Williams.

from London about 215 miles, and contains a population of more than 2000 souls. Situated nearly in the centre of Merionethshire, it is much frequented, during the summer months, by those happy persons, whose avocations permit them to migrate from the dusky atmosphere of crowded towns, and populous cities, to inhale the salutary balm of the uncontaminated summer gale. What a number of different faces, different characters, and strange people, must pass through such a place as Dolgellau in the course of a summer! And what a favourable opportunity would their migration afford for scrutinizing the various gleams and shadows in the mind of man. An ingenious author has divided the "idle people," as he calls them, who wander abroad during the summer season, into six distinct classes—"Idle Travellers, Lying Travellers, Proud Travellers, Vain Travellers, Splenetic Travellers, and Inquisitive Travellers;" to which I beg leave to add a seventh under the denomination of Meritorious Travellers, or those persons, who to a mind highly polished, and cultivated, unite an eager desire to become acquainted with the history, manners, and scenery of the distant and secluded parts of their own country.

Surely, then, from this variety of emigrants a person, who delighted in the contemplation of character, might collect a vast store of information, from watching narrowly the habits of the different classes above enumerated. He would not, it is true, witness any of that blessed love and concord, which the happy fire side of the English gentleman presents, nor would he behold any of those lovely and endearing virtues, which are displayed in many a mansion throughout the country. But he would perceive with what a feverish eagerness change of scene and, consequently, change of thought, are sought for by the restless and unsettled human mind, and he might gather many a lesson from the occurrences within his observation. But, to return from the digression,—

Dolgellau, as many of my readers well know, is situated in a delightful valley about six miles from the base of Cader Idris, watered by the united streams of the rivers Wnion, and Aran, and surrounded by beautiful, and well cultivated hills. The principal street runs about half the length of the town, and to the stranger certainly presents no very imposing appearance. But, however uncouth the houses in the town may be, and it must be confessed that there is nothing "passing fair" in them, there are some very respectable, and commodious residences in the suburbs,

and scattered on the declivities of the hills around, so that, notwithstanding the general carping of travellers on the bad structure and irregularity of the houses, and on the mean appearance of the town generally, the improvements, which have been effected within these few years, have removed at least this imputation from the inhabitants, and rendered Dolgellau one of the most decent towns in North Wales. Much, however, remains yet to be accomplished; among the most necessary undertakings is, in the first place, the erection of a new Town Hall, and, secondly, the removal of the low roofed dwellings, which line the principal street on either side, the places of which might be supplied by higher and better houses. Many of my readers have seen Welsh Pool, and most probably admired the regularity, and neat appearance of its buildings. Might not Dolgellau be rendered nearly, if not actually, as neat and respectable, with a little expense and industry. A transformation of this sort would certainly reflect great credit upon the inhabitants, who ought not to leave unfinished the good and commendable work they have already begun.

The best inn is, undoubtedly, the Golden Lion, or, as it is usually denominated, Plâs-isa. The accomodations are good, the attendants exceedingly civil, and the landlord, Mr. Evans, although increasing daily in wealth and stature, as attentive and good humoured as landlord need be. Nor must the head waiter of the Lion be passed by without commendation. Miss Mary Evans, then, our host's daughter, (who, by the way, is one of the prettiest girls in Merionethshire) has managed, with great credit to herself, since the death of her mother, most of the concerns at Plâs-isa; and, so long as she continues her industry and attention, the coffers of her father must grow more weighty.*

When and by whom this town was built, I cannot tell; certainly not by the Romans, as Bala was. The provoking irregularity of the streets prevents this suspicion. It probably originated, as most of the Welsh towns and hamlets did, having, in the first instance, been composed of a few huts, erected in a wooded valley,

* The accommodations at Plâs-isa completely prove the truth of the maxim "Fronti nulla fides." The sign fixed to the south corner is intended to represent the figure of a lion, but alas! the resemblance is exceedingly ambiguous, to say the best of it. I have heard, that it was recommended to the artist, who executed it, to subjoin at the bottom, in order to remove the ambiguity—"This is the Golden Lion." This advice, however, has not been followed.

the mountain barriers of which screened it from the sharp winter winds. It cannot boast of much interest in an historical point of view. Owain Glyndwr, indeed, has conferred some honour upon it by assembling his Parliament there in 1404, where he entered into an alliance with Charles of France, and during the civil wars of Cromwell, a body of the King's troops attempted to raise a fortification about the town. Mr. Edward Vaughan, however, at the head of a party of the Parliament's soldiers, attacked and routed them, taking several prisoners. But, what is infinitely of more importance at the present time, Dolgellau is the mart, to which a great portion of the produce of the adjacent country is brought for sale, and there are several woollen manufactures in the neighbourhood.* Having premised thus much, let us commence our "Walks," and let the first be from

Dolgellau to Barmouth.

If we set out from Plâs-isa, we proceed down the little street opposite, and, turning to the left, find ourselves on the Pont Vawr, with a most delicious prospect in every direction. We will tarry a minute or two to look around us. With our faces towards the East, then, we see the river Wnion coming gently down the valley,

* What will the Dolgellau reader think of the following delectable description of the capital of Merionethshire in 1797? Does not the worthy writer deserve to be placed under the *second class* of Travellers, as mentioned above? "There is a very comfortable inn here (at Dolgellau), and excellent salmon and trout to be obtained: the mutton is also very good. Dolgheliy (as he calls it) is situated at the foot of Cader Idris, an aspiring mountain, nearly as high as Snowdon. It, by no means, on entrance, strikes the traveller in its favour." So far, good. But hearken to the graphic delineation of this most learned traveller. "The houses," he says, "are very mean, and composed, for the most part, of stones piled up with neither mortar or (nor) cement of *any sort! The inhabitants wear neither stockings or* (nor) *shoes, and seem indolent in the extreme!*" What will my good friends the Rector, and Messieurs W—. J—. H. W—. and J. P. H—. cum multis aliis, say to this? "Very few of them," he continues, "ever taste animal food!!! There are here and there a few straggling sheep and black cattle, with which they pay their landlords. The value of money has been but very lately at all known among them!!" Of a surety, Monsieur Traveller, thou art wondrous witty, and deservedst well—if not of thy country in general—at least of the worthy inhabitants of Dolgellau, who are, doubtless, marvellously obliged to thee for thy very accurate description of this town! I regret exceedingly, that I have omitted to note the work, from whence the above edifying passage is transcribed; but it was copied some years ago, and the volume, I remember, was a very thin octavo with some plates (I believe in mezzotinto) by Rowlandson.

with rich and verdant meadows on each side of it. As far as the eye can reach in this direction rises many a blue and lofty mountain, their summits often covered with white mist, or tipped with the golden tints of the summer sun. To the right is a rather steep hill thickly clothed with wood, through which the mountain river Aran impetuously rushes to mingle its foaming waters with the Wnion. To the left are the green woods and hills of Llwyn, with the lonely mansion of that name, shrouded in fir trees and close to the river side, but now deserted and desolate.

> Ruin is three,—but ruin slow and mild,
> The spider's wandering web is thin and gray.
> On roof and wall here clings the dusky bat,
> And, where sweet infants' voices used to sound,
> Now moans the sullen owlet.....
> On the hospitable hearth
> The blind worm and slow beetle climb their round.

Towards the west the eye is again arrested by ridge beyond ridge of dark and gloomy mountains, and immediately below the bridge is the Green, by the side of which the river follows its course, either rippling over the stones or swelling into wide, deep, and black pools. On the left is the town; a confused mass of irregular buildings, with the square tower of the church, presenting itself just beyond the Green, in a gloomy sort of grandeur, to the spectator. The prospect is bounded in this direction by the green hills, which form the southern boundary to the town, their declivities adorned with cottages, and waving in autumn with ripe and yellow corn. A little to the west, and on an eminence, nearly opposite the southern extremity of the bridge, is the county jail, a circular building, and having a very picturesque appearance when seen at a distance. But one of the most interesting and gentle features in this beautiful landscape, is the row of little gardens, sloping down to the water's edge, on the right side of the Green, with the bleaching fields beyond them. It is a lovely sight to see the sun shining brightly upon the sweet flowers in the gardens, and on the white linen in the fields above,—to see the gentle river—

> A broken stream, whose shallows, though the waves
> Roll on their way with rapid melody,
> A child might tread,—

glittering in the sun-beams and gliding swiftly over the Green, towards the mighty Mawddach, the monarch to whom it pays hourly tribute, and to behold the surrounding hills, either

frowning in gloom or illuminated by the radiance of the mid-day sun. Often have I drunk in the joy of such a scene as this; and many are the years which must elapse, ere I forget the magnificence of the prospect, which is seen from the Pont Vawr at Dolgellau.

Having crossed the river, we arrive opposite the residence of a very important person at Dolgellau,—of Richard Pughe, Guide-General to all the curiosities, natural and unnatural, near the town. His office is not so despicable as it would at first sight appear; nor is it devoid of emolument, as Richard, I dare say, can easily testify. And he well merits his appointment; for a more civil, attentive, and careful creature no where exists. But, while I thus do justice to living merit, I must not overlook the virtues of Richard's departed predecessor, Old Robin Edwards. He, honest man, was *ductor ductorum*, the guide of guides. So antique was his appearance, so assiduous his attention, so copious his traditionary lore and antiquarianism, so kind and eccentric his disposition, and so various his virtues, that I am afraid it will be long, very long, ere the flourishing capital of Merionethshire be again honoured by such a concatenation of good qualities in an individual, so old and weather-beaten as was poor Robin. However, *meliora speramus:* we hope for the best. Richard is now in the very vigour of life, and, by perseverance, he may become every whit as accomplished as his hitherto matchless prototype. Turning to the left, after having passed the bridge, we proceed straight along the road, leaving on our right the snug residence of Major Edwards, who very creditably filled the office of high sheriff of Merioneth, two years ago. About a mile and a half from the town we reach Hengwrt, a mansion belonging to Colonel Vaughan, brother to the hospitable proprietor of Nannau. Here there was formerly a very rare collection of documents, both in print and manuscript, relating to the history, antiquities, and literature of the Principality: the greatest portion have been removed to Rug, another estate belonging to the colonel, and that on which he now resides. The house is situated on an acclivity just above the Barmouth road on the right, and overlooks the beautiful village and fair vale of Llanelltyd. The woods around it contain some capital timber; and the estate, although not very extensive, is, on this account, of considerable value. Many years have not elapsed since the halls of Hengwrt, silent and unfrequemted as they now are, echoed loudly to the shout of mirth and good

cheer. Famous were the dinners given there,—excellent was the wine, and potent the *cwrw* consumed there,—and merry were the catches carolled there. But *tempora mutamur.*—We cannot, however, continue the verse,—*nos et mutamur in illis;* for the gallant and generous owner of Hengwrt is too true a Welshman to restrain his liberality, and Rug is now the scene of Cambro-British festivity. The reader must bear in recollection that Hengwrt was the residence of our learned and indefatigable antiquary, Robert Vaughan; and, if I mistake not, the noble collection of Welsh literature was chiefly amassed by the industry of our erudite countryman *.

Just beyond the gate which leads to Hengwrt is a path reaching to the decayed ruins of Vanner, already mentioned in the CAMBRO-BRITON†; and nearly contiguous is Llanelltyd bridge, a neat structure, over the Mawddach, here not more than thirty yards in breadth. The prospect from this spot is by no means so grand and extensive as that from the Pont-Vawr at Dolgellau. Still, however, it is not without beauty; and ten minutes, spent in viewing it, would be passed pleasantly enough by the genuine admirers of nature. Passing over the bridge, we turn to the left, and enter a region so wild and romantic, so exuberant in all the fantastic varieties of nature, that any thing like adequate description were impossible. At one moment the traveller is shut in between high banks, with merely the narrow and winding road before him,—at another, he is elevated far above the calm surface of the Mawddach, which he sees beneath him, rolling his "monarchy of waters" towards the sea:—

> ——— One glowing green expanse,
> Save where along the bending line of shore
> Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
> Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
> Embath'd in emerald glory.

There are not many tracts in Wales of equal distance with the road from Dolgellau to Barmouth, where so much beautiful scenery is to be seen. The approach to the latter too is in unison with the rich sublime landscape. The road, just before the entrance to the town, is cut on the declivity of a hill, and only separated from the river below by a tottering stone-work. The opposite shore presents a fine view of the hills of Celynin and Arthog, while the river itself, here about two miles broad, is

* See vol. i. p. 411. in the note.—ED. † Vol. i. p. 306.—ED.

enlivened by numerous little skiffs, containing, for the most part, parties of pleasure. But, after this lovely and inspiriting view, let not the stranger picture to himself an equal portion of loveliness in Barmouth itself; if he does, most grievously will he be mistaken. It has few good houses, and only one inn; the streets are wofully dirty and disagreeable, and crowded, withal, with fine, fat, unwieldy porkers, on the breed and rearing of which the *Barmouthians* pride themselves not a little. But the magnificent scenery in the vicinity is some compensation for these *désagrémens*; and a person may very well continue to spend a week or two there, at the risk of a little *ennui* and heaviness. When a stranger visits Barmouth, let him by no means neglect to return to Dolgellau by water. The full beauty of the prospect along the banks of the Mawddach, on either side, can never be imagined or described. It is one wide picture of all that is grand, and majestic, and lovely in nature.

MERVINIUS.

CRITICISM.

The HISTORIA BRITTONUM, commonly attributed to NENNIUS, from a MS. lately discovered in the Library of the Vatican Palace at Rome, with an ENGLISH VERSION and *Fac Simile* of the Original; NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS by the Rev. W. GUNN, B. D. LONDON, 1819.

WHATEVER may be the general opinion of the History ascribed to Nennius, or whatever may be the value and authenticity of the information it contains, there can be no doubt that much credit is due to the individual, who shall undertake the illustration of a work, acknowledged to be, in no small degree, distinguished by its obscurity. To investigate the causes of this obscurity is beyond the design of the present article; but it may be generally and safely assumed, that much of it has arisen from the carelessness and illiterateness of transcribers, and, above all, from their total ignorance of the language and history of that people, to whom Nennius's imputed work particularly relates. Whoever, therefore, should successfully rescue this ancient chronicle from the confusion, in which it has been obviously involved, would have a strong claim on the gratitude of those, who can appreciate and admire the literary stores of antiquity. And even the attempt

to effect this would not be without its due merit. For these reasons the recent edition of Nennius, by Mr. Gunn, is particularly entitled to notice, and especially in a publication exclusively devoted to the promulgation of every thing, that has reference to the early lore of the Cymry.

The following is the account which Mr. Gunn gives of the newly-discovered MS., from which his translation is made, and with which it may be necessary to commence the notice of his performance.

"The editor, some years since, during a residence in Rome, obtained permission to seach the library of the Vatican palace, for manuscripts relating to the history and affairs of this country. In the course of this interesting employment, an ancient exemplar of the 'Historia Brittonum' was discovered. Presuming that one, which dates much higher than any hitherto known, might be free from the inaccuracies and interpolations, long complained of in those of more recent date, a copy was procured; and it is this work to which the attention of the reader is solicited.

"The original is on parchment, fairly written in double columns, and fills ten pages of a miscellaneous volume, of the folio size. Great care has been taken to obtain a faithful transcript of it: the orthography, however erroneous, is preserved, the capital and small letters correspond with the original; there is the same division of paragraphs; the forms of the points, and the location of them, though no guide to the sense, have one common resemblance; nor, except in a few instances, are any orthographical corrections attempted. So dry and abrupt is the style, as to set a literal version at defiance; in that, now offered, the meaning of the author is, I trust, preserved. I once entertained a doubt as to the propriety of one, since the perusal of the work will be limited to that description of readers, who will never refer to a translation as an authority, when the original is before them.

"Respecting the age of the manuscript, the reader is, in the course of it, thrice referred to the tenth century; and the gentlemen, officially employed in the library, were unanimous in assigning it to that period. From the title 'Alexandriana,' we learn, that this manuscript once belonged to that extraordinary personage, Alexandria Christina, who, in whatever country she visited, after she had abdicated the throne of Sweden, suffered no literary curiosity to pass unappropriated, which she could obtain, either by recompense or favour. When in France she purchased the Petavian library; and, from a note on one of the leaves of the manuscript, it is said to have been procured by *Alexander* Petavius, from the monastery of St. Germain. Together with the spoils of the libraries of Prague and Dresden, (the gift of her father Gustavus Adolphus,) she bequeathed

her collection to Pope Alexander the Eighth, who, with the addition of his private library, deposited the whole in the Vatican."

And he afterwards tells us that—

"The present manuscript varies not, as to general import, from the copies of the 'Historia Brittonum' already known. It differs from those edited by Gale (*Scrip.* xv.) and Bertram (*Scrip.* iii.) in certain transpotisions of the subject—in the omission of two introductory prefaces—in not acknowledging the assistance of Samuel Bewly, (the reputed master of Nennius,)—in detaching the life of St. Patrick from the body of the work, and placing it at the end."

The rest of the Preface is occupied partially with a parallel between this translation and the copy of Nennius edited by Bertram, "not only as being the latest but because it exhibits marks of care and diligence superior to all others." To this parallel succeed some ingenious remarks on the "origin of romantic fiction in Britain," a subject, unquestionably, of curious interest, and not wholly without its utility. But, as it is also one of peculiar uncertainty, a writer may reasonably be excused, if he should be found occasionally to wander too far into the seductive lands of hypothesis. Thus it appears, that Mr. Gunn has perhaps gone somewhat astray in adopting the fancies of those authors, who have attempted to convert the simple and unadorned fabric of bardism into the wild and enchanted temple of magic. Romantic fiction, wherever it may have had its birth, formed no necessary part of the ancient system of Druidism, which, being emphatically founded in truth*, could never have been the parent of fable and romance. That some traditions exist, which seem to countenance a contrary supposition, is not to be denied;—but it remains to be proved, that they were ever recognised by the bards in their institutional character. Among these are the *Mabinogion*, or Romantic Tales, the origin of which, however, there does not appear any substantial reason for ascribing, with Mr. Gunn, to the Druids, at least not as "Institutional Tales." Yet this diminishes nothing from their value; wherefore, the following account of these very curious remains of Welsh literature cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting, and more especially as the English public seem, in general, to be wholly unconscious of their existence. The passage, here extracted, occurs in a note on that part of the Preface, which relates to the "origin of romantic fiction," and the name, by which it is sanctioned, must necessarily give it the stamp of authority.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 450.

"I was some time since favoured by Mr. Owen Pughe with the perusal of translations of several of these tales, but, knowing he intended them for the press, did not ask his permission to make extracts from them. The result of a second application will not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Agreeably to your request, I send some particulars of the *Mabinogion*.

"The first list:—

"1. Ymarwar Lludd a Llevelys:	*The contention of Lludd and Llevelys.*
"2. Breuddwyd Maxen Wledig:	*The dream of the Emperor Maximus.*
"3. Brân Vendiged:	*Brân the Blessed.*
"4. Pwyll Pendevig Dyved:	*Pwyll the chieftain of Dyved.*
"5. Manawydan ab Llyr:	*Manawydan the son of Llyr.*
"6. Math ab Mathonwy:	*Math the son of Mathonwy.*

"No. 1. Lludd, son of Beli, was the father of Caswallawn (Cassivellaunus:) he and Llevelys his brother had some game at ball, which, with the events it produced, and their reconcilement are the subject of the tale.

"No. 2. The dream of Maximus is concerning his elevation to power, wherein are narrated the incidents leading to its accomplishment.

"No. 3. The events in the tale of Brân arise out of the tale of Pwyll. Matholwch, the supreme King of Ireland, lands with a fleet at Harlech, in North Wales, where Brân kept his court, to demand Bronwen, the sister of Brân, in marriage. His request is granted, and he returns to Ireland. Events then arise, wherein Bronwen is insulted with a box on the ear, called one of the three fatal insults of Britain. For Brân invades Ireland to avenge his sister. Only seven return from the expedition, after having destroyed nearly all the people of Ireland; and Brân being mortally wounded, he orders his companions who survive, to carry his head to be interred in the White Hill, in London, as a protection against all future invasions, so long as the head remained there. The sequel of the tale recites their progress to London to bury the head. At Harlech, in their way, they are kept seven years listening to the birds of Rhianon, singing in the air; and in Dyved (Dimetia), by attending to the last words of Brân, they stay in a grand hall for eighty years, enjoying every kind of pleasing amusement, all their misfortunes and object of further progress being kept out of their minds; but, by opening a door looking towards Cornwall, their real condition breaks in upon their minds, which compels them to pursue their journey. Brân was the father of Caradawg (Caractacus), and according to the Triads, he with all his family were carried to Rome, and remained there seven years as hostages for the son. Brân there meets with some Christians, and, being converted, he prevails on two Christians to ac-

company him to Britain, by which means the faith is introduced; which is the cause of the epithet of Blessed being given him.

"No. 4. Part of the tale of Pwyll has been given in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, and is continued in vol. 3, now printing.

"No. 5. Manawydan is the brother of Brân, and is one of the seven, that carried his head to London. The events of this tale are a continuation of the former; and the end of it is the doing away some spells or enchantments laid upon Dimetia, arising out of events in the tale of Pwyll.

"No. 6. This tale follows the other in connexion; but the incidents in it are distinct, so that it may be considered as a separate one. It opens with an embassy from Math, prince of Gwynedd, (Venedotia) to Pryderi the son of Pwyll, prince of Dyved (Dimetia). The ambassadors are twelve bards, with Gwydion the son of Don at their head, who had magic spells at command. The object was, by means of rich presents, to obtain a race of new animals, which Pryderi had possession of, and these were swine, being the first of the kind in the island. The request is refused; but Gwydion, by illusions, obtains the swine.

"Pryderi, in revenge, invades Gywnedd; the consequence is the ruin of both countries; and the tale proceeds with a series of spells, often very fanciful and striking.

"The above tales I class by themselves, as they contain *not one incident connected with the adventures of Arthur and his warriors*, who are the actors in the following class of tales.

"Second List:—

"No. 1. Peredur ab Evrog:	*Peredur the son of Evrog.*
"No. 2. Culhwch ab Cilydd ab Celyddon Wledig:	*Culhwch the son of Cilydd, sovereign of Celyddon (Caledonia).*
"No. 3. Geraint ab Erbin:	*Geraint the son of Erbin.*
"No. 4. Owain ab Urien:	*Owain the son of Urien.*

"I have not a copy of No. 4. I believe there are several other tales in the Hengwrt collection.

"With respect to the periods when these tales were composed, it would be difficult to say; but I have no hesitation in concluding them all to be anterior to the conquest of Wales by Ed. I. A. D. 1283. All the personages therein were real characters, most of whom are often mentioned by the earlier bards; and many are mentioned in the historical Triads. Many of the events in the tales are likewise in the Triads. Taliessin, who flourished in the sixth century, mentions several of the incidents of these tales; so also do the poets, who flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

It is now time to turn from the preface to the work itself, in which, however, the only portion, that seems to come under cri-

tical cognizance are the notes, which are numerous and interesting, although not always conveyed in the happiest method. Indeed the general aim of the author appears to have been rather to condense at any rate the fruits of his learned researches than to study the *lucidus ordo* in their arrangement. Yet it is impossible not to feel indebted to him for the interesting and valuable matter he has thus brought together, and which evinces, at least, a great degree of laborious investigation in his laudable efforts to illustrate this obscure chronicle. The following note on the History of Brutus will exemplify the remark, that has now been made.

"To investigate the rise of *the fable of Brutus*, it becomes necessary to extend our research beyond the traditions and written documents of this island.

"The first notices on record of the people of Italy we receive from the Greeks of Sicily and Magna Græcia. Theagenes of Rhegium, who flourished in the reign of Cambyses, about the sixty-third Olympiad, is the oldest who makes mention of Italioti; for so the Greeks of lower Italy were denominated. (Hesych. Ιταλιοτης.) Hippius, his fellow citizen, contemporary with Xerxes, wrote also on the affairs of Italy, together with Antiochus of Syracuse, who is allowed to have flourished in the ninetieth Olympiad; and a catalogue of those, who employed their pens on the same subject, is to be found in the Bibliotheca Græca of Fabricius. But these writers, far from investigating vulgar traditions, injured the truth of their national memorials, by the introduction of fabulous details. In a country, where the national temper was ardent, and the imagination rendered more fervid by the relations of Hesiod and Homer, a poetic character was impressed on the early narratives of the Greeks, which procured the applause of the vulgar, and the contempt of the philosopher. In the gentile nations of antiquity, power and vanity were associates, and no sooner did they feel importance, than a divine origin was asserted. If we attend to the imperfect and mutilated details of the writers above cited, we shall find an enumeration of the Greek and Trojan heroes, who had shared and survived the glorious enterprises of the ten years' war, and who, as impelled by the fates, settled in Asia, Africa, or Italy. Among these was Æneas: though they might have been taught from a source of at least equal authenticity with any they had any opportunity of investigating, that he and his descendants reigned over the Trojans after the Greeks had destroyed the capital of their country.

"The period, when the tradition of the Trojan extraction was assumed by the Romans, is to be ascertained with tolerable satisfaction. Before the fifth age of their city this people knew little beyond the confines of the divisions of their own state; we may believe, they had scarcely heard of the Greeks, and were little conversant in

their history and mythology. Neither were they otherwise than faintly visible to them, till the time of Alexander. Theopompus, who was contemporary with Philip, is the first writer by whom the Romans are mentioned, 'ante quem nemo mentionem habuit.' (*Plin.* l. 3. c. 15.) So little were they known in the days of Aristotle, that his disciple Heraclides, of Pontus, mistook Rome for a Greek maritime city, which he says, was captured by an army of Hyperboreans; for so he styles the Gauls. (*Plut. in Camil.*) In fact, the uncertainty of the true origin of the Romans is acknowledged by themselves, and various traditions of it, in early times, are quoted by Plutarch*, (V. *Romuli*,) and Festus, (*in Roman.*) The earliest rumour of the Trojan approach is to be found in the fragments of Ennius, the first Latin author who wrote the annals of the Roman republic. (*Apud Hessel.*) In these Æneas is recognised in the island of Procida; the authority is from Nævius, in his poem on the first Punic war. 'Prochyta hanc Nævius, in primo belli Punici de cognata Æneæ nomen accepisse dicit.' In the sixth age of the city the inscriptions on the shields, presented by Titus Quintius Flaminius to Apollo at Delphi, after the first Macedonian war, assert the Trojan extraction of the Romans. (*Plut. in Flamin.*)

"Virgil has been censured for countenancing a vulgar delusion, but surely without foundation; for, whatever his private sentiments were, time and opinion had sanctioned an error unsafe to controvert, since it was then interwoven with the established religion and the public annals of Rome. The pontifical college exercised a superior jurisdiction over all things, that related to the service of the gods, and the private rights and interests of individuals. The sacred character of the members of that association, (on whom additional lustre was reflected by rank and extraction,) was protected by the laws, opinions, and manners of their country, and they never failed rigorously to exercise the rights attached to their sacerdotal and civil jurisdiction. The tradition of a Trojan origin must have had the sanction of their approbation, for many of the most distinguished and ancient families in Rome, as the Lamiæ from Lamus, a king of the Lestrygones, (*Hor.* l. 3. O. 17.) the Mamilli from Ulysses, (*Vaillant. Num. Fam. Rom.*) and it was the boast of Cæsar, 'a Venere Julii cujus gentis familia est nostra. Est ergo in genere et sanctitas regum, qui plurimum inter homines pollent: et ceremonia Deorum, quorum ipsi in potestate sunt reges.' (V. *Jul. Cæs.* 16. 6.) This tradition was never lost to posterity. 'So universal was this humour, and

* "He says, that the first Grecian writer, who adopted the legend of Romulus, was Diocles of Peparetus. He was followed by Ennius, whose work was composed in Greek, (*Cic. de Div.* l. 1. c. 21.) as were those of C. Alimentus, P. Corn. Scipio Afric. (Son of the great Scipio) A. Post. Albinus, who was ridiculed by Cato, for composing a history in Greek, and afterwards offering apologies for the inaccuracy and inelegance of his expressions."

carried to such an absurd excess of extravagance, that, under the reign of Justinian, even the Greeks were ambitious of being thought to be descended from the Trojans, their ancient and notorious enemies.'—*Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. i. Diss. 1.

"Vain, perhaps, of claiming a descent similar to that of the masters of the world, the vanquished nations of Western Europe adopted a similar persuasion. In the fourth century Ammianus reports a tradition, which prevailed among the Gauls*, that they were the descendants of fugitive Trojans. 'Aiunt quidam paucos, post excidium Trojæ, fugitantes Græcos undique dispersos, loca hæc occupasse tunc vacua.' (l. 15.) And in the sixth Hunibaldus Francus deduced the Franks from Francio, son of Priam, and exhibits a regular line of sovereigns down to Pharamond; 'and the Trojan extraction of the French was a favourite opinion in France in the seventh and eighth centuries.' (*Hist. Liter. de France*, tom. iv. p. 271. *Du Chesne, Biblioth. des Auteurs, &c.* c. 3. p. 10.) It is again discovered in the chrônicle of the celebrated Sigebert de Gemblours, (*Sherringham*, c. 1. p. 9.) which is brought down to the year 1112; it was also found in the MS. which Henry of Huntingdon saw at Bec, in Normandy, 1110, (*Langhorn Antiq. Albionenses: and Archælogia*, vol. xii. p. 56.) and from which he also transcribed the Trojan origin of the Britons, in his own history (l. 1.)

"His narrative, together with the former, is given nearly in the words of Mark, without any of the amplifications with which the history of Jeffery abounds. It should not pass unnoticed, that in the most ancient and authentic Cambrian records, the Trojan origin of the Britons is never adverted to. The expression of Taliesin in his mystical poem, Hanes Taliesin,

'I was in Britain when the Trojans came,'

means the Romans. Are we hence to infer, that the tradition of Brutus was familiar to him, and that he here alludes to it contemptuously? A translation of this extraordinary and obscure performance is given in the appendix.

"If we admit the authority, the period when the name of Brutus was conferred on this island, is fixed by Jeffery, in the reign of Cadwallader, (676-703,) who, speaking in the person of Merlin, 'The island shall be called by the name of Brutus, and that now given by foreigners shall be abolished.' (*Thompson's translation*, b. 7. p. 212.) The traditions respecting the founders of the British dynasty, which he professes to have received, 'ex annalibus Romanorum;'—'ex antiquis libris nostrorum;'—'ex traditione veterum;' are particular-

* "The Gaulish Britons were proud of this origin so late as the sixteenth century. Parvi, in his funeral oration, pronounced over Ann of Bretagne, (1514) Queen of Louis the Twelfth, traces her genealogy up to Brutus and Ynoge, daughter of Pandrasus, a noble Emperor of Greece. (*Lobineau*, tom. i. p. 187.)"

ised in pages 4 and 48. It is, perhaps, hardly worth remarking on the unsettled opinion, as to the identity of the hero; 'a quodam Bruto' is the expression. He is Decimus Brutus, who subdued Spain, 'ac detraxit eam in servitutem Romæ;' he is the grandson of Æneas; and in a subsequent pedigree Brutus is grafted on the line of Japhet, and not many removes from that Patriarch. The lines in italics, from obliteration in the copy, whence the present was made, have been supplied by a later though an ancient hand; who, being unacquainted with the subject, breaks the thread of the narrative, and fills up the chasm with something of his own. The sense is restored from Berham.

"*Mark.*

"'Et filius esset omnium Hytalorum fortissimus amabilis omnibus hominibus.' Proper hanc vaticinationem, &c.

"*Bertram*, c. 3. p. 99. l. 9.

"'Et fœtus ejus erit fortis, quia occidet, inquit, patrem et matrem suam, et erit, exosus omnibus hominibus.' Propter hanc vaticinationem, &c.

"*Mark.*

"Omnes superabat ut omnium dominus videretur; idcirco, autem invidia," expulsus est ab Italia, &c.

"*Bertram*, c. 3. p. 99. l. 25.

"'Inopino ictu sagittæ occidit patrem suum, non de industriâ sed casu.'—'Propter hanc causam expulsus est ab Italia,' &c."

The length of the last two extracts has made it impossible to transfer any other parts of Mr. Gunn's production to these pages. But the reader is referred to page xxi. of the Preface, and to page 133. of the work, for two other valuable notes, one, by Mr. Owen Pughe, on the meaning of the word Bangor, and on the various places distinguished by that name, and the other, by Mr. Gunn himself, on the conversion of the British king Lucius, and the banishment of the British families to Rome, a subject which has already undergone a partial investigation in the CAMBRO-BRITON*. In conclusion, it may be said, that those, who feel a delight in investigating the ancient historical records of this country, are under considerable obligation to Mr. Gunn for the task he has now executed. And it were to be wished, that a little more care had been observed in the correction of the press, and especially in the Welsh names, many of which are greatly disfigured. However, this blemish may have arisen from accidental causes, and, although not to be defended, ought not to affect the character of a work, of which the design is commendable, and the execution, for the most part, creditable to the author's ability and research.

* Vol. i. p. 288.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen."—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXI.

Mi af oddi yma i'r Hafod Lom,
Er bod yn drom fy siwrnai,
Mi gâf yno ganu cainc,
Ac eiste' ar fainc y simnai;
Ac ond odid dyna'r fan,
Y byddaf dan y borau.

LXII.

Yfais atod, glas dy lygad,
Trwy bur serch a ffyddlon gariad;
Yfa dithau, dwy ael feinion,
At a mwya' a gar dy galon.

LXIII.

Mae'r coedydd yn glasu,
Mae'r meillion o'm deutu,
Mae dail y briallu yn tyfu 'mhob twyn,
A'r adar diniwed yn lleisio gan fwyned,
I'w clywed a'u gweled mewn gwiw-lwyn.

LXIV.

Gwych yw y dyffryn, y gwenith, ac yd,
Mwyn dir, a maenol, ag aml le clyd,
Llinos, ac eos, ac adar a gân;
Ni cheir yn y mynydd ond mawnen a thân.

LXV.

Tra bo Mon a mor o'i deutu,
Tra bo dwr yn afon Conwy,
Tra bo farl dan Graig y Dibyn,
Cadwaf galon bur i rywun.

LXVI.

Dy ddwy wefus, Besi ber,
Sydd iraidd dyner aeron,
Ac mor felfedaidd, gainwedd, gû,
Fal gweunydd blu dy ddwyfron;
Ond yw ryfedd, teg dy liw,
Mor galed yw dy galon!

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXI.

To Havod-Lom I'll bend my way,
Though full the road of sorrow,
And there, to chaunt a merry lay,
The chimney-seat I'll borrow;
And in that spot, I dare to say,
You'll find me on the morrow.

LXII.

Thee I've toasted, blue-eyed lass,
Truest love inspir'd the glass;
Drink to him, then, maiden sweet,
Whom thy heart doth chiefly greet.

LXIII.

The trees are fast blowing,
Flow'rs around us are growing,
The leaves of the primrose on each hillock spring,
While the birds on each spray,
Full of glee, chaunt away,
'Till the groves, as you hear, with their melody ring.

LXIV.

How gay seems yon valley with rich waving wheat,
Fair lands, and fair houses, and shelters so neat,
While the whole feather'd choir to delight us conspires;
There's nought on the mountain but turf and turf fires.

LXV.

While 'round Mona billows thunder,
While old Conway rolls her wave,
While there's soil yon high cliff under,
I this heart for Gwen will save.

LXVI.

Thy sweet lips, my Betsey dear,
Are like the juicy pear,
And thy breasts,—they do appear
As downy meadows fair:
But, how strange these charms should shine
With a heart so hard as thine!

ABER-EDW.

ARGUMENT.

[Aber-Edw is a small and obscure village, built on the site of an ancient town of that name, the only vestige of which is its castle in ruin, on the banks of the river Edw, near where it falls into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side, about four miles from Builth; the natives of which, at this distant day, are jocularly called *traitors*, in allusion to their forefathers, who are said to have betrayed Llywelyn, the last native Prince of the Welsh, in the manner set forth in the following ballad, into the hands of the English, by whom he was consequently overtaken in his flight, after a defeat in battle, and savagely mutilated and murdered by a troop of horsemen, just as he had crossed the river Irvon. Alone, wounded, forsaken, but still a royal fugitive, he chose ruin and death rather than hold a disgraced and tributary crown in vassalage to his faithless and sanguinary enemy Edward the First.]

I.

Oh know ye the spot, where the Sevi* of Cambria
Withers in grief for her children's misdeeds?
Oh know ye the spot, that the Patriot of Cambria
With a brow of disdain and resentment e'er heeds?
Know ye the village, that's named from its river,
That runneth thro' rocks, and the Wye's its receiver?
Albeit, its streams, tho' received by the Wye,
She shuns as pollution, recedes as from dangers—
Unmixed are their waters, they move as two strangers,
Who dart on each other suspicion's dark eye:
One moves as Satanic malignity hastens,
And one with bold course that true dignity chastens,
The black Aber-Edw—the silver-bright Wye!

II.

When the Sais's† carnivorous monarch, so gory,
'Gainst the brave son of Gruffydd his thousands did bring,
When Cambria's sons fought with gusto for glory,
When hundreds and hundreds fell dead 'round their king,

* The Sevi, or Sive, or, as it is more generally called in South Wales, *Seri-llan-Gwy*, (as immense quantities of this herb grow wild on the banks of the Wye,) tradition says, was once the Welsh national emblem, and not the leek, as vulgarly adopted. The *Seri llan-Gwy* has been chosen as the subject of a long poem by the author of the above.—J. Ll.

† The Saxons or English, so called to this day.—J. Ll.

When their bright star of fortune wax'd pale and grew fickle,
When the mountain-men fell like the blade to the sickle,
(Can a rivulet stand 'gainst a torrent's dread might?)
From Henfordd* Llywelyn, o'er hill, road, and meadow,
His swift courser spurr'd towards strong Aber-Edw,
When the armourer mail'd his worn hoof for fresh flight.
Backwards the shoe to the king's horse was fastened;
The fugitive prince from his seeming friends hastened,
But his crown'd head was sold ere he fell in the fight.

III.

Aber-Edw, curst spot! that thro' each passing season
Meets scorn, and will meet it for ages to come;
Aber-Edw, ill-famed for thy armourer's treason,
Aber-Edw the silent, deserted, and glum!
O'er thy glories of yore there's a fiend hath been ploughing,
The spouse of Destruction, his wild name is Ruin.
Thy castle he battered, thy turrets struck low;
Dark infamy now thy renown hath supplanted,
A village of cots now the town, which erst vaunted
Castle, rampart, and tower, to ward the strong foe;
To the stranger thou'rt pointed, thy story discovering,—
"There stood Aber-Edw, that sold it's true sovereign,
"Where nestles the adder, where rank nettles grow."

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

WHAT IS AWEN*?

What is AWEN!—'tis a flame,
Born and nurtured there on high:
Fraught with mercy, down it came,
To forbid frail man to die.

Cymru, thou hast caught the fire;
Ever be it purely thine,
Ever may thy sons aspire
By its deathless light to shine.

* * *

* The Welsh name of Hereford, and signifies "The Old Road."—J. LL.

† This is the theme proposed for the prize *Englyn* at the approaching *Eisteddfod*, or Congress of Bards, at Wrexham; and, no doubt, the mountain genius of Cymru will do ample justice to the subject. *Awen*, the English reader should be informed, means, properly and emphatically, poetical genius, a quality, which the Welsh language alone expresses by a single word.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—The notice, that has already been taken in the CAMBRO-BRITON, of the establishment of this society, may have been deemed sufficient to explain its objects and point out its merit. But it has obviously not been enough to attract to it that general patronage, which is indispensible to the full and satisfactory accomplishment of its design. Many individuals of distinction have, indeed, come forward with a laudable alacrity, on this occasion, to vindicate that national zeal, which, it may be hoped, will never be extinct in the breasts of the Cymry. Yet much remains to be done, before the edifice can be completed, of which the foundation stone has now been laid. Much of patriotism, much of zeal, much of cordial union is still wanted to bring to perfection the great work commenced under auspices so favourable. And shall the country of Taliesin, of Hywel, and of Llywelyn no longer glow with the kindling spirit, by which it was wont to be animated? Shall it implore in vain for champions, to assert its undoubted claim to that renown, which was purchased of yore by the songs of her bards, and by the deeds of her heroes? It is impossible: it cannot be, that Wales should, in this instance, form a contrast to all other countries, which, however they may have neglected living genius, have never failed to celebrate its posthumous fame. The hope may yet be indulged, then, that those individuals, to whom the ancient renown of the Principality is a matter of interest, and to whom her early literature ought to be a subject of pride, will yet lend their aid to this national cause, and thus render the name of Cymru as much an object of respect abroad, as it is of veneration at home. A general and zealous co-operation in the views of the METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION cannot fail to ensure this desirable end; and, as it is not improbable that many may, hitherto, have omitted to unite in the patriotic design, from an ignorance of the modes, by which their intentions were to be signified, it may not be improper to intimate, that an advertisement on the wrapper of this number contains full particulars on this point. ***

JESUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.—The anniversary of this society, which has been already twice noticed in the CAMBRO-

BRITON*, was holden at Aberystwith, on the first of last month, when the productions, to which the prizes had been adjudged, were read by the Rev. Daniel Evans, Fellow of Jesus College. The premium of £20 for the best Welsh Essay on the words of Taliesin, *Eu hiaith a gadwant*, and that of £2 for the best six *Englynion* on the subject, *Llwydiant i Goleg yr Iesu*, were awarded to the Rev. John Jones, B. A. of the same college. Mr. Thomas Davies, also of Jesus College, was declared to be entitled to the prize of £10, for the best translation of an English sermon into the Welsh language. It is but common justice to this infant society, to remark, that the members evince a very patriotic feeling in the cause, in which they have embarked. May it be as lasting as it is patriotic! ***

DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.—The truly pious and estimable Head of this See held his general Visitation for the Archdeaconry of Brecon, at St. Mary's, in that town, on Wednesday, the 9th of last month, which was attended by a numerous body of clergy. The Rev. John Jenkins, vicar of Kerry, preached a remarkably appropriate sermon on the occasion, from Matthew 5, v. 14. "Ye are the light of the world; a city, that is set on a hill, can-"not be hid." After divine service the bishop delivered an excellent charge, in which he drew a comparison between the churches of Rome and England, tending to prove, that the latter was not only the most pure in its doctrine, but the most apostolical in its institution. He likewise pressed on the clergy the importance of an undeviating attention to their sacred duties, and concluded with a patriotic and animated address in favour of Welsh literature, exciting his auditors to the cultivation of it, as well on account of its intrinsic beauties, as of its inseperable connection with their clerical functions, as being the only channel, in many instances, whereby the clergy can impart instruction to their parishioners. His lordship also took an opportunity, in the course of the afternoon, of advocating, most humanely and forcibly, the interesting cause of the destitute orphans of the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, of Lampeter, and which had the immediate effect of augmenting the subscription previously raised for this benevolent purpose. It is impossible not to admire the exemplary conduct of the bishop of St. David's on this occasion, in its happy combination of the various and important offices of religion, patriotism, and Christian charity.—On the following day his

* See Vol. i, pp. 36, and 276.

lordship held a Confirmation at Brecon.—His lordship has been pleased to collate the Rev. Thomas Stonehewer Bright, M. A. to the prebend of Mathrey, in the cathedral church of St. David's, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Philips; and also the Rev. Thomas Hancock, M. A. to the prebend of Caerfachel in the same cathedral, vacant by the resignation of the said Rev. Thomas Stonehewer Bright. ***

LATE REV. PETER ROBERTS.—At a meeting of the "Oswestry Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor," held on Thursday the 13th of last July, it was unanimously resolved, that a Portrait of the late Rev. Peter Roberts be engraved by some eminent artist, from an original miniature painting in the possession of T. N. Parker, Esq. of Sweeney. Subscribers of £1. 1s. each are to be entitled to five copies of the engraved portrait, and those of ten shillings to two each. The names of about twenty subscribers already appear in the list. The Society is entitled to much credit for this tribute of respect to the memory of an individual, who, both in his private and literary character, was eminently deserving of it, and who ought ever to live in the grateful recollection of the Principality. ***

LATE REV. ELIEZER WILLIAMS.—In the Memoir of this lamented individual, inserted in the former volume, (p. 452) allusion was made to the very distressed condition, in which his children had been left by his decease. Upon that melancholy event the strongest and most benevolent feeling of compassion was evinced by several individuals of the first respectability, in the vicinity of Lampeter, and has since been more actively displayed in the establishment of a subscription for the meritorious and charitable purpose of rescuing these destitute children from the misery incident to their sad fate. The sums, already subscribed, although highly creditable to the individuals concerned, appear to be far from adequate to the full extent of the charitable design. It is, therefore, hoped, that the warm and disinterested appeals, which have been made, on this occasion, to the feelings of the public, and especially that of the Bishop of St. David's, alluded to in a preceding page, will still have their proper influence, in directing the benevolence of the affluent to the wants of the orphan. ***

MISCELLANEOUS LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.—The disinterested and meritorious exertions of the Bath Harmonic Society in their charitable excursion through the diocese of St. David's were partially noticed in the last Number. The following report has since been made of the receipts at the several places, as well from the sermons as from the concerts. Brecon, 58*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*—Carmarthen, 79*l.* 19*s.* 7½*d.*—Aberystwith, 95*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*—Cardigan, 19*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.*—Bishop and Canons of St. David's, 22*l.* 3*s.*—Haverfordwest, 66*l.* 15*s.* 6½*d.*—Tenby, 61*l.* 15*s.*—Swansea, 71*l.* 15*s.*—altogether exceeding £500, the balance of which, after deducting the expenses, will be appropriated, as before mentioned, to the fund for the relief of superannuated curates and the widows and orphans of poor clergymen within the diocese of St. David's.—Meetings of Agricultural Societies have recently taken place in the undermentioned counties,—in Radnorshire on the 26th July,—in Monmouthshire, on the 31st, and in Glamorganshire on the 2nd ult. Although nothing particularly worthy of remark appears to have transpired at these meetings, it is highly gratifying to observe the laudable spirit, that is now abroad in the Principality on a point so essential to its welfare as the encouragement and protection of its agricultural interests. The Monmouthshire meeting was the first General Anniversary, and seems to have been numerously and respectably attended.—An accident of a most calamitous and afflicting nature occurred on the 5th of last month in the Menai. A ferry boat, crossing from Llanidan in Anglesea to the opposite coast within about a mile of Carnarvon, and having on board twenty-three passengers, was suddenly upset, when of the whole number of individuals just mentioned, it is most lamentable to relate, one only was rescued from a billowy grave. This heart-rending catastrophe is ascribed to the following cause. When the boat was about half way across, the boatman, having occasion to climb up the small mast to disentangle a rope, attached to the sail, was unfortunately precipitated into the water. A sudden effort was naturally made to save him, and the rush, occasioned by this impulse of humanity, proved more than the slender bark could sustain. In consequence, it became instantly immersed in the waves, and occasioned the distressing calamity above mentioned. The individuals, that perished, were chiefly women and children, there not being more, it appears, than six or seven men. They were crossing for the purpose of attending the Carnarvon market. It must be quite unnecessary to offer any comment on an event so melancholy, so

pregnant with affliction;—nor can it be of any avail now to speculate on the capability of the boat for conveying so large a number. But it is to be hoped, that the feelings of compassion, to which the occurrence must naturally give birth, will not be inactively indulged. The surviving relatives of the unfortunate sufferers have the strongest claims on the characteristic benevolence of their countrymen, and especially in one deplorable instance, where it is stated, that eleven children have thus suddenly become orphans, having, by this awful visitation, been bereft of both parents. —There is now standing at Rhuddlan, Flintshire, part of the wall of a house, wherein Edward I. held his Parliament, after completing his subjugation of Wales, a conquest, which it had required eight centuries to effect. The old wall has been built upon and metamorphosed into the gable end of a row of small houses, so that to a passenger there is nothing particularly antique or striking in its appearance. But the Dean of St. Asaph, in order to rescue this piece of antiquity from oblivion, has caused to be affixed to it a tablet with the following inscription:—

This fragment
Is the remains of the Building,
Where King Edward the First
Held his Parliament
A. D. 1283,
In which passed the Statute of Rhuddlan
Securing
To the Principality of Wales
Its Judicial Rights
And Independence.

—Active progress is now making in forming a new line of road through the island of Anglesey. Several workmen are employed from Cleifiog Sands, near the five mile stone, towards Gwalchmai. An embarkment, it is also said, will be built across Llaniswen Sands, to join a new line of road, which will run through the domain of Sir J. T. Stanley to Holyhead.—A gentleman has recently been surveying the river Conway on behalf of Captain Brown, R. N., respecting the bridge to be thrown over it, and which, according to the plan now in contemplation, is to be a wrought iron suspension bridge of four hundred feet in the span. —A wool fair has recently been established at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire. The first fair was holden on the 7th of last month, and, from the numerous attendance, it promised to realize the most sanguine expectations of the individuals interested in the promotion of this beneficial undertaking.—The following Commis-

sions have been granted in the counties of Denbigh and Flint.—*Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry.*—Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., to be Commandant with rank of Colonel,—Edward Lloyd Lloyd, Esq. to be Major,—George Kenyon, Esq., Thomas Fitzhugh, Esq., Joseph Ablet, Esq., Edward Lloyd Rowland, Esq., and John Heaton, Esq., to be Captains.—Griffith Jeffery Morris, Gent., Joseph Peers, Jun., Gent., Thomas Edwards, Gent., John Rowland, Gent., and B. Thelwall, Gent., to be Lieutenants:—George Lloyd Kenyon, Gent., John Williams, Gent., and Exeuperius Pickering, Gent., to be Cornets:—and John Jones, Gent., to be Surgeon.—*Royal Flintshire Militia.* Viscount Belgrave, to be Captain.—*Mold Yeomanry Cavalry.*—John Rigby, Esq. to be Captain Commandant, *vice* Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart. deceased; James Knight, Esq. to be Captain, *vice* Eyton, resigned; Samuel Boydell, Gent. to be Lieutenant, *vice* Rigby; H. L. Rigby, Gent. and William Humffreys Parry, Gent., to be Cornets, the latter *vice* Eyton, resigned.—*Maylor Yeomanry Cavalry*—Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, J. Hayman, Esq., W. Hanmer, Esq., and Francis Richard Price, Esq., to be Captains.—E. Jones, Gent., Joseph Lee, Gent., J. T. P. Owen, Gent., to be Lieutenants.—W. Kerrison, Gent., J. Furnivall, Gent., E. Jones, Gent., J. Price, Gent., and J. Duckers, Gent., to be Cornets.

LITERATURE.—The motives, by which the writer of the following communication appears to be actuated in publishing his proposed Tales, have been deemed sufficient to justify the insertion of his letter in the CAMBRO-BRITON, one of whose main objects it is to establish correct notions with respect to the Welsh character, so grossly mistaken by most English writers, who have had occasion to treat of it. But this has already been partially noticed in the progress * of this work: and, perhaps, the subject may hereafter undergo a more copious discussion. It is highly desirable, that our country should be vindicated in this particular. With respect to the Tales, alluded to in this letter, it may be proper for the writer to be apprised, that they ought, previously to publication, to undergo some correction in the orthography of the Welsh names, most of which, as they occur in this specimen, have been accordingly altered.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I beg leave to give you a sketch of the plan of the Tales,

* See No. 4 p. 145.

you announced, in your valuable Miscellany for May last, as about to be published by myself.

One of my principal objects will be to combat the unworthy prejudices, which the English entertain against the Welsh character, and, instead of the caricatures of Smollett and other English writers, to present the reader with an assemblage of genuine Welsh portraits. In pursuance of this plan, I shall sieze upon some prominent peculiarity, as the ground-work of each tale, and exhibit it under all its varieties. Each tale will also be connected with an important historical event; and some will give a political estimate of the relative position of England and Wales, with respect to each other during the various æras, which they will embrace.

The following is a Specimen of the Dialogue part of the work.—

"The scenery of Snowdonia is very sublime," said Bleddyn.

"To me," said Sir Llywelyn Meredydd, "those barren hills are more dear than the most delightful regions in the world. It is the spot, where the sons of liberty made their last heroic stand; and it is the spot, from whence my gallant ancestors led their hardy followers to victory."—

"And it is," said Miss Meredydd with a sigh, "the Thermopylæ of our heroes: they lie forgotten,—our bards are likewise lost; nought remains but our native hills and our venerable language."

"Those will remain for ever," said Maelgwn (the bard), "according to the prophecy of Taliesin, which runs thus. The natives of Cymru will praise their Creator in their native language till time shall be no more, but of all their possessions will only retain the wild wastes of Wallia and her barren hills"—

* * * * * * * *

"You must know," Captain Bleddyn," said Hywel Meredydd, "my sister is enthusiastically attached to the ancient music and poetry of her country. I have seen her listen for hours to the legendary tales of Maelgwn, till the foolish girl is as weak and visionary as himself."

"Surely," said Bleddyn, "you must applaud instead of censuring the enthusiasm of Miss Meredydd for admiring the poetry of her country, which abounds in eminent examples of simplicity, pathos, and sublimity, and twines a fadelses wreath round the brows of those heroes, by whom that country was defended."—

"Yes," said Miss Meredydd (her fine dark eyes sparkling),

" that heart must be dead to feeling, which can unmoved listen to the deeds of Caradog or Llywelyn."

" I own," said Hywel, " I may be deficient in that species of feeling, which sacrifices reason to imagination, which adorns the dross of human life with gold and jewels, and which burthens the mind with an exuberance of false sentiment."

" That sentiment cannot be false that has its origin in virtue," said Miss Meredydd, " and surely love of country, love of the heroes, by whom that country was defended, love of the persons, who transmitted those heroes to posterity, cannot be incompatible with virtue."

" I think, said Hywel, forcing a smile, " my heroic sister would much better be employed in jingling the *crwth* or embroidering old Maelgwn's bardic robe."

" Either of these employments to me is pleasing, the one as being our national instrument, which has often led the way to victory, the other, as shewing respect to a man, faithfully attached to our family, and whose ancestors were considered a part of it in happier times."

" Taliesin and Prince Gruffydd would applaud those sentiments," said Maelgwn, " one for respecting bardism, the other, for admiring that instrument introduced by himself."

* * * * * * * *

" I trust," said Miss Meredydd, " our national literature, which has not yet recovered the blow inflicted on it by that modern Vandal, Edward the First, will, at some future time, shine with its wonted lustre, and that the silent harp of Cymru will again resound to its sweet Pennillion."

Wishing you every success in your patriotic undertaking,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ETLOE, *July* 10, 1820. W. S. WICKENDEN.

PARTS 1 and 2 of the BEAUTIES of CAMBRIA, by H. Hughes, have recently been published, comprising twenty-one views in North Wales, engraved on wood, from drawings taken on the spot. The work is designed to extend to both divisions of the Principality, and will consist of sixty views. Price—eight shillings each Part.

Several Welsh poetical productions of the late Rev. DAVID DAVIES of Castle Howel, Cardiganshire, are now in a course of arrangement preparatory to publication.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

OCTOBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LV. THE three Fatal Counsels of the Isle of Britain: permitting Iul Caisar [Julius Cæsar] and the men of Rome to have place for the point of the hoofs of their horses in the cove of Min y Glas, in the Isle of Daned [Thanet]; so that therefrom the Caisairians [Romans] got the opportunity to subdue the Isle of Britain, and to connect themselves with the treachery of Avarwy, the son of Lludd: that is to say, such permission was given to the Caisairians, because the nation of the Cymry deemed it trifling to defend their country otherwise than through the might of arms, bravery, and courage of the country, where there was not the least idea of the treasonable plotting of Avarwy ab Lludd with the men of Rome. The second fatal counsel was the letting of Hors and Hengist and Rhonwen to come into the Isle of Britain, after they had been driven over sea to the country, from whence they originated. The third was the suffering of Arthur to divide his men with Medrawd three times, in the battle of Camlan; and from that Arthur lost the field and his life, where Medrawd was one with the Saxons.

[In the first and second series of Triads, Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 12, the foregoing Triad is thus: The Three Fatal Counsels of the Isle of Britain: giving to Iul Caisar and the men of Rome place for the fore-hoofs of their horses on the land in Pwyth Meinlas, or the Narrow Green Cove; the second, suffering Hors and Hengys and Rhonwen [White-Skirt] into this island; and the third, Arthur dividing his men three times with Medrawd, in

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 66. Tr. 51-53.

Camlan. The events, recorded in this Triad, have already been noticed and explained in the CAMBRO-BRITON. See Vol. i. pp. 171 and 201.]

LVI. The three Dear Slaughters of the Isle of Britain: the first, when Medrawd went to Celliwig, he left neither victuals nor drink in the court, that would feed a fly, but consumed and wasted it all, and he pulled Gwenhwyvar from her throne, and committed incontinence with her. The second was, when Arthur went to the court of Medrawd, and there he left nor victuals nor drink that he did not destroy, and he slew every living thing in the country, both man and beast. The third, when Aeddan the Treacherous went to the court of Rhydderch the Generous, he destroyed all the victuals and drink in the court, leaving not so much as would feed a fly, and he left neither man or beast alive, but destroyed the whole. And these are called the three Dear Slaughters, because the nation of the Cymry were compelled, according to law and usage, to answer and give compensation for what was done in that irregular, and unusual, and unlawful way.

[The explanation at the end of this Triad is not in the first or second series. Nothing is said in the first series about the incontinence of Medrawd; but in the second it is said that he gave the queen a slap, or blow. In the first series the court of Rhydderch the Generous is said to be Alclud, the present Dunbarton, on the Clyde. The events, here commemorated, have already appeared in the foregoing pages, under different denominations. Of Medrawd there are several notices; Aeddan is recorded in vol. 1. p. 441, as one of the three Arrant Traitors of Britain, as is Rhydderch, in page 249, as one of her three Generous Princes. The compensations for murder, alluded to at the close of this Triad, were different, according to the different degrees of the kindred claiming, and other circumstances, which are particularised in the Laws of Hywel. An English translation of this part of them may be seen in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 337, &c.]

LVII. The three Closures and Disclosures of the Isle of Britain: first, the Head of Bran the Blessed, the son of Llyr, which was hidden by Owain, the son of Maxen Wledig, in the White Hill, in London; and, whilst it remained in that state, no molestation would come to this island, The second was the Bones of Gwrthevyr the Blessed, which were buried in the principal ports of the island; and, whilst they remained in their concealment, no molestation could come to this island. The third was the Dra-

gons, which were concealed by Lludd, the son of Beli, in the fortress of Pharäon, in the rocks of Eryri. And these three concealments were placed under the protection of God and his attributes, so that disgrace should befal the hour and the person, that should disclose them. Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau revealed the dragons, in revenge for the displeasure of the Cymry towards him, and he invited the Saxons, under the semblance of auxiliaries, to fight against the Gwyddelian Fichti; and, after that, he revealed the bones of Gwerthevyr the Blessed, out of love for Rhonwen, the daughter of Hengist, the Saxon; and Arthur revealed the head of Bran the Blessed, the son of Llyr, as he scorned to keep the island except by his own might. And, after the three disclosures, molestation got the better of the nation of the Cymry.

[The first and second series agree with the above Triad, as to the three events. Neither of them names the person, that buried the head of Bran. In the first series it is said, that Gwrtheyrn revealed the bones of Gwrthevyr the Blessed, his son, out of love for Rhonwen, his wife.—The circumstances, here related respecting the head of Bran, may be found fully detailed in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 31, where they are described as forming the subject of one of the *Mabinogion*, or Welsh Juvenile Tales. The other two events, which make up this Triad, appear to be of the same nature. Notices of Lludd and Gwrtheyrn may be found in the first volume of this work; and the singular events, with which their names are here connected, are too explicitly detailed to require any farther explanation.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM *.

XCI. By three things shall a person be quickly known: by what he likes, by what he likes not, and by such as likes and dislikes him.

XCII. The three characteristics of godliness: to do justice, to love mercy, and to behave humbly.

XCIII. The three fears of a man: a fearing to displease God, a fearing to do violence and an uncharitable act, and the fearing of a misconduct in his principles.

XCIV. The three fears of one that is not a man†: the fearing

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 211.

† The original is *anwr*, for which there is no English word.

of a man (person), the fearing of a devil, and a fearing of poverty.

XCV. Three things that make a man: courage, equity, and kindness.

XCVI. Three things of short continuance: astonishment, vain glory, and the beauty of youth.

XCVII. Three things that are not easily comprehended: the principles of art and science, the turn of genius and disposition, and the limits of wisdom; for there is not seen, and there cannot be perceived a trace of the length and breadth, and the depth, and height of these things.

XCVIII. Three things that produce correctness: bodily power, expertness of art, and a willing genius.

XCIX. Three things not easily, and yet which ought, to be brought under rule and order: respect, mirth, and custom.

C. Three things that are not seemly (beautiful) without being under rule and order: grandeur, bravery, and learning.

COLLECTANEA.

ANTIQUITATES PAROCHIALES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As there are only three or four copies, (as far as I have been able to ascertain,) now extant, of the *Antiquitates Parochiales* of the Commot of Menai, in the Island of Anglesey, by the Rev. Henry Rowlands, author of *Mona Antiqua**; and, as it is written in Latin, a language understood only by scholars, I have thought a translation of it would probably be acceptable to many of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON. P. B. W.

"As the transactions of past ages are generally soon forgotten, except some effectual means be taken to perpetuate

* The work, here alluded to, is one of considerable value for the antiquarian erudition in which it abounds; but it is at least questionable, whether the learned author was justified in fixing upon Mona as the metropolitan seat of the Druids. This, in ancient times, was most probably Abury, of which a short account was given in the first volume (p. 468), wherein, it should be mentioned, Abury was erroneously stated to be in Somersetshire, instead of Wiltshire. The *Antiquitates Parochiales*, of which the first part is here translated, exists only in MS., and there are, as stated by P. B. W., but very few copies extant, three of which are at Bodorgan, Plasgwyn, and Treffos. The Rev. Henry Rowlands died in 1722.—ED.

them, and, as I am passionately attached to my native country and fond of its antiquities, this reflection soon convinced me of the necessity of committing to writing every circumstance worth recording, which I have been able to collect respecting the history of my native county. And, being possessed of more ample materials than most of my cotemporaries, for this purpose, it is my intention to enter into a more particular and detailed account of the events, which have taken place within its limits, than I have been able to do in my former work (denominated *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*), and for that purpose I shall begin with Menai*, the district wherein I reside, which is the principal and chief of the six Commots of this island, and one of the constituent parts of the Cantrev or Hundred of Rhosyr†. Though the greatest part of this Commot is situated on the south side of the island, bounded by the river (or rather strait) bearing that name, yet small detached parts of it are irregularly scattered over the whole county; viz. Rhos Colyn, on the west, Sybylldir in the middle, and Bryn Gwallan nearly in the centre, between three other Commots, so that some of its disjointed members abut, in some place or other, on most of the others. I shall, however, endeavour to point out and trace its principal boundaries in the following manner, first observing, that it is about fourteen miles in length, from Abermenai to Coed Ane, and about eight wide.

"Its limits on the south, from AberPwll y Ffanogl to Aber Menai, are clearly and distinctly marked by an arm of the sea, which separates the island from Caernarvonshire, and equally so from Aber Menai to Llanddwyn Point, and from thence to Porth Ddwynwen by the Caernarvon Bay, and from the latter place to Careg Gwladus, which is the boundary of the two Commots of Menai and Malltraeth, and in a direct line from that rock to Rhyd y Wraig Mill. From thence it goes along a certain ditch, well known to the inhabitants, to Tre Garnedd Ucha; and from there along the said ditch to the river Gevenney, and to Ynys Gevenney; and along the middle of that river to Nant Hwrva, and from thence over Rhôs Tre Hwrva to Rhyd y Spardyn, and hence again to the river Gevenney, near Afrogwy; thence along the said river

* Menai, more properly Menaiv, is the name of the channel, that divides Anglesey from Caernarvonshire. It implies the strait current. Here it is used as the name of a Commote.—Ed.

† Rhosyr means the Marshy Place. In the Extent it is ranked as a township and manor. The modern name is Newborough, which gives the title of Lord Newborough to the Wynns of Glynllivon.—Ed.

to Llangwillog, and from there to Neuadd Coed Ane, thence by Tre Ysgawen to Llidiart Twr Celyn; hence to Pont Rhyd Owen, and from there to Rhôs y Groes, and from thence by Rhôs y Meirch to Bryn y Crogwydd, thence by Careg Eurgan to the source of the rivulet, which flows by Rhyd y Wraig. From thence, (after nearly surrounding the parish of Llan Ffinan,) it goes to Goraint Mill, commonly called Pentraeth Mill; thence to Ceint Rivulet and to Rhyd Geint; thence to Corslwyd Pool and to Cerig Brudyn, thence along certain stones, which mark the boundary to Nant y Crwth and Braint Rivulet; thence along the middle of Braint, round Llwynogen to Aber y Pwll Ffanogl, from whence we commenced our circuit. I shall now, for the sake of method and perspicuity, divide the district into parishes, and these again into villages and hamlets, and lastly into messuages and tenements, and shall treat of them according to the following method, viz.—

"1. Llanddwyn*, being a parish or prebend. 2. Llan Bedr, or Newborough, a parish or rectory. 3. Llan Geinwen and Llangafo, being one rectory. 4. Llanidan, Llanedwen, Llanddaniel, and Llanfair y Cwmwd, an impropriate rectory with a vicarage. 5. Llanfihangel and Llanffinan, parishes whose tithes are appropriated to the deanery of Bangor. 6. Llangefni and a part of Tregaian, one rectory. 7. Llangwillog (a part of it), an impropriation. 8. Rhoscolyn, a parish and part of a rectory.—Sybylltir, Bryn Gwallan, and Caernen are hamlets of parishes situated in other Commots.

"§ 1. Llanddwyn is a small Chersonesus, or peninsula, at the southern extremity of the island, not far distant from Aber Menai. Nearly the whole of this small parish is now covered with sand hills, which have been gradually collecting for ages, and have been brought hither by tempestuous whirlwinds from the Caernarvonshire shore. In stormy weather these sands are perpetually changing and shifting, so that, very often, old walls and and the ruins of dwelling houses and other buildings are discovered; and these, again, are soon overwhelmed, and continue buried under these sands for ages; so that this little territory, which, in all probability, in former times consisted of green meadows, fruitful pastures, and rich corn land, is now reduced to a barren desart and a sterile sandy waste.

* Llanddwyn is the church of Dwyn, or Dwynen, the tutelary saint of lovers, who lived about the middle of the fifth century.—Ed.

"This parish (if I am not mistaken) consisted formerly but of one vill, or manor, and was subject to the Bishop of Bangor, to whom all fines and dues were payable: its present extent is about two miles in length, and about as many wide, and it now contains only six or seven small tenements or messuages; and, what is very strange, it had only eight dwellings, (then called *Wele*, or *Gwely**), in the time of Edward the Third, as appears by the Bishop of Bangor's Extent, then taken. It may justly be supposed, that in ancient times the Prebend of Llanddwyn was a place of considerable dignity and emolument, if we may be allowed to judge from the eminence and consequence of the persons, who ususally filled that situation, such as Richard Kyffin, temp. Richard III. and Owen ap Meirick, prior to that time; but in that of Hen. VIII. it was reduced (as may be perceived by the King's Book) to one benefice. And, if we may be allowed to judge from the extent and appearance of its present venerable remains, the emoluments of this church must, at one time, have been very considerable; but, in all probability, these did not so much consist in tithes as in offerings and oblations. For we have sufficient proofs, both from tradition and history, that the resort of pilgrims to this retired spot, in the times of Popery, must have been very considerable; for all the machinery of that false church, and all the juggling arts of superstition, were here collected together, and made use of in order to impose upon an ignorant and misguided populace,—such as holy crosses, bones, relics, ordeals of charity, sacred wells, divinations from the appearance of fishes, pardons, indulgencies, &c. and, lastly, the consecrated ground, on which if the besotted votary died, he was assured he would go to Heaven. Such was the heavy yoke, from which we have fortunately been delivered, and such the infatuation and fooleries then practised, in order to deceive the vulgar; and from such scandalous resources the incumbent is enriched, and the fabric of the church decorated and improved."

[*To be continued.*]

PREFACE BY THE REV. EVAN EVANS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A translation of the late Rev. Evan Evans's Latin Preface, or Introduction, to his intended publication of the Welsh or

* *Gwely*, or *Wele*, means, in the Extent, a bed; but, in its more general acceptation, it is used for a freeholder's habitation with the land appertaining thereto.—ED.

British Proverbs will, I hope, be deemed worthy of a place in one of your future numbers. P. B. W.

"Having discovered Dr. Davies of Mallwyd's Latin Translation of our Welsh Proverbs among many other ancient MSS. in the library at Llanvorda, and soon after having found, also, the original, from which his was transcribed, among the same valuable collection, I thought I could not undertake a more useful work to my country, than to publish the same, and dedicate it, as the first fruits of my labours, to my munificent patron, Sir. W. W. Wynn. The exact time when that ancient bard and philosopher, called by the Welsh *Hen Gyrys o Iâl*, flourished, cannot be accurately ascertained *. Two collections of Proverbs, made by him, and written on parchment, are now extant in the above library, and, at the end of the said book, a fair copy of Hywel Dda's laws; and from the best judgment, which can be formed from the appearance of the said MSS. and the mode of writing, or form of the hand, it may with safety be pronounced to be about five hundred years old. To the former of these two collections is annexed the following note respecting the author: "Mabieith Hen Gyrys o Iâl, yr hwn a elwit Bach Buddugre a Gado Gyfarwydd, a Gwynfarch Gyfarwydd, a'r hen wyrda a ddyvawt y Diarhebion o Ddoethineb, hyd pan veint gadwedig, gwedy hwynt, i roddi dysg i'r neb a synio arnynt; canys crynodeb parablan llawer a synwyreu y cynghoreu doethbrud a ddangosir ar vyrder, i'r neb a'u dyallo yn y diarhebion." Iâl, where this celebrated old Cyrys resided, is a mountainous district, containing five parishes, situated towards the north-east corner of the county of Denbigh; and Buddigre, where he lived, is near, if not within, the limits of the parish of Bryn Eglwys. It is evident, that this collection of Proverbs was made from various works of a great number of old bards, living in different ages; for many of them are taken from the compositions of Llywarch Hen [Llywarch the Aged], and from the Poems of Aneurin and Taliesin, and several from those of other bards much more ancient, whose effusions have unfortunately perished.

"It is more than probable, that many of these pithy sentences and proverbial sayings, these aphorisms of wisdom and axioms of prudence, were the productions of the venerable Druids; and they exhibit, in the present imperfect form, in which they have

* He is supposed to have lived during the eleventh century. Cyrys, or Cyrus, was, most probably, an assumed appellation.—Ed.

been delivered to us, no despicable specimens of those verses mentioned by Cæsar, in the seemingly enigmatical mysteries of which their pupils were initiated, and spent many years in acquiring and committing them to memory. And he farther informs us, that, notwithstanding these learned sages made use of Greek characters in transacting both their public and private affairs, yet their disciples were not permitted to *write* these verses, principally, (as it appeared to him,) for two reasons, in the first place, because, if they were allowed to do so, the mysteries of their profession would soon be divulged; and, secondly, if these aphorisms were committed to writing, the noviciates, confiding in such artificial aids, would no longer be at the pains of sufficiently exercising their memories. Many of these poetical proverbs are composed in that peculiar kind of metre, which is distinguished by the name of *Englyn Milwr*, and these verses are possessed of such strong internal marks of antiquity, that I may with safety pronounce them to be the genuine productions of the Druids*. And, as they are by no means unworthy of being considered as the real effusions of those learned sages and philosophers, it will not, I hope, be deemed a digression, or by any means irrelevant to the object of this introduction, to gratify the reader with a specimen of one of these oracular compositions, together with a close literal Latin version. The first two lines of these poetical triplets seem to contain some of the privileges of the Druids, and the third generally exhibits some maxim of wisdom or axiom of prudence. The following were transcribed from the Red Book of Hergest, in the library of Jesus College, Oxford:—

1.	1.
Marchwiail bedw briglas,	Virgulta betulæ viridis
A dyn fy nhroed o wanas;	Meum pedem e compede solvent;
Nac addef dy rin i wàs.	Secretum tuum juveni ne revelcs.
2.	2.
Marchwiail derw mewn llwyn,	Virgulta quercûs de luco
A dyn fy nhroed o gadwyn:	Solvent pedem meum e catenâ:
Nac addef dy rin i forwyn.	Ne reveles secretum tuum virgini.
3.	3.
Marchwiail derw deiliar,	Virgulta quercûs frondosæ
A dyn fy nhroed o garchar;	Pedem meum e carcere liberabunt:
Nac addef dy rin i lafar.	Ne reveles secretum tuum homini loquaci.

* Let the reader, who is curious to receive farther information on this subject, consult the remarks of Edward Llwyd in his *Archæologia Britannica*, pp. 250 and 251, on Englyn Milwr and H. Rowland's *Mona Antiqua Restaurata*, pp. 253 and 254.—P. B. W.

"The foregoing stanzas, as well as many others of the same description, are still extant in the above mentioned book, called Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, and likewise in several MSS. in the libraries of Llanvorda near Oswestry, and Hengwrt near Dolgellau; and, on account of their having accidentally been discovered among the compositions of that ancient bard Llywarch Hen, Dr. Davies, and Edw. Llwyd have hastily and inconsiderately pronounced them to be some of his productions; but the frequent recurrence of the oak, their favourite tree, and the dark allusions to the druidical rites and privileges, most evidently and convincingly, (in my opinion,) denote their origin to be from that source. But here it may be objected, that the Druids could not, (as Cæsar declares it was not their usual practice,) have committed these verses to writing. Granted it was so in his time; yet it is manifest from the poems of our celebrated bard Taliesin, that, in subsequent times, they did not strictly adhere to this resolution; for many of their pretended mysteries are divulged in his compositions. It is also evident, that, in these early ages, the Druids were not the only persons, who were thus cautious of revealing their secrets to the vulgar; but the Bards also endeavoured to conceal their poetical rules and metres, from the public; for their book of prosody, containing the intricacies of the art, is distinguished by the name of *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, (i. e. The Secret of the Bards,) and they were strictly prohibited from explaining these, except to their own noviciate disciples, which continued to be their practice nearly to our own times. But, notwithstanding these strict prohibitions, it is well known, that the poetical compositions of the bards were publicly recited; and it is evident that, after the commencement of the Christian æra, the Druids were not so scrupulously cautious with respect to these rules of secrecy, which may be proved from some stanzas, which I have seen in an ancient MS. denominated *Englynion Duad*, probably from a bard or druid of that name. Some few of the lines I shall here subjoin, for the inspection of the reader.

Bid gogor gan iâr,
Bid gan lew drydar,
Bid oval ar a'i câr;
Bid tòn calon gan alar.

"These lines have been introduced into our Welsh proverbs; and the following remark is made on them at the end of Dr. Davies's MS. copy.

* The contents of this famous MS. will be found particularised in a subsequent page.—ED.

" ' Gwyl y rhagor y sydd rhwng y rhai hyn ar rhai sydd yn Llyfr Coch, a hen gopiau eraill; a gwybydd fod y gerdd hon yn hen iawn; gan fod cymmaint o ymrafael rhwng yr hen gopiau.' i. e. Advertat lector quàm variant inter se exemplar Hergestianum et alia exemplaria in hoc cantico, et sciat, hoc carmen ob differentias prædictas esse vetustissimum.

" Those learned men are, therefore, mistaken, who suppose, that the Druids never committed any of their compositions to writing; when it is evident, that these and others of their productions have been conveyed down to us. Taliesin, as I have before hinted, informs us, that he was instructed by them in many of their mysteries, particularly in that of the μεθεμψυχωσις, and in many other rudiments of their philosophy. And hence it is, that his works are more obscure than those of any other of the ancient bards."

[*To be continued.*]

ANCIENT HISTORY.

HU GADARN.

THAT the fountain of history, in all countries, has been overshadowed by the darkness of fable is a truth, which has long obtained the common suffrages of the world. With the exception of the inspired writings, there are no records, which pretend to delineate a primitive state of society, that are not more or less impregnated with the wild and fanciful theories, which, in the minds of the early historians, must have supplied the place of positive information. History, indeed, in its infancy, was preserved in the language of the Muses, and was, therefore, modelled according to the raptures or caprice of their votaries. Nor can it be deemed surprising, that, in the absence of all genuine inspiration, a sort of infallibility should have been ascribed to the indefinable transports of the poet. Hence, we are informed by Herodotus, that the divinities of Homer and Hesiod,—the earliest of the Pagan writers and the historians of their times,—and which afterwards became the divinities of the world, were the mere creatures of their own arbitrary imaginations; although he might more properly have said, that it was the traditional heroes or patriarchs of a still more ancient period, whom they had thus dignified with the apotheosis of the muse, according to the prover-

bial principle, that every thing, which is obscure, must necessarily be sublime.*

The minute and learned investigation, which the mythology of the heathen world has, of late years, undergone, has abundantly proved, that it must have had some such foundation as that, which has just been alluded to,—or, in other words, that the patriarchal chiefs of Scriptural History had, by this metamorphosis, become the deities of romance. Nor, among the many extraneous testimonies to the truth of divine writ, is there one, that carries greater weight with it, than the remarkable coincidence discoverable in this particular. It does not, however, come within the present design, to compare all the important personages of the Pagan mythology with their correspondent characters in the sacred history. All, that is now contemplated in this respect, is to attempt to shew, with a view to the more immediate subject of this article, that the primitive records of every nation present us with one or more tutelary beings, by whom its destinies were at first guided, independently of that general stock of divinities, who were common to most heathen countries, and whom priests and poets alike idolized. And the similarity of attributes, appropriated by tradition to these primitive characters, is so very extraordinary, that it cannot be considered as merely accidental. It is more than probable, that it was the result of one common cause; and those, who have referred it to the events, consequent on the great catastrophe of the Deluge, have adduced arguments on the subject, that are not easily to be refuted. There are, for instance, such correspondent particulars in the histories of Noah, Osiris, and Dionusos, to mention no others, as seem almost to confirm their identity. And, it may not be uninteresting to enquire, what features of resemblance are also to be found in the history of the ancient Patriarch of the Cymry. Before the comparison be made, however, it will be necessary to review such memorials of this celebrated character, as are transmitted to us by the Triads.

The Triads, that relate to Hu Gadarn, or Hu the Mighty, are in number seven, and contain six distinct notices of him. In the first place we learn, to take the events in their most natural order, that, by means of his prominent oxen, as the words *Ychain Banawg* have been translated, he drew to land the crocodile of the lake of floods, so that the lake burst out no

* "Omne ignotum pro magnifico."

more*: and the names of these oxen, we are informed, were *Neinio* and *Peibio*. After this important achievement, whatever it was, the Patriarch appears before us as the great benefactor of the Cymry, whom he is recorded to have instructed in the useful arts of agriculture, before their arrival in Britain, and while they remained in the summer-country, which an ancient commentator has described to be that part of the East now called Constantinople†. The next benefit, that he conferred on the people, of whom he thus appears to have been the head, was by dividing them into various tribes, and directing them, at the same time, to an unanimity of action, for which he is represented as one of the "three primary system-formers of the nation of the Cymry‡." In addition to this he is farther commemorated, as having been the first, that adapted vocal song to the preservation of memorial and invention, and as having contributed thereby to the foundation of Bardism§. The occurrence, last in succession, appears to have been his arrival in the Isle of Britain, with the nation of the Cymry, whom he is stated, in two Triads, to have conducted from the summer-country already noticed, here called *Deffrobani*, and a colony of whom he is also said to have fixed at the same time in Armorica, on the coast of Gaul||. And his landing in this country, as we find from another of these ancient documents, was not marked by any characteristics of violence; for he is described as not desirous of obtaining dominion by war and bloodshed, but by justice and peace, for which reason his followers are ranked among the "three social tribes of the Isle of Britain¶."

Such are the memorials, preserved by the Triads, of Hu Gadern; at least, these are all that have descended to our times. From the notices of him, however, that occur in the early poets, it is probable, that more numerous traditions were once in existence. Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century, describes him as the "dispenser of good, the sovereign chief, the proprietor and rightful claimant of Britain**," while, upon another occasion, he styles him "the father of all the tribes of the earth, a bard and a

* Arch. of Wales, p. 71. Tr. 97. See also CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, p. 127.

† Arch. of Wales, p. 67, Tr. 56.

‡ Ib. id. Tr. 57.

§ Ib. p. 71. Tr. 92.

|| Ib. p. 57, Tr. 4, and p. 57. Tr. 54. See also CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1. p. 45.

¶ Arch. of Wales, p. 58, Tr. 5, and CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1. p. 47.

** "Marwnad Aeddon o Von," Arch. of Wales, p. 70.

musician," and addresses him by the title of "father Deon" and "Beli*." The next notice, that occurs, is in a poem of Gwynvardd Brycheiniog, a bard of the twelfth century, who alludes to "the two oxen of Dewi, putting their necks under the car of the lofty one," by which a reference to Hu is generally understood. But, the most important passage is the following in a poem of Iolo Goch, bard of Owain Glyndwr, who lived in the fourteenth century.

"The mighty Hu is a sovereign, who is a steady protector,
A king, distributing the wine and the praise,
Emperor of the land and sea,
And the life of all, that are in the world, was he:
After the Deluge he held the strong-beamed plough, active and excellent."

Sion Cent, too, who wrote in the following century†, charges his countrymen with being idolaters of Hu, which proves, at least, that the Patriarch's memory was generally revered even at that time. And Llywelyn Moel, a bard of the same period, thus speaks of his oxen.

"They are the oxen
Of Hu the Mighty, with a piece of his chain;
And his five angels, you see,
With a golden harness of active fiery flame."

The last notice of consequence we find in a poem of Rhys Brydydd, who wrote in the next century, and who, in one of his poems, has the following lines on the subject:

"The smallest of the small
Is Hu the Mighty in the judgment of the world;
He is the greatest and lord over us,
We sincerely believe, and our God of mystery;
Light and swift is his course,
A particle of lucid sunshine is his car:
He is great on land and seas,
The greatest whom I shall behold."

This, then, is the simple portrait, which history and the poets enable us to draw of the famous patriarch or legislator of the Cymry; but, "few and imperfect," to adopt the language of a

* "Marwnad Uthr Pendragon." Ib. p. 72.

† Sion Cent was the poetical appellation adopted by the Rev. John Kent, D.D. who flourished from 1420 to 1470. He was one of the sect, called Lollards, and wrote several Latin treatises on theological subjects, as well as many poetical pieces in his native tongue. From his superior attainments he acquired the reputation of a conjuror amongst the common people: and many stories of his transactions with his infernal majesty are still extant.

late popular writer*, "as are the outlines of the character of the Cimbric chief, preserved in the Triads, it is not too much to say, that, as in the celebrated fragment of Grecian sculpture, so in these ancient fragments there remains enough to enable the mind to conceive the excellence of the whole." For, upon a careful examination even of these scanty materials, we may learn to distinguish in the memorials of Hu the features of a singular and pre-eminent character. The only difficulty will be, whether to assign to him a fabulous or a real existence, whether to regard him, with the learned author of the "Celtic Researches," as the "great demon-god of the British Druids†," or to consider him, with the no less accomplished writer just quoted, as a mere mortal hero, endowed, in the highest degree, with the commanding qualities of wisdom and fortitude, and as having established a deathless name by the equitable and peaceful government of the nation, over whom he presided‡. A part of the memorials, above transcribed, may appear to justify the former conclusion, at least so far as to appropriate to this remarkable character some mythological attributes; but the greater portion represents him merely as the wise lawgiver and beneficent father of his people. This apparent contradiction may, however, be reconciled by following the opinion of a celebrated modern writer, who conceives Hu Gadarn to have been the Patriarch of the Cymry, and by whom he was rewarded after his death with divine honours for the useful arts and civil institutions, which he had established amongst them§. He was, in a word, the deified Progenitor of the Cymry, and connected, in all probability, with the Diluvian Theology, as a comparison of his

* Rev. Peter Roberts in his "Early History of the Cymry," p. 38.

† "Mythology and Rites of the Druids," pp. 24 and 110. On another occasion, however, Mr. Davies considers the "picture of Hu, as drawn in the Triads, *exclusively* to represent the patriarch Noah."—Ib. p. 108. See also the "Celtic Researches," p. 164, where the characters both of the "Supreme Being" and of Noah are presumed to be united in Hu.

‡ "Early History of the Cymry," p. 51.

§ This is the opinion of Mr. Owen Pughe in the "Cambrian Biography," p. 178. But see also the Dictionary of the same writer under the word Hu, where he appears to have entertained a notion somewhat different; for he there considers him to be "unquestionably identified with the Heus of Gaul and the Anubis of Egypt." The identity with Heus seems probable enough from the name; but of the Egyptian deities Osiris appears to bear a closer resemblance with Hu than Anubis, as will, perhaps, be evident from the sequel.

general attributes with those imputed to similar characters of antiquity may tend to prove.

The first, and, on every account, the most important, particular in the memorials of Hu the Mighty, is the feat he performed with his oxen, in drawing the crocodile or whatever the animal be, which the Triads call *avanc*, out of the lake of floods. This passage has already undergone a pretty ample investigation in the former volume*, wherein a remarkable coincidence was shewn between this singular achievement and a similar one recorded in the Hindu Mythology. It was also observed on that occasion, that the crocodile and hippopotamus were considered anciently in Egypt to be symbolical of the Deluge. All this, however inexplicable in its particular allusion, may serve to point out a general correspondence between this and the early traditions of other countries, as well as to connect it, in some respect, with the history of the Noachidæ. The two oxen of Hu form also a very material consideration in this view of his character, since nothing is more certain than that those animals performed a conspicuous part in the mythology of most countries. The Egyptian deities, Osiris and Isis, together with Apis, as is well known, had not only oxen and cows for their emblems, but were also worshipped under those forms. It is also certain, that a cow was anciently held sacred both in Hindostan† and Scandinavia. And it may confirm the account of the Triad to notice a passage in Dionysius‡, where we are informed, that the rites of Bacchus and Noah were anciently celebrated in Britain, from which we may reasonably infer the veneration of its inhabitants for the bull, the appropriate symbol of the Arkite Divinity§. Yet, whether to

* Page 128.

† The custom of holding a cow's tail at the hour of death is still common to the Hindus as a sacred ceremony: and there is a Welsh proverb which has an allusion to some such practice.

‡ Dionysius Perieg. v. 565. See also "Mysteries of the Cabiri," vol. 1. p. 211.

§ It would be a curious inquiry to attempt to ascertain, why bulls and oxen have in most countries been emblematic of Noah, or of his deified representatives. Something, perhaps, might be effected on this point by resorting to elementary words, which express, primarily, simple ideas, and, secondarily, such things, as are supposed to be more particularly characteristic of such ideas. Thus, *bu*, *biw*, *buch*, which imply, in Welsh, existence, life, and course of life, are also expressive of *kine*, which, as being at the head of animals most useful to man, may be considered, in some degree, as symbolical of life. And, as the ark is expressly said to have contained "all flesh, wherein is the breath of life," a bull or ox may reasonably have been adopted as its emblem:

account for Hu's oxen on this ground, or because the same animal was, in primitive times, so commonly used in sacrifice, or because of its utility for the purposes of agriculture, must remain a problem, which it is now scarcely possible for any ingenuity or learning to solve. It is sufficient for the object of this inquiry, that the circumstance indicates a high degree of antiquity in this extraordinary memorial of the Cymry, as well as a singular concurrence with the primitive traditions of other ancient communities*.

The next point of view, in which the character of Hu presents itself, according to the order previously adopted, is as the great benefactor and lawgiver of his people. And it is here worthy of observation, that the Triads, which commemorate these attributes, represent Hu, contrary to the usual tenour of these records, as one of the "three benefactors," and one of the "three system-formers of the *nation of the Cymry*," not "of the Isle of Britain," a peculiarity, which appears to refer to a period antecedent to the settlement of the Cymry in this island. Indeed, one of these Triads, as has been seen, even states this to have been the fact, and specifies the occurrence, to which it relates, to have taken place in the summer country, presumed to be some part of the East. The coincidence with Hu's character, as the founder of agriculture and legislation, is general and remarkable in the history of the tutelary patriarchs or divinities of other nations. To begin with Osiris, the most considerable of the Egyptian deities, he is invariably represented as the first, who taught his subjects to cultivate the ground, to plant vines, and to follow the dictates of justice and morality†; on which account he has been generally regarded as emblematic of Noah, a circumstance, to which his entry into the ark to avoid the fury of Typhon or the sea, as

and, as long as the primitive language existed in its original simplicity, this symbol of the ox or *bu*, to use the Welsh word, may have been intelligible and appropriate. Nor is the Welsh tongue the only one, in which this elementary analogy between life and kine still exists:—the Latin *vivo* and *bos*, and, still more strongly, the Greek βιοω and βους serve to exemplify it. Nor is the common English phrase of "live stock," as applied to these animals, without its use in the illustration of this hypothesis.

* Some instances of this coincidence, as well as some of the popular traditions, still extant in Wales, on the subject of Hu's oven, may be seen in the first Volume of this work, p. 128. It was thought unnecessary to repeat them here.

† See the "Isis and Osiris" of Plutarch.

recorded by Plutarch*, gives an additional probability. Dionusos, too, whether he be considered as the god of Arabia, of India, or Greece, (for he has been claimed by all,) is described as having been the first to teach his people to build, plant, and enter into societies, and also to have given them laws: and, as the Grecian mythology farther represents him to have been exposed in an ark at sea, and miraculously preserved, his identity with the Diluvian Patriarch seems hardly questionable. Similar characteristics are also ascribed to Menu, the great Patriarch of Hindostan, as also to Vishnu, in his ninth incarnation under the name of Buddha, according to the singular and obscure system of the Hindu Mythology†. In China, too, Fo-Hi, the founder of that ancient empire, has been invested with the same attributes, and the period of his reign is fixed in the Chinese records at about twenty years subsequent to the Deluge‡. Nor is the history of Manco Capac, the first monarch of the Peruvian dominions, the least important in this general coincidence. The account, given of him by his countrymen, is, that he declared himself a descendant of the sun, that he instructed his people in the arts of agriculture and civilization, and united their scattered tribes under one dominion: and for this, we are told, he was worshipped as a deity after his death. It is, certainly, singular, that a nation like Peru, dissevered from all connection with the ancient world, should have preserved these strong, these indisputable traces of a common origin. The circumstance concurs most remarkably with those previously detailed in vindicating the genuineness and antiquity of the Welsh records.

We next find Hu in the character of a poet or musician. He is described as the inventor of song and the founder of bardism: and in this particular we have seen the testimony of Taliesin agreeing with that of the Triads. Nor is it difficult to find pa-

* Ib. p. 364.

† Buddha was worshipped in Japan under the name of Budsdo: and Sir William Jones was of opinion, that this deity was also the Odin or Woden of Scandinavia and the Fo-Hi of China. See the *Asiatic Researches*, vol. 1. p. 425. Buddha and Woden are likewise to be identified with the Mercury of the Romans and Greeks. Hence Bhood-War, Wednesday, and Dies Mercurii are used to denote the same day of the week. See *Maurice's Hindostan*, vol. 2. p. 481.

‡ Among other particulars of Fo-Hi it is related, that he used seven different kinds of animals for sacrifice. May not this have some reference to the divine command given to Noah? "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female."—Genesis, 7. v. 2.

rallels to this part of his portrait in the ancient history of other countries, although it does not appear so essential to his patriarchal character as some of his other qualities. However, it may be noticed,—to say nothing of the popular attributes of Apollo,—that Orpheus, among the Greeks, as is well known, is represented as having been particularly eminent for his skill in music and poetry, on which account he was deified at his death*. And it forms a part of the eulogium, which the Chinese apply to the memory of Fo-Hi, that he was the inventor of musical instruments. There is in all this a coincidence, which appears to have sprung from one common source.

The last point, to be considered in the memorials of our national Patriarch, is his settlement with his followers in this country. This was pretty fully discussed in an early number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, wherein the concurrent testimony of Taliesin was also quoted, as to that part of the East, from which the Cymry are said to have emigrated†. But Hu is recorded not merely as having colonized Britain, but as having colonized it in equity and peace, rather than by the means of bloodshed and violence. And such is one of the praiseworthy distinctions, ascribed to the Vishnu of the Hindus, in his character of Buddha already noticed. He is represented as a mild and beneficent prince, averse to war and tumult, and instructing his people in the duties of humanity and peace. Such too were prominent features in the portraits of Fo-Hi and Manco Capac, both of them celebrated for the equitable lenity of their government. In a word, this part of Hu's character is among the strongest proofs of its primitiveness, as being in conformity with that of the Patriarchs of all ancient history, whether sacred or profane. Nor can we avoid being convinced, from a full and candid examination of all the memorials of this extraordinary person, that they preserve the general traces of one common progenitor, whom most nations, in the darkness of early tradition, have exclusively appropriated to themselves. Mr. Bryant, in speaking of Phoroneus, thus describes this common ancestor‡.—"He lived in the time of the flood, he first erected altars, he first collected men together and formed them into petty communities, he first gave laws and distributed justice: he divided mankind by their families and nations over the face of the earth."—The

* For this we have the authority of Pausanias and Diodorus Siculus.

† Vol. 1. p. 46. See also "Early History of the Cymry," p. 25.

‡ "Analysis of Ancient Mythology," vol. 2. p. 266.

greatest part of these peculiarities will be found to unite in the delineation of Hu, as it appears in the Triads.

It would be improper to close this account without offering a few observations on the name of this Cimbric Patriarch, and on the etymological analogies, which seem to result from it*. Mr. Owen Pughe, in the passage of his Dictionary, before cited, defines the term to mean "that, which is apt to pervade or spread over, and also an epithet for the Deity in the Bardic theology, descriptive of his omniscience." And he adds, "Huon is another appellation of the same import, and derived from Hu." Without stopping to enter into any metaphysical discussion of the propriety of the abstract meaning here applied to this word, it may be more advisable, and certainly more satisfactory, to enquire what correspondence may be discovered in this respect with other names of antiquity, and thence to shew, how far Mr. Pughe's definition is corroborated by historical evidence†.

* Etymology is, undoubtedly, a useful science, though not always to be depended upon, as the following extract from Mr. Faber's "Mysteries of the Cabiri," will sufficiently prove. With reference to the Diluvian superstition he remarks—"Its introduction into Britain will account for the prevalence of Arkite names in these dominions. One of our Scottish isles still retains the Egyptian title *Buto*, while its neighbour *Arran* seems to have received its appellation in honour of *Aran*, the Ark. In a similar manner *Mona*, or Anglesey, the grand seat of Druidical worship, and its frith *Menai*, are probably mere variations of *Menai*, the land of *Menu*." Vol. 1, p. 212. Now, as to the last three words here mentioned, *Aran* signifies a high hill or alp, and is so commonly used in Scotland and Wales,—*Môn* implies what is alone, separate, or detached, and, accordingly, properly applied to an island,—and the etymology of *Menaiv* has been given in a preceding note, p. 53. If Mr. Faber's knowlege of Welsh must be taken as a specimen of his acquaintance with other tongues, much cannot be said in praise of the "Mysteries of the Cabiri."

† It may not, however, be irrelevant to the purpose to observe here, by way of note, that the very same term was used in Hebrew as one of the divine names. The word is הוּא, *Hû*, and occurs frequently in the sacred volume, and is synonymous with *He*, but generally rendered, in the Septuagint, by the Greek ἐγώ, signifying "he or it is." And here it may be necessary to remind the general reader, although it cannot be forgotten by the Biblical scholar, that the verb substantive "to be," is not infrequently employed in Scripture to denote the divine essence, as, for instance, where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, Exodus, ch. 3, v. 14. On the same principle, therefore, the personal pronoun *Hû*, was used in the sense of "I am He," the verb being understood. In this manner it is applied, in Genesis 3, v. 15, to the "seed of the woman," that should bruise the serpent's head. *Hû* is also used in the Arabic version once for *El*, (Ps. 99, v. 2.) and another time for

That *Hu* or the aspirated *U* was anciently employed to denote the Supreme Being is sufficiently clear from one of the titles of Jupiter, also appropriated to Dionusos or Bacchus. This was Υ-ας, or, as written in Latin, *Hyas*, and which the Greek lexicographers have derived from υω, *pluo*, and consequently signifying *Pluvius*, one of the well known epithets of the "father of Gods and men*." By depriving this word of its Greek termination, which in cases of etymology is always allowable, we have the primitive or elementary Υ agreeing precisely with the Welsh *Hu*. And it is not a little confirmatory of this idea, that *Huon*, as observed by Mr. Owen Pughe, was one of the Bardic names of the Deity, and, with reference to the latter syllable of which word, it may not be impertinent to remark, that Ων was, among the ancient Amonians, one of the titles of the sun†, a circumstance, which appears to connect the *Huon* of the Bards with the Ηλιον of the Greeks and consequently with the Helio-arkite theology‡. But, to return to *Hu*, it is rather singular, that the unutterable name of the Deity, known to the Bards, was spelt O I W, which, in its most natural sound, approaches very near to the word now under consideration. And we are informed by Plutarch, that *Uc* or *Uch*, in the sacred language of Egypt, signified a king, and that *Osiris* was anciently called *Usiris*, a corruption of *Uc-Sehor*, or Solar King, the word *sehor* having always some relation to the

Shiloh, (Gen. 49. v. 10.) It may likewise add to the weight of these observations to mention, that the ancient Pagans actually gave the name of Αυΐος, or *He*, to one of their principal idols. And hence too the "Αυΐος εφα" of Pythagoras, who boasted to be the son of Apollo, and wished to be considered as speaking from divine inspiration.

* Even the common Greek appellation of Jupiter, Ζευς, may perhaps be traced to the same origin. For it is by no means improbable, that it was the *Heus* of the Gauls, with the prefix S or Z commonly used before an aspirated vowel. Thus the Greek επτα became in Latin *septem*, εξ, *sex*, υπερ, *super*, and ερπω, *serpo*,—upon the same principle, that *Hindu* is occasionally written *Sindu*, and *Hipha*, *Sipha*. Thus too the Welsh *Havren* becomes *Severn* in English, and *Haul* has in Latin been converted into *Sol*. This change was, no doubt, anciently common; and *Ys* is still an ordinary prefix in the Welsh tongue.

† Thus Cyril on Hosea observes, Ων δε εστιν ο Ηλιος, and again, speaking of the Egyptians, Ων δε εστι παρ' αυτοις ο Ηλιος. See also Genesis, 41. v. 45. where *On* occurs as the name of an Egyptian idol, and which the Septuagint version translates the sun, and gives the name of Heliopolis to the city of *On*.

‡ Ηλιον is derived from the Hebrew *El* and *On*, mentioned in the last note. *El* is a name for the divinity, and is, therefore, synonymous with the Welsh *Hu*. *Huan* it should also be stated, is an old Welsh name for the sun.

sun*. Nor is it among the least extraordinary coincidences of this nature, that the name of *Hu* is actually preserved in that of *Fo-Hi*, the founder of the Chinese empire, where, although the word be differently spelt, the sound is the same†. And, lastly, it cannot fail to be observed, that the *Hu* of the Cymry has been the origin of the Romanized term *Heus* or *Hesus*, according to Cæsar and others the principal divinity of the Gauls, although the martial character, given him by those authors, has deprived him, in some degree, of the genuine characteristics of his prototype‡. The general agreement, discernible in these instances, makes it very probable, that the word *Hu* may have originally possessed the elementary signification, assigned to it by Mr. Pughe in the passage above quoted, and that it was therefore employed by the ancient Cymry to designate the supreme or divine character of their Patriarch.

From all that has been here collected, on the subject of Hu Gadarn, there are two conclusions, which appear to be naturally deducible. The first is, that this celebrated character is to be connected, in his general attributes, with the chieftains or patriarchs of other ancient countries, and, consequently, that the authenticity of the Triads is, in this respect, very materially confirmed by extraneous testimony. The other deduction is, that the very name of the Cimbric chief implies the highest degree of exaltation and dignity, as may be proved from its use, either singly or in combination, to denote the heroes and deities of the ancient world. It may therefore be assumed, as a general inference from the whole, that Hu the Mighty was, as already described, the Patriarch of the Cymry, and, if not to be satisfactorily identified with Noah himself, that he belonged to the ear-

* "Isis et Osiris," vol. I. p. 364. But some derive *Osiris* from the Hebrew word *Hoshîr*, which signifies the *enricher*, and consequently make him synonymous with Plutus, the god of wealth. With reference to the etymology given in the text, it may be mentioned, that the Hebrew *Shûr* signifies to contemplate or look upon with reference to light or fire, and that *Shôr*, in the same language, is used for an ox, the emblem of the sun's orb, which may serve, in some degree, to explain the connection of oxen with the solar superstition.

† *Fo* is supposed by Sir W. Jones, in the place quoted in a preceding note, to be the Indian *Buddh* softened. If so, *Hi* would have a distinct and independent signification, as above surmised.

‡ See Cæsar Bell. Gall. l 6 Lucan. l. I. v. 445. and Lactantius Fals. Rel. 21. where Hesus is more assimilated with the Mars of the Romans, than with any other divinity, a character quite incompatible with that of Hu,—though there can be little doubt of one name being derived from the other.

liest race of the Postdiluvians,—that he was pre-eminently the benefactor of his people, and that he received from them, as a recompense, agreeably with the dark superstition of those times, the posthumous honours of a divinity.

ANTIQUITIES.

TOMB OF BRONWEN.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As I naturally conclude, that every article, relating to the history and antiquity of Cambria, especially those which record facts of an early date, will add an interest to your work, I beg leave to send you a paper, which my worthy friend, Richard Fenton, Esq. of Fishguard, communicated to me, soon after we had endeavoured to investigate some of the rudest monuments of British antiquity in Anglesea.

During the long and minute examination of our numerous barrows in Wiltshire, and especially in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge, I had often reason to lament, that, by their contents, we could form no conjecture, either at what period, or to what personage the sepulchral *tumulus* was raised. But from the following record, this mysterious deposit seems to have been ascertained; and, from the rarity of such a disclosure, I make no doubt, it will prove acceptable to many of your readers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Stourhead. R. C. HOARE.

An Account of the Discovery, in 1813, of an Urn, in which, there is every reason to suppose, the ashes of *Bronwen* (White Bosom), the daughter of Llyr, and aunt to the great Caractacus, were deposited.

A farmer, living on the banks of the Alaw, a river in the Isle of Anglesea, having occasion for stones, to make some addition to his farm-buildings, and having observed a stone or two peeping through the turf of a circular elevation on a flat not far from the river, was induced to examine it, where, after paring off the turf, he came to a considerable heap of stones, or *carnedd*, covered with earth, which he removed with some degree of caution, and got to a *cist* formed of coarse flags canted and covered over. On

removing the lid, he found it contained an urn placed with its mouth downwards, full of ashes and half-calcined fragments of bone. The report of this discovery soon went abroad, and came to the ears of the parson of the parish, and another neighbouring clergyman, both fond of, and conversant in, Welsh antiquities, who were immediately reminded of a passage in one of the early Welsh romances, called the *Mabinogion* (or juvenile tales), the same that is quoted in Dr. Davies's Latin and Welsh Dictionary, as well as in Richards's, under the word *Petrual* (square), "Bedd petrual a wnaed i Fronwen ferch Lyr ar lan Alaw, ac yno y claddwyd hi,"—*A square grave was made for Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr, on the banks of the Alaw, and there she was buried.* Happening to be in Anglesea soon after this discovery, I could not resist the temptation of paying a visit to so memorable a spot, though separated from it by a distance of eighteen miles. I found it, in all local respects, exactly as described to me by the clergyman above mentioned, and as characterised by the cited passage from the romance. The *tumulus*, raised over the venerable deposit, was of considerable circuit, elegantly rounded, but low, about a dozen paces from the river Alaw*. The Urn was preserved entire, with an exception of a small bit out of its lip, was ill-baked, very rude and simple, having no other ornament than little pricked dots, in height from about a foot to fourteen inches, and nearly of the following shape†:—



* This spot is still called *Ynys Bronwen*, or the Islet of Bronwen, which is a remarkable confirmation of the genuineness of this discovery.—Ed.

† The Editor feels it a duty to mention, that he is indebted for the drawing, from which the following wood-cut is taken, to Mr. John Fenton, who has delineated it from his father's sketch, and from having seen some scores of the same urns, which are uniform in their proportions or shapes, whether found in Wales, Wiltshire, or elsewhere. The border round the top is also similar in all, and appears to have been printed by a tool, such as is used in

When I saw the urn, the ashes and half-calcined bones were in it. The lady, to whom the ancient tale ascribes them, was Bronwen, daughter of Llyr Llediaith (of foreign speech), and sister to Brân (the Blessed, as he is styled in the Triads), the father of Caractacus *. By the romance her adventures are connected with Ireland, where she was ill-treated by Matholwch, the then king of that country, in consequence of which she left it, and, landing in Wales, the romance tells us, she looked back upon Ireland, which, freshening the memory of the indignity she had met with there, broke her heart. To confirm the fact of the affront given her, one of the Triads, (that very ancient and singular Welsh chronicle by *Threes*), records it as one of the "three mischievous blows" (with the palm of the hand) of Britain, viz. the blow of Matholwch the Irishman, given to Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr †.—Never was there a more interesting discovery, as it serves to give great authenticity to our ancient British documents, even though they be introduced to minister to romance, as in the present instance, and fixes the probable date of the interment in question within a few years,—a desideratum we despaired of being ever gratified with,—a circumstance beautifully alluded to in the close of Mr. Bowles's Barrow Poem.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH-YARD, SWANSEA, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

It is greatly to be regretted, that such an elegant *Englyn*, as the following, should be left falling to decay, as it now is, being on a broken stone, where the inscription is hardly legible:—

1. On the tomb of Mary Williams, wife of John Williams, Baptist minister, who died Feb. 10, 1804.

Trallodau beiau'm bywyd—ni welais,
Na wylwch o'm plegyd;
Iach wyf o bob afiechyd,
Ag yn fy medd gwyn fy myd.

making pastry. The difference in the clays, of which they are composed, warrants a supposition, that the urns were made where they have been found; and probably they underwent no baking, farther than the effect of fire wherein the bodies were consumed, as they are all but imperfectly baked.

* Or Caradawg. Ed.

† See Cambro-Briton, No. 13. p. 10. for the translation of this Triad.—Ed.

2. On the grave of Wm. Meredith, Barmouth, who died 29th Nov. 1809.

Gwel ei fedd ai orweddfa—gu Gwilym
Mewn gwaeledd sydd yma;
Llong-lywydd, môr-deithydd da,
Oer fedd fu hen ei yrfa.

Uchenaid sydd a chwynion—a hiraeth
O'i herwydd wr tirion,
Briw oer sydd a braw yw'r sôn,
O'i farw, yn swydd Feirion.

Wr enwog; ei fawr rinwedd yn gyfan
A gofir yn Gwynedd,
'N ol morio a chael mawredd,
Llech heb boen yn llwch y bedd.

3. On the tomb of John Davis, who died 3d June, 1815,—*verbatim et literatim.*

Angau a alwodd rhyw dywarnod,
Heb ofyn imi own y yn barod,
Ond refais nerth gan Dduw i credu,
Fod y gobm gwedi ei dynu.

4. On Ann Adlam, wife of John Adlam, coachman, who died 19th Decr. 1797.

Farewell, dear husband, mistress, and master too,
I have obey'd to death, as all must do;
I wish you happy and your posterity,
That joyful we may meet in eternity.

5. On a small stone in the wall, in front of the Church, is the following inscription:—

1630.
Lo! a far born body,
In its cold bed,
Waits for the quick'ning
Rayser of y^{e} dead.

6. On Wm. Jenkins, mariner, who died 28th July, 1804.

The Boreas winds and boist'rous waves
Have toss'd me to and fro',
Still Providence has so ordain'd,
To anchor here below:
Hoping thro' grace again to rise,
To meet my Saviour in the skies.

7. On the tomb of Mary, daughter of Wm. Grove, who died 22d July, 1814, aged 27 years.

Beloved Mary, farewell,
for a short time!
How inferior is all converse with the
world to the remembrance
of thee.

Ioan Ddu o Lan Tawe.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

As it must very materially conduce to the promotion of Welsh Literature, to ascertain the extent and value of the ancient MSS. now in existence, the foregoing head has been adopted for the purpose of condensing under it such information, as may be procured on this subject. The following account of the Contents of the "Llyfyr Côch o Hergest," or Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford, cannot fail to be regarded as an acceptable commencement of this plan, and, especially, as it does not appear, that these Contents have ever before been in print, or at least in the present connected order. The Editor is indebted for the account to J. J. a gentleman, who, he believes, is a member of Jesus College.

THE CONTENTS OF "LLYFYR COCH O HERGEST"*.

I. Ystoria Dared.

The History of the Trojan War, written by Dares Phrygius, from the Latin translation, vulgarly ascribed to Cornelius Nepos†. P. 1.

* Written, says Mr. E. Llwyd, about the end of the fourteenth century.

† This Translation has been ascribed to various writers. Mr. Edward Llwyd, in his Archæologia Britannica, p. 265, mentions it as the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It has also been appropriated to Owain Glyndwr, to his Bard Iolo Gôch, and to Sir Hywel y Pedolau, who lived at the close of the thirteenth century, and was knighted by Edward II, to whom he was foster-brother.—Ed.

II. Brut y Brenhinodd.

The History of the Isle of Britain, from the landing of Brute to the death of Cadwaladr, the last British King, at Rome, *Anno D.* 688. P. 31.

This history was written originally in the *Brytaneg* or old British, but modernised by Gwalter or Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, and at his request, translated into Latin by Jeffry of Monmouth, (see p. 230.)*.

III. Brut y Tywysogion.

The History of the Princes of Wales,—remarkable events from *Anno* 680 to 1280. [Qu. Whether this is Caradog of Llancarvan's Chronicon Principum Walliæ?] P. 230.

IV.

The Reasons, assigned by Gildas for the degeneracy of the Britons, which occasioned their loss of that part of Britain called England. P. 376.

V.

The Names of the Cantreds and Commots of Wales. P. 377.

VI. Ystoria Charlymaen.

The History of Charlemagne.—His actions in Spain *contra Paganos and Inimicos Jesu Christi.* Translated from the Latin into Welsh by Madawg Selyf, at the particular request of Gruffydd vab Maredudd, ab Owain, ab Gruffydd, vab Rhys. P. 381.

An Account of some Exploits of Earl Roland, nephew of Charlemagne in Spain, &c. P. 498.

The Epitaph of Archbp. Turpin in Latin, *vid.* p. 495†. P. 502.

VII. Imago Mundi *neu* Delw y Byd.

A Geographical Description of There Parts of the Globe. P. 502.

A Description of the Planets, &c. This is a translation of Henry of Huntingdon's Imago Mundi. P. 515.

VIII.

A Brief Chronology from Adam to A. D. 1318. P. 516.

*. Copies of this History are by no means scarce; there are several in the Hengwrt Library. The same may be said of the next MS. For some interesting particulars, relating to both these histories, see a letter of Mr. Lewis Morris, in the 1st Volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 334.—Ed.

† There is one copy at least of each of the articles, contained in this MS., in the Hengwrt Library.—Ld.

IX. Cynghor y Doeth i'w Fab.

A Father's Advice to his Son on several subjects, as Husbandry, Œconomy, &c. *very ancient*, says E. Lhwyd*. P. 520.

X. Chwedyl y Seithnyn Doeth.

The Tale of the Seven Wise Men. Written by Llywelyn Offeiriad. P. 527.

XI. Breuddwyd Rhonabwy.

The Dream of Rhonabwy, a Tale. P. 555.

XII. Prophwydoliaeth Sibli Ddoeth.

The Prophecies of Sibil the Wise, Priam's daughter by Hecuba. P. 568.

XIII. Cyfoesi Myrddin a Gwenddydd ei chwaer.

A Prophecy of Merlin, son of Morfryn, in verse, being a dialogue between him and his sister Gwenddydd,—*an evident forgery*, (says Lhwyd,) *being written Anno D.* 948 †. P. 577.

Item, Gwasgarddgerdd Myrddin yn ei fedd.

Merlin's *Ultimum Vale*, containing Predictions, &c. P. 584.

XIV.

A passage from St. Austin's concerning the Tewdwr, *literally*, The Thickness of the Earth. *Item*, a Short Soliloquy of the soul. P. 584.

XV. Prophwydoliaeth yr Eryr Ynghaer Septon.

The Prophecy of an Eagle, or, according to others, of one named *Aquila*, at Caer Septon, or Shaftesbury‡, while the wall of the town was building. *And indeed*, (says G. Monmouth,) *I should not have failed transmitting the speech to posterity, had I thought it true as the rest of the history.* This happened in the reign of Rhudibras, *ante Christum*, 980. P. 585.

* Lhwyd's expression is *subantiquum*, which means somewhat or rather ancient. This MS. is also called *Cato Cymraeg*.—Ed.

† E Llwyd's words are, "ignoto authore, quem circa annum 948, non reverâ de futuris, sed præteritis (cum eos nominatim designet) scripsisse constat."—Arch. Brit. p. 258.—Ed.

‡ Attributed to Merlin Ambrosius, (an meritò necne parùm refert, says Lhwyd),

XVI. Enweu y tri dynion a gawsant gampeu Adda.

The Names of the Three Men, who jointly equalled Adam in wisdom, &c. P. 588.

Of Women who equalled Eve in beauty, &c. *Ibid.*

XVII. Pan aeth Llu i Lychlyn.

An Account of Succours sent to Norway and other places, P. 589.

Of King Arthur's Death and the place of his burial, P. 590.

XVIII. Triodd Ynys Brydain.

AnAccount of some of the most remarkable things in the Isle of Britain, in Triads, three kings, three cities, &c. P. 590.

Mr. Vaughan, saith Lhwyd, *is of opinion that they were written about one thousand years ago.*

XIX. Triodd y Meirch.

Of Three remarkable Horses, one of Casibelaunus, &c*. P. 596.

XIX. Enweu ynys Brydain a'i rhagynysodd, &c.

The Names of the Isle of Britain and of the Islands adjoining—of the cities, rarities, &c. therein, P. 600.

XX. Ystoria Chyarlys.

An Account of Charlemagne's Journey to Jerusalem, from thence to Constantinople. Written at the request of Archbishop Turpin. He is advised by the Patriarch of Jerusalem to undertake the war *contra Paganos et inimicos Jesu Christi*, which see in p. 381, *ante*. P. 605.

XXI. Chwedyl Iarlles y Ffynnon.

The History of the Countess of the Well.—The feats of Owein son of Urgen one of Arthur's Knights, in gaining her. P. 627.

XXII. Ystori Peredur.

The History of Pere dur son of Efrawg, Earl of the North, one of Arthur's Knights*. P. 655.

Some Adventures of Gwalchmai, another of Arthur's Knights. [*To be continued.*] P. 690.

* "To these," says Llwyd, "the copyist has added some moral Triads." *Arch. Brit.* p. 264. There is also a copy of the Triads at Hengwrt, and one in the British Museum. There are three different series published in the second volume of the Archaiology of Wales.—Ed.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

——— "Well do I know these mountain wilds:
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory." SOUTHEY.

WALK II.

DOLGELLAU TO NANNAU.

NANNAU, (*the Ravines,*) the seat of Sir Robert Vaughan, Bart. is about three miles from Dolgellau, and placed high among the hills in the north-east part of Merionethshire. The road thither is nearly one continued acclivity, so that it is, perhaps, situated higher than any gentleman's house in Wales. It is a plain, substantial stone building, and was erected by its present hospitable proprietor on the site of the ancient structure. It fronts the south, in which direction the prospect is bounded by the green hills in the vicinity of Gwanas and Caerynwch, and, on the opposite side, by those above Llanfacraeth. Immediately behind the house, or rather on one side of it, rises a huge and gloomy mass of rock, called Moel Oerthrom or the Mount of Oppression. Why thus named is not known: Pennant, however, supposes it to have been a British post,—"the station perhaps of some tyrant." The park at Nannau is well supplied with venison, which is small in size, but, like the mountain mutton, of excellent flavour. It contains, as has been already related*, the ruins of the mansion of Howel Sele, on the site of which Sir Robert has lately erected a Gothic lodge, which, situated as it is among so many wild hills, has a very picturesque appearance. The estate, belonging to Nannau, like that of Hengwrt, is stocked with a large quantity of very fine timber. Unlike many of our landed proprietors, Sir Robert has carefully preserved his noblest trees untouched by the rude stroke of the axe; and the woods round Nannau abundantly testify the good effects of the worthy baronet's policy. The gardens cannot be called extensive, but they produce very good fruit, and, considering their exposed situation, evince in the proprietor of Nannau a large portion of zeal for the pleasant and useful science of Horticulture. After this brief sketch we will commence our walk.

Passing over the Pont Vawr, then, we turn to the right, and follow the course of the road till we come to the gate, which

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, Vol. i. p. 226.

leads to Llwyn, a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the town. Here the highway diverges into two distinct roads, the lower one on the right leading to Bala, and that on the left to Nannau and Llanfachraeth. At this spot an acclivity commences, which continues with little interruption all the way to Nannau; and a most rough and rugged road it is, but rendered, however, as passable as the nature of the soil and situation would permit. On the left of this acclivity are the remains of Llwyn wood; a wood, where I have often in my boyhood gathered the ripe red strawberry, or the brown hazel-nut,—where

> I gathered, grateful, the acorn brown,
> Or blushing berry.

It is now, however, deprived of much of its ancient stateliness, by the removal of nearly all its large and venerable trees, and seems to sympathize in the decay of the mansion by the river's brink below. Yet the wild strawberry plants and green hazel bushes thrive, as they were wont to do, amidst the mournful scene, and the wandering school-boy will still repair thither, on the evening of the summer's day, to feast on the fruit, which he may find there. After a good deal of stout walking we reach the summit of the hill, and proceed onward on level ground for about half a mile or more, when we enter a deep wood, through which the road leads on to Nannau. But there is a sight or two worth viewing on the comparatively fertile flat. First, we have the old and almost ruinous house and granaries of Garthmaelan before us, with the neat circular summer house on a hillock on one side. Just below is a scarcely discernible cottage,—so lowly is its turf covered roof,—of no great importance in the landscape, but not devoid of interest in a traditionary point of view. The name of the cottage is Berthllwyd, and it once belonged to Gruffydd ab Gwyn, of Garnllwyd. The reader may remember a short history of the Ceubren yr Ellyll, in the 6th number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, and the account, there given, of the enmity which subsisted between Owain Glyndwr, and the then proprietor of Nannau, Howel Sele. This Gruffydd ab Gwyn was a kinsman of the latter, and, like him, thought proper to quarrel with the Cambrian Patriot; and it is said, that he actually dared to attack the chieftain with a party of his followers. He was, however, defeated, with the loss of many of his men, and his two houses of Cefn Coch and Berthllwyd were burnt nearly to "*cold coals*," as the venerable historian of Gwydir calls it. This effectually cured

the doughty Gruffydd from any farther attempt, and he annoyed Glyndwr no more. But, to return to Garthmaelan Summer-house, it is a lamentable thing to think of the degeneracy of the modern natives of Cambria; and in nothing is this melancholy fact more demonstrated, than in the use or rather disuse of summer-houses. Instead of enjoying a good hearty cup of *cwrw*, in the summer-house, after dinner, that delightful *Tusculum* is either suffered to fall into ruins, or becomes transformed into a tea-room.—Who does not admire the energetic reproof of the worthy vicar, who, when Mr. Pennant told him that he sometimes adjourned to the summer-house at Bychton to drink tea, exclaimed, with indignation—"Drink *tea!* Your grandfather would have *scorned* it, Sir!"*

In contemplating this woeful degeneracy, then, we may truly cry out with the Roman poet—

Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retrò sublapsa referri.

However, as the ladies, who were made to "temper man," are admitted to the tea-drinking innovation, and as we know, that they were excluded from the jolly compotations of our convivial grandfathers, we have not, upon the whole, much reason to regret the change, more especially when it is considered, that, without the company of the softer and more amiable sex, society would be little better than an interchange of intemperate and boisterous pastimes.—Sed *ad rem.*

The approach to Nannau is through a winding avenue of fine old forest trees, and one can scarcely help being impressed with something akin to awe, as he passes beneath their wide-spreading and umbrageous foliage†; and it is impossible to divest one's self

* See History of Whiteford and Holywell, p. 57.

† I remember, when I was last in Wales, returning with a friend from Nannau, between nine and ten, on a most lovely summer's night. The moon,

With undiminished lustre hanging
High in the dark blue firmament,

cast an inexpressible charm over the scene, as her pale beams pierced through the foliage of the majestic trees of the avenue. There was a sort of chaste and fascinating languor in the scene. The entire hush of the still evening,—the beauty of the surrounding scenery was such, as to engender feelings of pure and holy tranquillity, and long did we linger amid the wild woods of Nannau on that lovely summer night. When we reached the part of the road in the vicinity of Berthllwyd, the objects, which we had seen in the morning brightly illuminated by the mid-day sun, were now reposing in a brightness far more gentle and beautiful. The moon-beams gleamed partially on Garthmaelan,—

of the idea, that he is drawing near to the residence of some ancient and wealthy family. The house is not visible till nearly the extremity of the avenue is gained, and then it presents itself to view in all its substantial neatness and simplicity. In front is a small lawn, decorated with some fine specimens of the many horned sheep, the *oves polycerutæ* of Linnæus. Behind are the offices and a good sized *llyn*, well stocked with perch and eels; and still further in this direction is the wood, which shelters the mansion from the cold north wind of winter. If a person, who had not seen Nannau for these twenty or thirty years, were to go into Merionethshire, and see it now, he would be surprised at the improvements, which have been made on the estate, during that time. Ardently attached to agricultural pursuits, Sir Robert has fertilized the hills on his estate, and, by judicious and well-executed plans, considerably augmented the value of the land. But it is not as a lover of agriculture only, (which is in itself highly meritorious,) that Sir Robert is deserving of eulogy. It is for all those qualities, which adorn and dignify the British country gentleman, and the independent Member of Parliament. Always careful of the welfare of the poor around him,—patronising the industry, ingenuity, and good conduct of his more humble countrymen,—hospitable in the extreme,—kind, affable, and benevolent, he fulfils, in every respect, the happy duties of the wealthy British landholder; and, by his generous courtesy, he has insured to himself the undivided esteem and veneration of every Welshman in Merionethshire*. This brief and humble tribute to the goodness of Sir Robert Vaughan will, I am convinced, be excused by those, who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I am

the old circular summer-house stood visible in the pale light before us, and part only of the "turf-clad roof" of Berthllwyd was revealed to our view. Above and beneath us were the gloomy woods of Nannau, Garthmaelan, and Llwyn, while, all around, and skirting the horizon, were the green heather hills of Merionethshire. As I gazed upon the delightful prospect, I thought of the words of the poet—

> Lo! yonder
> My native mountains! and how beautiful
> They rest in the moon-light! I was nurs'd amongst them,—
> They saw my sports in childhood! SOUTHEY.

* The very respectable family, of which Sir Robert is now the *nen-bren*, has been long renowned for its worth and hospitality. "for," says Oldfield, in his Representative History, page 80, "some branch or other of it has represented the county of Merioneth in Parliament for the last one hundred and twenty years."

equally confident, that it will be commended by those—and they are many—who are honoured by his friendship: *they* too will bear willing witness to the justice of these remarks,—while I, who have so frequently experienced the kindness of the worthy baronet, have fulfilled a most gratifying duty, in thus enumerating the principal virtues of the benevolent and hospitable proprietor of Nannau. MERVINIUS.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. VII.

EXTRACTS RELATING TO DOLGELLAU.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I am glad to see, that your good correspondent Mervinius has commenced a series of papers, which cannot fail of proving highly interesting to those persons, who are resident in Merionethshire, or who, indeed, like myself, have only visited that beautiful and secluded country. Many years ago I performed an excursion through that part of North Wales, and I now take so much interest in all that relates to that hospitable country, that I am not quite sure but I shall visit it again next summer. However, the object of this letter is not to describe the particulars of my excursion, but to send you an extract or two from Camden and Fuller, relative to Dolgellau. The first thus describes that town:—"Where the river Avon (Wnion*?) runs more westerly lies Dolgelheu, a small market town, so called from the valley, in which it is seated, or rather from its situation in a woody vale; the word *Dól* being much the same with the English *Dale*, so common in the north of England and in Scotland, and *Kelhe* (in the southern dialect *Kelhi*,) signifying strictly a *wood where much hazel grows*, and being sometimes used for any other wood; though, at present, there are not so many woods about this town, as there were formerly†. What antiquity this place is of, or whether of any note in the time of the Romans, is uncertain. However, some of their coyns have been, of late years, dug up near a well called *Fynon Vawr*, within a bow-shot of the town; two whereof were sent to me by the Reverend Rector of the place, (Mr. Maurice Jones,) which are fair silver pieces of Trajan and Adrian, viz.—

* Is not the proper name *Gwynion* or *Y Wynion?*—ED.

† Dolgellau implies, literally, the Holme of the Groves.—ED.

1. IMP. TRAIANO. AVG. GER. DAC. P.M. TR P. COS. V. P. P. S. P. QR. OPTIMO. PRINC*.—*Trophœum de Dacis.*

2. IMP. CAESAR TRAJAN HADRIANUS AVG. P. M. TR. P. COS. III."

Gibson's Camden, Vol. ii, p. 785.

The following is Fuller's description :—

"1. The walls thereof are three miles high.
2. Men go into it over the water; but
3. Go out of it under the water.
4. The steeple thereof doth grow therein.
5. There are more ale-houses than houses."

These five enigmas he explains in the following manner. The *first* is explained by the mountains, which surround the place. The *second* implies that on one side of the town there was a bridge, over which all travellers must pass; and the *third* that, on the other side, they had to go under a wooden trough, which conveyed water from a rock, at a mile distant, to an over shot mill. For the *fourth* he says, the bells, if plural, hung in a yew tree, and for the *last*, that "tenements were divided into two or more tipling houses, and that even chimney-less barns were used often for the same purpose." None of these remarks are now applicable, except the two first.—*Fuller's Worthies of Wales, p.* 43, *and Bingley's North Wales, Vol. ii, p.* 30.

The following anecdote is also related by Mr. Bingley :—"A student of Jesus College, Oxford, who was a native of Dolgelley, was one afternoon drinking with some college friends, when one of them, in a bantering stile, asked him what kind of place it was, that had been honoured in giving him birth? 'There,' said he, flinging on the table a handful of nuts, and setting up a cork in the middle, 'suppose each of these nuts a house, and that cork the church,—you will have a tolerable idea of Dolgelley!'"

Should you, Mr. Editor, deem these extracts worthy of insertion in the CAMBRO-BRITON, they are heartily at your service, and, hoping, that Mervinius will continue his lucubrations, I am,

Sir, your obedient servant,

London, 11 *Sept.* 1820. SENEX ANGLICANUS.

* Imperatori Trajano, Augusto, Germanico, Dacico, Pontifici Maximo, Tribunia potestate, Consuli quinto, Patri Patriæ, Senatus Populusque Romanus Optimo Principi.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

Y CREDADYN AR VARW IDD EI ENAID*.

1.

Ti nevawl vywawl nyved,
Gadawa gorfyn gwael;
Gan ovni, gan ddamuned
Y goleu vyd o gael—i ti.

2.

Ehedav vi oddiyma
I lwysav le à yw:
Paid, anian, na ymlyna,
Gadawa varw i vyw—imi.

3.

Angelion, clywa! galwant—
"Cyvysbryd, brysia di,
"A deua i ogoniant
"Tragywydd gyda ni—nyni."

4.

Pa yw mòr lwyr à letha
Ar bwyll, ar drèm, ar sỳn,
Ac ar anadliad? Gweda,
Ai angeu ydoedd hyn—i mi?

5.

Divlâna byd! agorant
I mi drigvànau nev!
Eilwyon nwyvre canant—
O vwyned ias eu llev—i mi!

6.

Hwnt cwnav i ymovyn
Am nodded gan ein Udd:
O Angeu! mae dy golyn?
Ti vedd! pa le dy vudd—i ti?

Gorph. 15*ed* 1820. IDRISON.

* This is a very happy translation of Pope's beautiful Ode, entitled "The dying Christian to his Soul," which, as classical readers know, is itself a paraphrase of the celebrated lines of the Emperor Hadrian. It may be necessary to observe, that Idrison has here very properly used f and v instead of ff and f, still so absurdly retained in the Welsh orthography: and it is much to be lamented, that the change has not been generally adopted. The ladies of Cymru should be apprised, that these lines are adapted to a beautiful air by Mozart:—and an attempt will be found in the following page to convey some idea of them in English.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING LINES BY IDRISON*.

1.

Thou soul, to heaven aspiring,
Oh, quit this house of pain;
All dreading, all desiring
The light of life to gain.

2.

From hence I am ascending
To yon fair seat on high:
Cease, Nature, thy contending;—
To live—oh let me die!

3.

Yon angels, hear them crying,—
"Haste, fellow spirit, haste,
"With us in glory vying,
"Eternal bliss to taste."

4.

What is it thus oppresses
My voice, my sight, my breath,
And all my sense distresses?
O, say, can this be death?

5.

The world,—it is fast fleeting,
Heaven's seats expand around,
With tuneful seraphs greeting;
How blissful is the sound!

6.

With them I mount, up-springing,
Heaven's mercy to obtain;
O Death, where is thy stinging?
Thou grave, where is thy gain?

* It will be observed in this translation, that the three final syllables of each stanza in the orignal are not rendered into English. This, however, was done in the first instance; but, upon reconsideration, it was thought better to omit them.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM,

Alluding to the Captivity and Treatment of the WELSH BARDS* by KING EDWARD I.

BY THE REV. EVAN EVANS,

Author of "Specimens of the Bards, &c."

SAD near the willowy Thames we stood,
And curs'd the inhospitable flood;
Tears, such as patients weep†, 'gan flow,
The silent eloquence of woe‡,
When Cambria rushed into our mind,
And pity with just vengeance joined;
Vengeance to injured Cambria due,
And pity, O ye Bards, to you.
Silent, neglected, and unstrung,
Our harps upon the willows hung,
That, softly sweet in Cambrian measures§,
Used to soothe our souls to pleasures,
When, lo, the insulting foe appears,
And bids us dry our useless tears.

"Resume your harps, the Saxons cry,
"And change your griefs to songs of joy;
"Such strains as old Taliesin sang,
"What time your native mountains rang
"With his wild notes, and all around
"Seas, rivers, woods return'd the sound.

* It is not improbable, that the Bards, as well as the rest of the natives of Wales, may have experienced much of the ill-treatment natural to the circumstances, in which they were placed, on the conquest of their country by Edward. But the indiscriminate massacre, so often and so boldly asserted, seems, as observed on a former occasion (vol. i. p. 135.), not to rest on any authentic testimony. At least, it is certain, that the early Welsh poets, who would have been the first to notice such an occurrence, are wholly silent respecting it. Some judicious remarks on this subject may be seen in the Cambrian Register, vol. ii. p. 463.—ED.

† The reader of English poetry will discover a few imitations in this effusion. This line is borrowed from Milton:—

"Tears, such as angels weep, &c."—ED.

‡ "The silent manliness of grief."—GOLDSMITH.

§ "Softly sweet in Lydian measures."—DRYDEN.

What,—shall the Saxons hear us sing,
Or their dull vales with Cambrian music ring?
No—let old Conway cease to flow,
Back to her source Sabrina go:
Let huge Plinlimmon hide his head*,
Or let the tyrant strike me dead,
If I attempt to raise a song
Unmindful of my country's wrong.
What, shall a haughty king command
Cambrian's free strain on Saxon land?
May this right arm first wither'd be,
Ere I may touch one string for thee,
Proud monarch; nay, may instant death
Arrest my tongue and stop my breath,
If I attempt to weave a song,
Regardless of my country's wrong!

Thou God of vengeance, dost thou sleep,
When thy insulted Druids weep,
The Victor's jest, the Saxon's scorn,
Unheard, unpitied, and forlorn?
Bare thy red arm, thou God of ire,
And set their vaunted towers on fire.
Remember our inhuman foes,
When the first Edward furious rose,
And, like a whirlwind's rapid sway,
Swept armies, cities, Bards away.

"High on a rock o'er Conway's flood†"
The last surviving poet stood,
And curs'd the tyrant, as he pass'd
With cruel pomp and murderous haste.
What now avail our tuneful strains,
Midst savage taunts and galling chains?
Say, will the lark imprison'd sing
So sweet, as when, on towering wing,
He wakes the songsters of the sky,
And tunes his notes to liberty?
Ah no, the Cambrian lyre no more
Shall sweetly sound on Arvon's shore,

* Gray. † Ibid.

No more the silver harp be won,
Ye Muses, by your favourite son * ;
Or I, even I, by glory fir'd,
Had to the honour'd prize aspir'd :
No more shall Mona's oaks be spar'd
Or Druid circle be rever'd.
On Conway's banks and Menai's streams
The solitary bittern screams;
And, where was erst Llywelyn's court,
Ill-omened birds and wolves resort.
There oft at midnight's silent hour,
Near yon ivy-mantled tower,
By the glow-worm's twinkling fire,
Tuning his romantic lyre,
Gray's pale spectre seems to sing,
" Ruin seize thee, ruthless King †."

P. B. W.

THE HEROES OF CYMRU ‡.

In early times how bright the fame
Of Cymru's old and honoured name,
When, burning with the sacred flame,
That patriot bosoms know,
Her sons to battle crowding came
To snatch a wreath from Saxon shame,
As Glory shot her kindling ray
Through Vict'ry's bright and glorious day,
And matchless heroes led the way
To crush their country's foe!

But, though brave Arthur lives no more,
And famed Llywelyn's reign is o'er,
Yet glows their spirit, as of yore,
In Cymru's noble race :

* A brighter æra has dawned upon our native hills since the poet sang his mournful prediction; and, well may we say of it, *Esto Perpetua!*—Ed.

† Gray.

‡ This was sung, during the late *Eisteddfod* at Wrexham, by Mr. Parry, to the Welsh air of "Meillionen."—Ed.

Still gallant, as their sires before,
Her sons to Fame's high temple soar,
Where he*, who erst, with promptest zeal,
His banner rear'd for Erin's weal,
And drew on Gallic shores his steel,
Shall fill an honour'd place.

But long the battle-fiend hath fled,
And Peace in triumph rear'd her head,
Her gladd'ning beams around to shed,
And wake her halcyon reign;
And warriors, erst by glory fed,
By gentler passions now are led,
And haste to throng the magic ground,
Where Music's charms and song abound,
And Beauty spreads her smiles around,
To cheer the social train.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—At the last General Meeting of this Society the Thanks of the Institution were unanimously voted to the Lord Bishop of St. David's, as a humble acknowlegement of his zeal in the cause of Welsh Literature, and of the eminent benefits he has conferred on the Principality in this respect by his patriotic example. The Rev. John Jenkins of Kerry, the Rev. W. J. Rees of Cascob, and the Rev. Walter Davies of Manafon have also been elected Honorary Members of this Institution, in token of their active exertions towards promoting the establishment of the various societies now formed for the cultivation of our national literature, as well as of their general zeal in the cause. ***

CYMMRODORION IN POWYS.—The *Eisteddfod*, or Bardic Session, of this Society took place, according to previous advertisement, at Wrexham, on the 13th and 14th of last month: and it is gratifying to be able to add, that no exertion was spared,

* This alludes to Sir W. W. Wynn, who commanded the Regiment of Ancient Britons during the Irish Rebellion, and also volunteered his services, in 1814, at the head of a battalion to France.—Ed.

that might contribute to the interest and harmony of the meeting. If, indeed, the native Awen of Cymru may not have been evinced on this occasion in all the splendour of that more favoured age, when bards had princes for their patrons, and those patrons were themselves poets,—enough, however, transpired to prove, that the same relish for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," that distinguished the Cymry of ancient times, is still fostered by their descendants. And it is not too much to hope, from the auspices, under which the Societies in Wales are now established, that they will soon be able to boast of a rivalry to the fame, as well as to the spirit, of past ages.

The *Eisteddfod*, which was held in the Town Hall, was, on the first day, numerously and respectably attended. Besides Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. the President, there were also present Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart., Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart., Sir John Evans, Knt., C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P., Colonel Parry, Rev. Reginald Heber, and Colonel Davies, together with several other gentlemen, as well as many ladies, of distinction from various parts of the Principality. Letters were also read from the Bishops of St. David's and St. Asaph, regretting their unavoidable absence, and expressing their zealous wishes for the prosperity of the *Eisteddfod*. The purposes of the Meeting having been concisely and explicitly communicated by the President, such gentlemen, as were desirous of delivering their sentiments on the occasion, were invited to do so, when the Rev. Walter Davies, Rector of Manafon, in an eloquent and impressive speech, dwelt upon the nature and objects of an *Eisteddfod*, which, in the words of Davydd ab Edmund, a bard of the fifteenth century, he explained to be "remembrance of what is past, consideration of what now is, and judgment of what should be in future." When Mr. Davies had concluded, several poetical compositions in Welsh, and an English Ode by Mr. Thomas Jones, of London, written on the occasion, were recited; and the intervals between these recitations were filled by the strains of the harp.

The successful Candidates for the Prizes were then announced as follows:—

1. An Englyn on "*Pa beth yw Awen,*" or, What is poetical Genius?—Mr. Griffith James, Harper, Oxford.

2. A Cywydd on "*Hiraeth Cymro am ei wlad mewn bro estronawl,*" or, A Welshman's longing for his native land in a foreign country—Mr. Evan Evans, Trefriw, Caernarvonshire.

3. An Awdl on "*Marwolaeth ein diweddar Frenhin, Sior III,*"

or, The Death of his late Majesty, George III.—Mr. ROBERT DAVIES, of Nantglyn, near Denbigh.

4. AN ENGLISH ESSAY on "*The Notices of Britain in ancient authors, containing extracts from the Originals, with English translations, and a Commentary thereon.*"—Rev. W. J. REES, A. M. Rector of Cascob, Radnorshire.

5. An ENGLISH ESSAY on "*The History and Character of the real Arthur, King of Britain, and the fabulous Character of that name, whether of Romance or Mythology.*"—Rev. JOHN HUGHES, Brecon, Author of "Horæ Britannicæ."

The following is the number of compositions, which were transmitted as competitors for the foregoing prizes:—

The *Englyn*	51
The *Cywydd*	11
The *Awdl*	14
The First *English Essay*	1
The Second *Do.*	4
Total	81

After the recitation of the English Essay by the Rev. W. J. Rees several gentlemen were elected Honorary Members of the Cymmrodorion in Powys, and amongst the number was the Rev. Reginald Heber, the well-known author of "Palestine," who addressed the meeting in a very forcible and appropriate speech, in which he took a perspicuous view of the character and design of the Institution. This brought to a conclusion all the material proceedings of the first day.

On Thursday, the 14th, the number of visitors at this interesting ceremony had considerably encreased, and soon after ten the assemblage was so great, that it became difficult to obtain admission into the Hall. The business was begun by the recitation of the English Essay by the Rev. John Hughes, which was done by the Rev. John Jones, of Jesus College Oxford. Several bards afterwards recited *Englynion*, which they had composed since the preceding day, on the birth of an Heir to the house of Wynnstay. A prize of Two Guineas had been proposed for the successful candidate; and this was awarded to John Roberts, of Hersedd, in the county of Flint. To this succeeded the contest on the Harp for a Silver Miniature Harp, of the value of five guineas. Ten individuals appeared as competitors on this occasion: and the skill, which some of them evinced, called forth

the most marked applause. At length, after an animated competition between Mr. Richard Roberts, of Caernarvon, and Mr. Benjamin Connah, of Rhiwabon,—who had been selected out of the whole number for this purpose by Mr. Edward Jones, his Majesty's Harper, the Judge on the occasion,—the palm was declared to belong to the former, and the decision was received by the whole assembly with the most rapturous plaudits.—After this a contest for a Silver Medal took place between several *Datgeiniaid*, or singers of *Pennillion* with the harp according to the ancient practice in Wales. Considerable ingenuity was evinced upon this occasion, and much interest evidently excited. The prize was ultimately awarded by Mr. Parry, Editor of the "Welsh Melodies," who had been appointed umpire of the occasion, to Mr. Lewis Roberts, of Maentwrog, Merionethshire, who has been signalized for many years by his skill in this national custom. The proceedings of the day, and consequently of the *Eisteddfod*, were closed by an animated address from C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. in favour of the patriotic objects of this laudable association. And it was afterwards intimated, that the next *Eisteddfod* would most probably take place, next year, at Caernarvon.

On Friday morning the Committee met for the purpose of awarding gratuities to the bards and minstrels, who had not obtained prizes, and for granting such other rewards, as might be deemed necessary, when a Piece of Plate, of the value of Fifteen Guineas, was voted to Mr. Parry, Editor of the "Welsh Melodies," for his great zeal and unwearied exertions in the cause of the *Eisteddfod*. And it is no more than common justice to add, that the very judicious arrangements, so actively made by Mr. Parry on this occasion, gave him an ample claim to this remuneration, as well as to the general thanks of his countrymen.

It would be improper to conclude this imperfect account without noticing the concerts that took place, every evening, at the Wynnstay Arms, under the direction of the gentleman who has just been named, and which, from the national airs and music, in which they abounded, formed an appropriate appendage to the festivities of the day. The sum, collected at the two concerts, amounted nearly to £180, a sufficient proof of the general patronage they experienced. The entertainments consisted, for the most part, of Welsh Melodies, with English words, adapted to the occasion; there were also a few *Pennillion* with English translations. And it deserves to be recorded, to the praise of the ladies of Cymru, who attended this musical festival, that they appeared

to take the most patriotic interest in the national traits, by which it was distinguished.

It has already been mentioned, that the next *Eisteddfod* will most probably take place at Caernarvon. It may be hoped, however, that, in the active endeavours now made to promote the cultivation of Welsh literature, the advantages of a Metropolitan meeting of this description will not be forgotten. An *Eisteddfod* in London, under the sanction of the Cymmrodorion or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, could not fail to ensure the most extensive services to the general cause. ***

WYNNSTAY AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—On Friday, the 15th of last month, that patriotic baronet, Sir W. W. Wynn, distributed, at Wynnstay, his annual prizes for the encouragement of agriculture in North Wales, and in the hundreds of Oswestry and Pimhill, in the county of Salop. The meeting, as on former instances, was most respectably attended, and exhibited fresh proofs of the benefits resulting from the worthy baronet's truly liberal conduct. The prizes, on the present occasion, were awarded in the following manner:—To Mr. A. D. Jones, of Court, Montgomeryshire, a silver cup for the best three years old heifer, in milk,—also a similar prize for the best one year old sow,—and also to the same gentleman a piece of plate, for the best pen of three one-year old short-wool ewes. All the prizes for live stock were thus won by Mr. Jones. The premium of ten guineas for the best implement in husbandry was gained by Mr. John Copner Williams, of Chirk, who produced a new contrivance, whereby two horses are so geared to a common cart, that, although of different sizes, they are made to bear an equal share both of the draught and of the weight on the shafts. This implement was also strongly recommended as an ingenious method of applying the power of two horses in the conveyance of heavily laden carts up and down steep hills. The piece of plate for the best ploughing was adjudged to Mr. Lewis, of Brook House. The judges at this meeting were Lord Clive and T. N. Parker, Esq. of Sweeney. The company, assembled on this interesting occasion, owing, perhaps, to the attractions of the *Eisteddfod*, was unusually numerous. Nearly seven hundred persons sat down at the several tables, to partake of the customary hospitality of their generous host. ***

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.—The following is a report of the prisoners, tried, during the late Great Sessions, in the several

counties of Wales, with the exception of those, to which asterisks are affixed, and of which the Editor has not been able to procure any account. It is truly gratifying to notice upon this occasion, that in no part of the Principality were the offences of so atrocious a character, as to require the infliction of capital punishment. And it will also be seen, on a comparison of this report with those of the two preceding sessions*, that the offences have decreased in number as well as in enormity. ***

	Convictions.	*Acquittals.*	*Total.*
Anglesey	0	0	None.
Brecon	5	4	9
Cardigan	*	*	*
Carmarthen	8	0	8
Carnarvon	2	1	3
Denbigh	5	1	6
Flint	*	*	*
Glamorgan	3	2	5
Merioneth	0	0	None.
Monmouth	4	4	8
Montgomery	3	0	3
Pembroke	5	0	5
Radnor	*	*	*
	35	12	47

OBITUARY.

JUNE.—At Emlyn Cottage, Cardiganshire, Miss Mary Brigstocke, daughter of the late Capt. Brigstocke.—At Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, Mrs. Susan Owen, aged 100. Her faculties remained to the last unimpaired.—24. At Oswestry Mrs. Davies, relict of the late Thomas Davies, Esq. of Lloran in the county of Denbigh.—JULY.—At the Wood, in the county of Radnor, Mrs. Connop, aged 82, a lady, whose benevolent and charitable disposition had endeared her throughout the neighbourhood of her residence.—At Pant Howel, in the island of Anglesey, Mrs. Mary Vincent, aged 60.—13. Mr. Lawrence Weaver, of Montgomery, Master of the Free School in that town.—15. At Parkey Cottage, near Wrexham, Mrs. Edwards, wife of Major Edwards, of the Royal Maylor Cavalry.—21. Mrs. Williames, wife of Edward Wil-

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, Vol. i. pp. 78 and 358.

liames, Esq. of Welshpool, a lady, whose domestic virtues have rendered her untimely death an irreparable loss to her family.—Id. Miss Jane Martin, of Holyhead.—23. At Ashford, in the county of Brecon, Jonathan Dixon, Esq. aged 73.—At Kenfig, Glamorganshire, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, a gentleman generally esteemed and regretted.—24th. Mr. Williams, of Pentre Mill, Montgomeryshire,—and, four days afterwards, his widow.—Id. At Littleton, in the county of Middlesex, Mrs. Wood, wife of Thomas Wood, Esq. of that place, and only daughter of Sir Edward Williams, Bart. of Gwerneffed in the county of Brecon.—26th. Capt. Edward Barker, R. N. brother to Capt. James Barker, of Swansea.—AUGUST 4th. At Llwynygroes, Cardiganshire, H. B. J. Jenkins, Esq. aged 21, and on the day of his interment his only child, an infant of 9 months.—8th. Thomas Hobbes, Esq., M. D. of Swansea.—10th. At Mold, Flintshire, William Wynne, Esq. solicitor, of that town.—11th. At Golfftyn, Flintshire, Miss Jones, eldest daughter of the late Edward Jones, Esq. of Wepre Hall, in the same county.—16th. Miss C. Jones, sister of C. R. Jones, Esq. of Heathfield Lodge, Swansea.—19. At Aberystwith Mrs. Evans, wife of Mr. John Evans, late banker of that town.—20. At Neath Maria, eldest daughter of the late Samuel Freeman, Esq.—26. At Cheltenham Mrs. Jones, widow of the late John Jones, Esq. of Derry Ormond, in the county of Cardigan—a lady distinguished by the affability and piety of her manners.—27. Mrs. Mary Rowland, of the Island House, Swansea, aged 80.—29. At Neath Mrs. Morgan, a widow lady of the highest respectability, and the most amiable disposition.—At Wrexham, aged 60, Mr. E. Randles, Organist, long distinguished as one of the first performers on the harp in the kingdom. He had frequently the honour of performing Handel's Choruses on the Welsh harp before his late Majesty, and is the Lyrist mentioned by Miss Seward in her poem, called "Llangollen Vale."

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 13. Pa. 3, l. 8, *for* "Dymciliant" *read* Dymgiliant.
— 16, l. 2, of the Note, *for* "Kennius" *read* Nennius.
— 19, l. 9, *for* "the then" *read* then the.
— 20, l. 10, *for* "Gwillim" *read* Gwilym.
— 25, l. 10, *for* "three" *read* there.
— 32, l. 21, *for* "Gywnedd" *read* Gwynedd.
— 36, l. 11, *for* "Berham" *read* Bertram.
— 41, l. 32, *for* "modes" *read* mode.
45, l. 32, *for* "embarkment" *read* embankment.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

NOVEMBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XIII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LVIII. THE three Overruling Counter-energies of the Isle of Britain. Hu the Mighty, leading the nation of the Cymry from the Summer country, which is called Defrobani, into the Isle of Britain; and Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great, establishing society† and law over the Isle of Britain; and Rhitta Gawr, who made for himself a robe of the beards of kings, of whom he made slaves‡, because of their oppression and lawlessness.

[The path of the Cymry is marked out in the Triads as having been from the shores of the Euxine to Denmark; and the route was easy up the river Dnister, through Poland, to the sources of the Elbe, and down the latter river to its efflux. Ancient history, and the languages of the several people at this day, inhabiting the track so marked out, corroborate the Triads. For we identify the name of the *Cymry* in the *Cimmerii* of the Crimea, and in the *Cimbri* of the Cimbric Chersonesus, or Jutland. A comparison of the various dialects of the Sclavonic with the Welsh, will at once prove their affinity; but more especially the language spoken by the Wendi, in Lusatia, which has preserved its relationship to that of Wales so strongly, that the natives of both countries might almost converse together§. With respect to the first per-

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii, p. 67. Tr. 54-56.

† The word in the original is *Gwlad*, a country.

‡ The word *Eillion* means also *shaved ones*. Probably, this was the badge of slaves.

§ What led to the investigation of the affinity of the Welsh and the Wendish was an account given by a Prussian, that, in the seven years war of Frederick the Great, he and others were much surprised at seeing some Wendish soldiers talking to those, who were from England, but who, he was

sonage mentioned in this Triad, it is unnecessary to add any thing to the account given of him in the last number: and a notice of Prydain may be found in p. 282 of the first volume.]

LIX. The three Beneficial Harassers of the Isle of Britain: Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, harassing the dragon of oppression, being the oppression of devastation and lawlessness, that was engendered in the Isle of Britain; and Caradawg, the son of Bran ab Llyr, harassing the tyranny of the Cæsarians; and Rhitta Gawr, harassing the tyranny and devastation of the lawless kings.

[The attributes of Caradawg have been exemplified and illustrated before in former Triads; but Rhitta Gawr, or Rhitta the Giant, appears only in this and the preceding Triads, so that we have no means for judging in what period of time or in what part of the world he existed. He is said, in the *Mabinogion*, to have fought for the beard of Arthur,—but to have been overcome. It is singular, that, in the old traditions of Poland, a similar memorial is preserved of a tyrannicide, as is here given of Rhitta Gawr, and who had the appellation of *Rittagorus*.]

LX. The three Benefactors of the Nation of the Cymry: Hu the Mighty, who first shewed the method of ploughing land to the nation of the Cymry, when they were in the Country of the Summer, being the place where Constantinople is at present, previously to their coming into the Isle of Britain; and Coll, the son of Collvrewi, who first brought wheat and barley into the Isle of Britain, where there were only oats and rye before that time; and Elltyd, the sainted knight, of the college of Theodosius, who improved the method, by which land was ploughed, and taught better than what was known before to the nation of the Cymry, giving them the system and art of cultivating land, that is at present; for previously to the time of Elltyd land was only tilled with a mattock and over-tread plough, after the manner of the Gwyddelians.

told on inquiry, were Welshmen; and, in consequence of this account, a correspondence was opened with Dr. Anton, of Gorlitz, in Lusatia, by which the connection between the Welsh and the Wendish was fully confirmed. The following phrase is given in the orthography of the Wendish Bible—"A wono bu nos," and which would be written in Welsh thus—"Ac yno bu nos"—And there was night. It is worthy of being noticed here, that, in a splendid Dutch Atlas, printed about the middle of the 17th century, HAMBURGH is put down TREVA, which, as a Welsh word, is a literal translation of Hamburgh, or Ham and Burgh.

[Coll, mentioned here, is, in other Triads, involved in mythology, and he is also made a magician, from which it may be inferred, that he was some naval adventurer, who introduced grain and animals not previously known in Britain. A full recital of the mythological or fabulous attributes, ascribed to him in the other Triads, may be found in the Cambrian Biography, p. 53, and wherein Mr. Owen Pughe expresses his opinion, that Coll may have been a Phœnician. The name of Coll occurs amongst the ancient deities of the Irish. Neither in the Triads nor in the Genealogy of the British Saints, is there any memorial of the origin of Elltyd, more than that he became the head of Cor Tewdws, or the college of Theodosius, in the vale of Glamorgan, which subsequently was named, after him, Bangor Elltyd, being the present Llan Elltyd Vawr, or St. Iltutus, and, whimsically, by the Englishry* Lantwit Major, and by which last appellation it is distinguished in our maps. There is also a church dedicated to this Elltyd on the river Maw, about two miles west of Dolgellau, in North Wales. He is said to have died about A. D. 480. The foregoing three Triads do not occur in the two other series.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM†.

CI. Three things that cannot be brought under the discipline of strict law or order: love, genius, and necessity.

CII. The three necessary accompaniments of wisdom: genius, learning, and deportment.

CIII. Three things that will fill emptiness: a foolish prattling in an empty head, the foolish laughter of an empty heart, and dirty mud in an empty spring; but wisdom will drive out the prattling, appropriate dignity will drive out laughter, and a clear stream of water will drive out the mud.

CIV. Three things that are honourable in a man: a taking courage in adversity, a moderating of one's self in prosperity, and the piously conducting of one's self in both the other two.

CV. The three primary teachers of man: a genius-loving exertion, considerate reason, and a moral conscience; and without these there cannot be had a just knowledge of any thing; that is, they are the three natural teachers.

CVI. The three divine teachers of man: worldly calamity, bodily ailment, and unmerited enmity; and there is but through God alone a deliverance from them.

* This is the name of a part of Pembrokeshire.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 212.

CVII. Three things that are best kept closed: the mouth, the fist, and the thought.

CVIII. Three things that are best kept open: the ear, the eye, and the understanding.

CIX. There are three companions for a devil: pride, envy, and violence, (cupidity.)

CX. The three points of goodness: wisdom, fortitude, and love; and, where the three are not together, no good qualities can be expected.

POETICAL TRIADS.

I. The three primary requisites of poetical genius: an eye, that can see nature; a heart, that can feel nature; and a resolution, that dares follow nature*.

II. The three final intentions of poetry: increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.

III. The three properties of a just imagination: what may be, what ought to be, and what is seemly to be.

IV. The three indispensibilities of poetical language: purity, copiousness, and ease.

V. Three things, that ought to be well understood in poetry: the great, the little, and their correspondence.

VI. Three things to be avoided in poetry: the mean, the obscure, and the extravagant.

VII. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration: what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.

VIII. The three dignities of poetry: the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.

IX. The three advantages of poetry: the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.

* It would be difficult,—perhaps impossible,—to define genius more correctly than it is here done. The celebrated definition of Dr. Johnson, who calls it "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction," is evidently inferior. And even Cicero, when he says, it is "*naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari*," may be said rather to describe its effects, than to define its qualities, as is done in this Triad.—ED.

x. The three purities of poetry: pure truth, pure language, and pure conception.

xi. Three things that poetry should thoroughly be: thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, thoroughly natural.

EXCERPTA.

As the paramount object of this Miscellany is to excite amongst strangers, as well as to foster at home, an attachment to the language, history, and literature of Wales, nothing, that can conduce to the attainment of that desirable end, ought to be omitted in the arrangement of the work. On this account, the conductor of the CAMBRO-BRITON has never failed to avail himself of such new suggestions, as have accidentally presented themselves, and in the adoption of which he has endeavoured, as far as his limited space would allow him, to study that variety, which is, perhaps, essential to the interest, and, consequently, to the success of a publication like this. Yet, in the prosecution of this plan he has, at the same time, thought it advisable, except in one or two instances, to class the particular subjects under certain general and appropriate heads,—an arrangement, which appeared to promise to his work a degree of order and uniformity in its exterior appearance, not incompatible with the diversity of its contents.

It is upon the same general principle,—which it has been deemed necessary to take this opportunity of explaining,—that the head, prefixed to this article, has been adopted, and under which it is meant occasionally to select such detached essays or dissertations of merit, connected with the design of the CAMBRO-BRITON, as have already appeared in other works, and especially in those, that have been published periodically. But, it does not fall within this plan to make any selections from publications, exclusively devoted to Welsh subjects, but merely to unite in one work those scattered compositions, which, however interesting to the lovers of Welsh literature, are, for the most part, buried and forgotten amidst a mass of miscellaneous matter, more attractive to the general reader.

The following letter, which forms the commencement of this plan, will necessarily be prized for its own merit, and must acquire an additional value, when regarded as the production of the first Welsh scholar of the present day. The work, from which

it has been extracted, contains several other communications under the same signature, all of which (*si fata sinant*) it is in contemplation to transfer to these pages. And, with reference to the particular subject of the present letter, it is farther requisite to observe, that it may be considered, in some respects, as a continuation of the Essays on the Welsh Language, already begun in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and the more formal resumption of which is, in consequence, reserved for another number. As some similarity of meaning may appear between the general head COLLECTANEA, previously adopted, and that prefixed to this article, it should be remarked, that the former, as before mentioned, will contain such compositions only, as have never been published, while the latter will be confined, according to the foregoing explanation, to printed productions.

WELSH CONSONANTS—VERBS—NAMES OF THE DEITY.

"To the *Editor* of the *Monthly Magazine**."

"SIR,—In looking into the new edition of Chambers's Cyclopœdia, some time ago, I casually met with a remark upon a subject, which had relation to language, wherein the Welsh and Dutch were pointed out, as abounding more with consonants than most, if not all, of the European tongues. I well knew, that such a statement was proverbial as a vulgar prejudice; but I became a little angry at finding it had obtained a place in one of the first philosophical dictionaries of the present age, and, not being able to efface the impression from my mind, I had recourse to the finding of a tolerably exact arithmetical certainty, as to the fallacy of such an observation. The method, adopted as the most eligible, was to fix upon the mean number of vowels to a hundred consonants in different languages, and to exhibit the result in a table. As the conclusion, to be drawn from it, tends to establish a point, if not of importance, at least of some curiosity, you may be induced to give it insertion in your valuable repository.

"Proportion of vowels to one hundred consonants in different languages.

Welsh	100	French	78
Greek	95	German	74
Spanish	92	Dutch	66
Italian	88	English	61
Latin	86		

* Volume vii, p. 5.

"As the French and the English differ so considerably, in pronunciation, from what they appear in orthography, the following comparison shews the reduced number of the vowels.

	Vowels.	*Consonants.*
French	67	85
English	56	84

"The English is very variable with respect to the proportion of vowels and consonants; that of the consonants is much greater in the Scriptural style than in elegant writing, and more especially that which is scientific, from its containing more words derived from the learned languages. In the Bible the compass of variation, in the number of vowels, is generally from about 68 to 50; but the medium may be settled at 56 to 100 consonants. In polished writing the medium number of vowels may be fixed at 56; and the mean between the two styles will be 61, the number inserted in the foregoing table. The compass of variation in the Greek is considerable. I have found 150 vowels to 100 consonants, and, frequently, as low as 86. The other languages are pretty close to the average number given in the table: the Welsh seldom deviates three vowels from the mean number.

"Having brought forward the above calculation in defence of the Welsh language, and, as it completely falsifies the popular opinion, I may be excused, if I should, in the moment of triumph, recount some other excellencies, which are to be found in it.

"The following enumeration will give some idea of its copiousness, with respect to the composition of words. It has seven * prefixes,—eleven terminations of verbs in the infinitive mood,—fifty-four terminations of nouns,—nineteen of adjectives,—twenty-one plurals †, and nine diminutive terminations.

"This gives a total of compositive particles, greater than that of all the other languages in the above table, if they were put together. In the Welsh they are general in their application too, of which there is nothing similar in the others; but, what is more than all, they are real words, nouns or verbs, in their unconnected state; and such another example, I may venture to say, cannot be produced. The various inflections of verbs likewise, if separated from the verb they characterize, are still simple verbs,

* If this word be not an error of the press, it can only have been used in a limited acceptation, as the number of prefixes in the Welsh tongue is much greater. See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 13. p. 2.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 13. p. 4.—ED.

describing the time and action, which was meant to be conferred on the verb, to which they might have been affixed.

"I have computed, that there are about 8000 simple verbs in the Welsh tongue, to each of which may be put twenty different prefixes, to give some particular characters of time or action. This encreases the number to 160,000; and these may be conjugated five various ways generally by inflection, as in the learned languages, or by auxiliaries as in the English; and this makes the real number of Welsh verbs, if there were occasion for so many, to amount to 800,000. The ancient bards had this amazing store before them to use at pleasure: therefore, those, who would understand their works, must also have it in view. I might proceed, by pointing out similar instances with regard to other kinds of words; but the subject shall be closed for the present with giving a list of our ancient names of the Deity, omitting such, as are connected with, or taken from, the Scriptures and the Christian Religion, which names we have in common with others, who call themselves Christians.

"Bardic Names of the Deity."

"*Arglwydd**.. Supreme free will; the Lord.
Celi† The Mystery—the One in Secret.
Culwydd..... The Centre of free will.
Deon The Separate Being.
Dewin..... That comes or pervades.
Dovydd The Renovator, the Former;—the Lord.
Duw That exists,—the Being;—God.
Dwyw..... That proceeds existing.
Eilwys The Powers of Harmony—the Creative Powers.
El‡ Harmony—Intelligence—Spiritual Intellect.
Hu§ That pervades, or that is subtile.
Huon The pervading or subtile One.
Iôn..... That is ever, or supreme; the Lord.

* Mr. Owen Pughe, in his Dictionary, states this word to be written according to the Silurian dialect. *Arlwydd* is another word for Lord, but in reference to temporal dignities only.—Ed.

† This epithet of the Supreme Being is, no doubt, derived from the Welsh *Celu*, to conceal, which is also, in all probability, the root of the Latin *Cœlum*, as observed on a former occasion. See Vol. i, p. 374.—Ed.

‡ This word is also used in Hebrew, in application to the Divine Essence. —Ed.

§ For a similar use of this word, in the Hebrew tongue, see the last Number of the Cambro-Briton, p. 68, in the note.—Ed.

Iór That is extreme, or encompassing;—the Lord.
Náv That is tranquil;—the Father.
*Nér** Power, Might;—the Lord.
Nudd†..... That is not to be obscured.
Panton The comprehending one.
Peryv The Causer,—the Creator.
Pór..... That circumscribes; the Lord.
Rëen..... The proceeding principle; the Lord.
Rhi‡ That proceeds;—that is first;—the Lord.
Rhwyv That guides, or rules;—the Lord.

"Such a range of speech might induce strangers to exclaim, that there can be no possibility of learning it; in answer to which I may say, that there is not one irregular verb in the language, which is a source of so much vexation in most others. This copiousness creates almost an impossibility of translating many expressions to be met with in the Welsh language, but a great facility of rendering any thing into it; so that I found no great difficulty of literally translating one of the poetical pieces, which attracted my notice in your Magazine, and also preserving not only the same number of lines, but the same pauses, the same length of verse, and the same character of rhyme.

"From the few facts, above offered to yonr notice, Mr. Editor, you will easily perceive, that it is not all empty prejudice on the part of those, who may seem to discover a partiality for the Welsh language. I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

"MEIRION."

* It is somewhat singular, that the Hebrew *Ner*, which implies, literally, *light*, is used in Scripture to denote divine illumination, and is once applied to the sacred term Λογος. See Psalm 36, v. 9, and 119, v. 105, and Proverbs, 20, v. 27 —*Jeór*, in Hebrew, has also a mystical allusion of the same nature, though it may have no connection with the Welsh *Iór*.—ED.

† This word does not occur in Mr. Owen Pughe's Dictionary as one of the divine epithets; but *Udd* is so mentioned.—ED.

‡ The Hebrew *Raah*, and Arabic *Rais* are not very unlike this;—both of them signify a chief or governor. The epithets *Glyd*, *Por*, *Rhebydd*, *Rhèn*, and *Udd* may be added to those contained in the foregoing list: and a few more might possibly be discovered. But it should in fairness be stated, that all of these names are not exclusively appropriated to the Supreme Being. Some of them imply no more than *Lord*, *Ruler*, or *Sovereign*, and have received the peculiar signification, here assigned to them, from the use of the early poets.—ED.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

THE CONTENTS OF "LLYFYR COCH O HERGEST."

[Concluded.]

XXIII. Breuddwyd Maxen Wledig. P. 697.

The Dream of the Emperor Maximus.

XXIV. Cyfrangc Lludd a Llefelys.

The Adventures of Lud, son of Beli the Great and Llefelys. P. 705.

XXV. Mabinogi.

A Book entitled Mabinogi divided into four parts;—Part I. The history of Pwyll, Lord of Dyfed, or Pembrokeshire.—His feats, adventures, &c. in gaining his mistress. P. 710.

Part II. The History of Bendigad Vrân, King of the Isle of Britain.—He entertains Matholwch, King of Ireland, who marries his sister.—His expedition to Ireland to revenge the wrongs done to his sister.—He dies there by poison.—His head by his desire buried in the Tower of London. P. 726.

Part III. The History of Manawydan, cousin of Caswallawn, then King of Britain, containing feats, adventures, &c. P. 739.

Part IV. The History of Mathonwy, Lord of North Wales, *Item*, of Gilvaethwy Gwydion and others.—Gwydion's feats by means of enchantment, &c. &c. P. 751.

XXVI. Ystoria Gereint fab Erbin.

The History of Gereint, son of Erbin, King of Cornwall, one of Arthur's Knights, his feats, &c. P. 769.

News brought to Arthur of a (singular) white Deer in the forest of Deane.—Arthur goes to hunt the Deer—kills him with his own hand. P. 779.

XXVII. Ystori Kulhwch fab Kilydd, *alias* Ystori y Twrch Trwyth *.

The History of Kulhwch, the son of Kilydd and first cousin to Arthur, and one of his Knights—his feats, &c. P. 810.

A List of Kings, Princes, Nobles, &c. then at Arthur's court—also, a List of Ladies, &c. then with his Queen Gwenhwyfar. P. 815.

* This and the five preceding MSS. contain the subjects of some of the *Mabinogion*, or Juvenile Tales, of which an account was given in the Thir-

XXVIII. Ystori Bown o Hampton.

The History of Bown, son of Earl Gwn of Hampton. This is a translation of the *History, in ancient verse, of Sir Bevis of Southampton*, who lived, as the story says, about the time of King Edgar. P. 845.

XXIX. Llfyr y Meddyginiaethau.

Physical Receipts for the principal diseases incident to the human body, made public by Rhiwallon and his three sons, Kadwgan, Gruffudd, and Einion, the most skilful Physicians of their time. They flourished under Rhys Gryg, Lord of Dinefawr, about A. D. 1220*. P. 928.

Of herbs, their virtues, different degrees of heat, &c. in Latin. *(Qu. from whence extracted?)*

XXX. Diarebion y Doethion.

A Collection of Proverbs in Alphabetical order, by Madwaith Bengyrys, of Iâl and others, (*see the same in* p. 1057). P. 964.

XXXI. Imago Mundi neu Delw y Byd.

Henry of Huntingdon's Imago Mundi; but a different translation from that in p. 502. P. 975.

XXXII. Brut y Saeson.

A Chronological History of the Saxons, from their first arrival here, to Anno 1376. P. 999.

XXXIII.

A Chronological Account of the principal battles fought between the Britains and Saxons, &c. from Gwrtheyrn Gwrtheneu, to Ieuan Frenhin. P. 1020.

teenth Number. There are in the Hengwrt library other copies of these curious specimens of romantic fiction. Mr. Owen Pughe, as announced in a former Number, is about to favour the world with a translation of the whole, to be illustrated with appropriate designs.—Ed.

* This treatise is called by Llwyd (*Arch. Brit.* p. 262.) *Meddygon Myddvai*, or the Practice of Physic of the Myddvai Doctors. There are several other copies of it, and, amongst these, one in the Welsh school, supposed to have been written about the year 1300, and consequently the most ancient. Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, makes frequent references to this Treatise, and under the word *Myddvai* quotes Davydd ab Gwilym as mentioning these doctors, whose descendants, according to Lewis Morris, had practiced at Myddvai just before his time. Rhys Gryg was Lord of Dineeawr from 1137 to 1196.—Ed.

XXXIV. Ymadered Llewelyn a Gwrnerth.

A Copy of Verses, composed by Tyssiliaw, son of Brochvael Ysgithrawg, and sent by Llewelyn, a pious man of Welsh Pool, to his friend Gwrnerth, on finding his chamber door shut at a time, that he ought to have been up as usual, it being their custom to pray together betimes every morning. About the year 610, says Lhwyd. P. 1026.

XXXV. Gwaith Llywarch Hen.

The Poetical Works of Llywarch Hên *. P. 1028.

XXXVI. Gwaith Taliesin.

Taliesin's Works in praise of Urien Reged, &c. P. 1049.
Welsh Proverbs, (*see also* p. 964.) P. 1057.

XXXVII. Cymdeithas Amlyn ac Amyc.

The History of Amlyn, son of the Earl of Alvern, in Germany, and Amyc, son of the Marquis of Berigan, a French knight, their adventures, &c. P. 1085.

They both fall in battle under Charlemagne against Desides, King of Lombardy. P. 1113.

XXXVIII.

POEMS upon several subjects in praise of God—of our Saviour —the Virgin Mary—of several Welsh Princes and Nobles, by the following persons:—

Elidr Sais, who flourished A. D. 1290. P. 1143.
Meilir ap Gwalchmai, fl. 1146. 1146.
Y Brawd Fadawg Gwalter, fl. 1250. 1151.
Taliesin (*qu.* He who fl. 540 † ?) 1154.
Gruffydd fab yr Ynad Côch, fl. 1280. 1159.
Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr, fl. 1160. 1165.
Einion ap Gwalchmai, fl. 1240. 1177.
Llewelyn Fardd, fl. 1280. 1182.
Gwynfardd Brecheiniog, fl. 1137. 1186.
Gruffudd fab Maredudd fab Dafydd, fl. 1400. 1194.
Trahaearn Brydydd Mawr, fl. 1380. 1221.

* In Vol. I. of the Cambro-Briton, p. 287, *et seq.* may be seen a full account of the life and writings of Llywarch.—Ed.

† Was there ever any other poet called Taliesin, besides the celebrated one of that name?—Ed.

Gwilym Ddu o Arfon, fl. 1400.	P. 1225.
Dafydd fab Maredudd, fl. 1400.	1230.
Casnodyn Fardd, fl. 1380.	1233.
Bleddyn Ddu (*qu.* Whether he is the same with Was y Cwd who fl. 1090?)	1249.
Gruffudd fab. Dafydd fab Tydur, fl. 1400.	1253.
Dafydd Bâch fab Madawg Wladaidd, fl. 1400.	1255.
Gruffudd fab Llewelyn Llwyd, fl. 14th cent.	1257.
Gwilym Sefnyn, fl. 1450.	1257.
Gruffudd fab Davydd fab Tudur (*vide* p. 1253.)	1264.
Madawg Dwygraig, fl. 1400.	1267.
Rhisierdyn, fl. 1400.	1281.
Bleddyn Ddu (*vide* p. 1249.)	1284.
Iorwerth fab y Cyrriog, fl. 1460.	1285.
Rhisierdyn, (*vide* p. 1281).	1288.
Iolo Goch, fl. 1400.	1291.
Gruffudd Vychan fab Gruffudd fab Ednyfed, fl. 1460.	1292.
Gruffud Gryg, fl. 1400.	1297.
Gruffudd Vychan, (*vide* p. 1292.)	1300.
Llewelyn Goch fab Meurig Hên, fl. 1400.	1301.
Dafydd y Coed, fl. 1380.	1303.
Llewelyn Gôch, (*vide* p. 1301.)	1306.
Madawg Dwygraig, (*vide* p. 1267.)	1310.
Y Proll, (*qu.* Proth?—Ed.) fl. 1400.	1311.
Gruffudd fab Maredudd, (*vide* p. 1194.)	1313.
Howel Ystordyn, fl. 1380.	1337.
Prydydd Breudn, fl. 1400.	1339.
Gronw Gyrriog, father of Iorwerth, p. 1285, fl. 1380.	1340.
Mab y Clochyddyn, fl. 1380.	1350.
Llywelyn Ddu fab y Pastardd, fl. 1400.	1353.
Prydydd Breuan, (*vide* p. 1339.)	1355.
Trahaearn Brydydd Mawr, (*vide* p. 1221.)	1357.
Rhys Dafydd fab Einion, fl. 1480.	1357.
Tudur Ddall, fl. 1390.	1358.
Ioccyn Ddu fab Ithel Grâch, fl. 1380.	1358.
Madawg Dwygraig, (*vide* pp. 1287 and 1310).	1359.
Dafydd y Coed, (*vide* p. 1303.)	1359.
Y Mab Cryg, (*qu.* Whether G. Grug, who fl. 1400?)	1362.
Justus Llwyd, fl. 1380.	1363.
Iolo Gôch, (*vide* p. 1291.)	1369.
Meurig fab Iorwerth, fl. 1380.	1373.
Dafydd Coed, (*vide* p. 1303).	1375.

Dafydd Benfras, fl. 1240.	P. 1381.
Llygad Gwr, fl. 1300.	1383.
Dafydd Benfras, (*vide* p. 1381.)	1348.
Llewelyn Fardd, (*vide* p. 1182.)	1387.
Cynddelw, (*vide* p. 1165.)	1398.
Daniel Llosgwrn Mew, fl. 1280.	1401.
Einion Wann, fl. 1240.	1405.
Iolo Gôch, (*vide* pp. 1291 and 1369.)	1407.
Lewis Glyn Cothi, fl. 1450.	1499.
Ieuan Llwyd fab y Gargam, fl. 1380.	1415.
Gruffudd fab yr Ynad Côch fl. 1280, (*vide* p. 1159.)	1417.
Llywarch Brydydd y Môch, fl. 1240.	1419.
Cynddelw, (*vide* pp. 1165, 1398.)	1425.
Owain Cyfeiliog, Prince of Powis, fl. 1160.	1432.
Cynddelw, (*vide* pp. 1165, 1398, 1425.)	1436.
Llywarch Brydydd y Môch, (*vide* p. 1419.) imperf.	1442.

NOTICES OF OLD BOOKS.

British and Outlandish Prophesies, most of above a thousand years antiquity, the rest very antient, foretelling the several revolutions, which hath and shall befall the scepter of England, and coming in of the *Normans*, continuance and extirpation; the late King's death,—his Highness's conquest and arrival to the scepter, sovereigntie and government of Great Brittain;—the fall of the *Turk*, *Pope*, Emperour of *Germany*, and most of the Great Princes of the world, by their particular names; and that his Highness, that now is, shall conquer most of them. Also his Highness's lineal descent from the antient Princes of Brittain, clearly manifesting, that Hee is the conqueror they so long prophesied of: Also a short account of the late King's original. Published in Welsh and English, for the satisfaction of the intelligent in either tongue. By Thomas Pugh, Gentleman. 1658 *.

It is quite unnecessary to add any thing to the foregoing copious

* It does not appear, who this Thomas Pugh was, or whether he wrote any other works relating to Wales. No notice occurs of him in the Cambrian Biography. The following note in pencil, written by "J. Melvill, 1776," is copied from a blank leaf of this old volume. "This book is very rare, and, if closely examined, will be found to contain many striking truths, concealed

title, in explanation of the general nature of this mystical volume. Written, as it was, in an age of superstition, and under a weak and credulous prince, there is nothing very extraordinary in the gravity, with which its author has made the productions of our ancient bards subservient to the adulatory aim of his undertaking. Yet it is certainly curious to observe the ingenuity, with which he often accommodates our old bardic effusions to his Sybilline purpose,—though it must be confessed, that he has, in some instances, taken a few whimsical liberties with names, dates, and other particulars. But, in general, the passages, which he cites, are translated with considerable fidelity, and shew the task to have been executed by some one well versed in our ancient poets. The originals, however, are throughout wretchedly misprinted, which prove, that the duties of translator and editor were not discharged by the same individual. The poems quoted are those of Taliesin, the two Merddins, Llywarch Hen, Heinyn*, Adda Vras, Robin Ddu o Von, Ieuan Drwch y Daran, and Goronwy†, besides a few others cited anonymously. A few specimens of the translations, and of the use made of them by the author, may not be unacceptable. The following extract from Merddin Wyllt, whom our author calls a "famous prophet," is cited in compliment to the reigning monarch, Charles II; and the latter part of it may be considered to have rather a singular allusion to the close of his successor's reign.

"When two brothers, born in the same kingdom, cometh to England, with purpose to be revenged for lands by force of arms, as also for the death of their friend or kinsman; and this will come to pass when the nation is without a head or king, and knights abroad, the tops of ashes or pikes very sharp; and when Rome trembles, combustion in the white Tower in London, and London in fear.

"Then shall come to England a king from a princely race, with his noble descent from Aberfraw in Anglesey, the ancient seat of the Princes of North Wales, then, or in such time when

under a mysterious garb. If ever the writers of the last century make mention of this curious performance, the handsomest report is made of it, as they considered the drift of it as important."

* Heinyn was the Bard of Maelgwn Gwynedd; he lived in the sixth century, and was, consequently, contemporary with Taliesin.

† The four bards, last mentioned, lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It does not appear from the work, whether the last mentioned was Goronwy Ddu, or Goronwy Gyriog, both natives of Mona.

this cometh to pass, let the Brittains sit stil at home and be quiet, while the great ones of England contend; for the crown shall go at the disposal of the subjects."

In p. 104 we have a "Prophesie of Taliesin foretelling the strange removal of marvellous great stones in North Wales from the bottom to the top of *Aheigh* *, steepy and inaccessible hills, which came to pass some seventy years ago, and of changes, dissenting Parliaments, and heavy warrs, that should follow."

We now come to this wonderful "Prophesie."

"When great and heavy stones be raised in North Wales, lifted up and removed from their ancient seats, and when all people and persons wil be honouring the chiefest, then wil be cruel falshood and contempt, a bruised council, anger and sharp punishment; then the unjust shall be on horse, and the just and the innocent down, and fightings amongst all degrees, but not handsomly in the field; hee, that wil kill dead, wil be counted the bravest man; the loudest and biggest in speech wil be held the wisest, and then wil be scarcity of money, but sufficient of bread; and the dead will make a dear and sorry bargain, but without their chiefe treasure with them.

"Then North Wales wil be divided here and there, but an universal and unexpected slaughter wil fall amongst them, and P. wil labour to send them afarr away, when the stagg comes to the mountain of Assag, happy wil the wisest be then in Powis, violent and strong hostages wil be fetch't to London; the P. from Llanelli wil entice them to the sure hold, then Irish wil be seen in Brittain land, and in Maelor the Great wil be preparations; then shal Snouden mountain be happy, and thenceforth the enemy of the English party shal fail."

Thus far the bard; we now come to our author's sage comments.

"Now to the stones; which is very remarkable.—In accomplishment of this prophesie, about * * * years ago, in a place called Kwm Konwy in the county of Caernarvon, between two great hills there lyes a pond of standing water, at the edg of which lyed two great stones of admirable greatness and weight, yea so huge in greatness, that a thousond yoak of oxen could not move them; but suddenly, about the time aforesaid, these stones were conveyed from the edg of the said pool, towards the top of

* There is an error in this name, as well, perhaps, as in that of the mountain, mentioned in the following extract.

a very high, steep, and inaccessible hill, above the said pool, in distance twelve score (qu. yards?) of perpendicular height, where they (and their first seats where they formerly stood) are to be seen to this day, and old people yet living which will justifie all this."

The last extract shall be "a Revelation of Goronwy of Anglesey, wherein an angel revealed unto him the kingly succession in the regal government, until the coming of the Brittish conquerour, who is clearly set out, and that the said conquerour should appear 222 years after the same Revelation, or in the year 1642."

"Said the angel in this Revelation to Goronwy,

"It will come to pass, that a person will start up to put a period to the fugitive enemie, who will be a man with a broad sword, of a noble descent, and which will joyn in feasting and familiarity with his own.

"And he will come to subdue the height of the English enemie, and will also disperse them by hundreds and multitudes, to a forlorn condition.

"1. Qu. Said Goronwy, when will that come to passe?

A. When a navy comes to Ireland with two several dissenting nations; Brittaines then (casting off their weaknesse) will conquer the land of Brittain. Then wil Beirdhs say, Happy are the Brittains, and wo to the English enemie.

"2. Q. When will that be?

"An. When a liberal person of the race of Llewelyn comes from his country with purpose to overcome, having his banner of red and yellow, he shall possesse the territories and extents of Kynvyn.

"3. When will that be?

"An. When a marvellous great number will be forth-coming, and divided into three several battalions at the command of an heroical spirit, which will be a princely Brittain, and a king of kingdomes, surpassing all in the love and obedience of his army, of a broad sword and farr extents, who shall run furiously to destroy his enemie.

"Q. When will that be?

"An. When England be in a terrible fear, and before an army a shower of cloudy and cold frost, then will come to England fire from either side, and some of themselves, or from their own bosomes, betraying them.

"Q. When will that be?

"An. When men wear locks, and women with dressings like wings about their eares, and curled hair, the lads with flying wings, slight dishes*, and daily in armes, musitians without reward, and of empty hands, church-yards vilified, tenants in distresse, and when crosses and images fall, when the hills descend and hillocks ascend, then will be a sorry world of sullennesse and heavinesse, gold hanged and silver buried, fellowship deceitfull and treacherous, death without moan, and dearth without want."

These few passages, although, perhaps, not the most curious, that might have been selected, will sufficiently explain the character of this quaint production, which, in an unenlightened age, and when there prevailed a total ignorance of the real nature of our ancient poetry, may well have excited some degree of superstitious regard. The latter part, or second book, of the work, comprises what are called the "Outlandish Prophecies," delivered by certain "prophets and prophetesses, to confirm what hath been said by our own," and has for its title "Europe's Calamity, England's Glory." But this portion of the performance does not come within the scope of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

——— "Well do I know these mountain wilds:
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory." SOUTHEY.

WALK III.

DOLGELLAU TO TOWYN.

THIS is a route not generally pursued by English tourists. Towyn is so dull and secluded a place, as to be very rarely honoured by foreign visitors, albeit the road thither from Dolgellau,—a distance of about seventeen miles,—is upon the whole replete with that romantic variety of landscape, so common in North Wales; and I would certainly recommend the *meritorious traveller* to ride there some morning and return the day following. Old Griffith Owen and his "matchless harp," are worth this, at least; but on this subject more hereafter. The traveller, who would visit Towyn from Dolgellau, must proceed in a direction extending south-westerly from the latter, leaving the mountain

* *Ysgafn seigiau.*

path to Cader Idris above him, on the left. He will then find himself in a tolerably good road, bounded on the one side by the woods of Bryngwyn and Brynadda, and, on the other, by some fertile meadow-land leading down to the brink of the Wnion. About two miles from Dolgellau, we arrive at Llyn y Penmaen, having previously passed a wide great bog on the right. Hence the Wnion has joined the Mawddach, and both together form a broad and beautiful estuary, having its opposite banks composed of meadow and woods, and heather hills. Hitherto the tract is smooth and easy enough—for a Welsh one; but beyond the Llyn an acclivity commences, leading to a district, which may be justly termed the Western Highlands of Merionethshire. Having ascended Penmaen Hill, we find ourselves in a rude and rugged region, with few traces of cheerfulness, and not many of cultivation; and where that inexpressible emotion, caused by the awful solitude of the hills, is experienced in its fullest extent. Here are no grassy glades swelling out in richness of verdure,—no waving corn-fields, or "dew-bespangled meads," and no mountain rivulet to lull the ear with the murmuring melody of its waters. Dreary, indeed, is the scene, and its deep stillness is only interrupted by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as the traveller rides onwards on his way, or by the sharp, shrill, bleating of the "fair-fleeced wether," rising in alarm at the approach of the intruder on its solitude.

> And scarce our eyes encounter living thing,
> Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering;
> Or a few cattle, looking up aslant,
> With sleepy eyes, and meek mouths ruminant.

But this cheerless landscape is not more than a mile in extent. The valley, through which the road passes, gradually contracts, till it terminates in a spot "so beautiful, so green, so full of goodly prospect," that he must be a stoical dog indeed, who does not enjoy the glorious scene around him, presentirg, as it does, so strong and pleasing a contrast to the sterility, which precedes it. This spot is at an old and weather-beaten mill, worked by the water from a river, which, falling into a small but troubled stream, through a deep wood above the road on the left, passes under a bridge of one arch, and pursues its course through the midst of a lovely glen to the mighty Mawddach, whose glistening surface is just descried between an opening of the hills on the right. About two hundred yards above the bridge the river swells out into a broad and bright pool, the pebbly bottom of

which is distinctly visible through the clear transparency of the water. Here, during my boyhood, have I often spent, with my young playmates, the afternoon of the smiling summer's day, sedulously bent upon the destruction of the piscatory tribe, and regardless of every thing save bites and nibbles. On a green bank by the river's brink, there grew, and indeed, still grows, a large oak, affording a comfortable canopy, and shading off, with its spreading branches, the parching beams of the sun. Under the umbrageous covert of this tree would we tarry, hour after hour, at one moment provokingly tantalised with the hope of hooking a "bouncer," and, at another, bereft almost of all patience by the unaccommodating apathy of our intended prey. But many a long year hath passed by since those days of idle wandering; yet I have not forgotten this scene of my boyish recreation,—and ought I to forget it*?—The most grand and impressive object in the scene from the bridge, is part of the undulating summit of Cader Idris. I have seen it in one mass of deep blue mountain, undimmed by speck or shadow,—and I have also seen it crowned with a wreath of snow-white mist, and overlooking in its might and majesty, the thousand "subject hills" which rise beneath it.

Towering from continent to sea,
Where is the mountain like to thee?
The eagle's darling, and the tempest's pride—
Thou! on whose ever-varying side
The shadows and the sun-beams glide,
In still or stormy weather!

Beyond the mill the country assumes a more smiling and cheerful aspect. The flourishing plantations of Garthynghared† enliven the landscape, and evince, in the worthy proprietor of that estate,

* Being in this part of Merionethshire last summer, I paid a visit to the spot I have been speaking of for the first time since I left Wales to reside in England. I found the branches of the old oak still spreading forth their foliage as greenly and luxuriantly as they were wont to do;—the pool as purely transparent as ever, and the wheel of the mill performing its evolutions with as much clack and clamour as it formerly did.

The landscape hath not lost its look,
Still rushes on the sparkling river,
Nor hath the gloominess forsook
Those granite crags that frown for ever.
Still hangs around the shadowy wood,
Whose sounds but murmur solitude.

† Qu. *Garth Anarawd!*—Ed.

a commendable eagerness to clothe the sides of his rugged hills with something more valuable than gorse or heather. The improvement, which has been effected within these few years, under the encouraging auspices of Mr. Owen, must carry with it its reward; to say nothing of the gratification, which the "'squire" must experience as he views the declivities of his hills, once bleak and desolate, now well covered with oak, birch, and fir. But it is not merely as an agriculturalist, that the respected owner of Garthynghared deserves well of his countrymen. There are other qualities more immediately endearing and conspicuous. Open hearted hospitality,—a powerful love of domestic comfort,—with a true taste for those virtues, which a glad and happy home must always generate. Mr. Owen is also a magistrate, and discharges the duties of his office with zeal and benevolence. Last year he was high sheriff of the county, and I need not say how creditably to himself, and how pleasantly to his numerous friends, he fulfilled the functions of his high and important calling. Those, who have not the pleasure of Mr. Owen's acquaintance, will not, perhaps, withhold their forgiveness of this digression,—those who have, and they are many, will readily accord with an old friend, in the brief and imperfect eulogy he has indited. But, to return, having conducted the reader to Garthynghared, I shall avail myself of the journal of a young friend of mine, who spent a short time in Merionethshire last summer, to describe the remainder of the route to Towyn. He had been sojourning at Garthynghared, from whene he ascended Cader Idris with an English gentleman, and part of Mr. Owen's family*; and it is from this period, that his narrative commences.

"A day or two after our jaunt to Cader, we all went to Towyn, a town near the sea, on the confines of the county, and about twelve miles from Garthynghared. The ladies were to be conveyed thither in the carriage, while Mr. Edward Owen, Mr. Harper (a gentleman from London,) and I were to walk as far as Peniarth, an estate belonging to a branch of the Wynn family, nine miles on the road, where we might procure horses. Having seen the ladies on their way, we took the nearest road over the

* If I can prevail upon my friend, and procure Mr. Editor's concurrence, I will, at some future period, forward a copy of the account of the Cader excursion. I have been favoured with a perusal, and think that it would not discredit the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

hills; and, Mr. Harper and myself, since our stay at Garthynghared, having become pretty well enured to the roughness of the Welsh bye-roads, trudged on through bog and briar, over hill and dale, with admirable perseverance; now and then, however, stopping, ostensibly to admire the prospect,—in fact, to rest ourselves. About half way between Garthynghared and Peniarth, we passed the ruins of the old summer residence of Ednowen ab Bradwen*, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales†. The ruins of this castle, consisting merely of a few large stones, placed at irregular distances from each other, mark the form as well as the singularity of the habitations of the ancient Reguli of Wales; agreeing exactly with the description given by Whitaker, in his elaborate History of Manchester. 'They were commonly placed,' he says, 'in the hollow of a valley, and either upon the margin of one stream or the confluence of two, for the conveniency of water, and for security from the winds. The followers lived immediately about the person of their chief, or in little bodies along the meanderings of the valley, to be within reach of the usual signals of their lord; the striking of the shield, or the blowing of the horn.' The ichnography of Llys Bradwen (for so was this castle called,) presented as nearly as possible a figure, of which one part was a circle, and the remainder an oblong, the eastward circular apartment being the audience hall and court of judicature, and the oblong building containing the chief's own apartments. Round the ruins of the castle, there are said to have formerly been traces of several other buildings of various

* Ednowen ab Bradwen, usually called Lord of Merioneth, lived in the eleventh century. He bore, for his arms, *Gules* three snakes rowed in a triangular knot argent. By the way, the venerable Sir Watkin Lewis, knight and alderman, is a descendant of Ednowen, as are the heads of many other very respectable families in North Wales. [Ednywain ab Bradwen, commonly styled Ednuvain Bendew, lived, it is said, during the eleventh century, in the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Gwynedd. That he was Lord of Merionydd may be doubted, as this was a title generally appropriated to the Sovereigns of North Wales; however, he had considerable possessions in this county. The ruins of Ednywain's house, called *Llys Bradwen* (the Palace of Bradwen,) above noticed, are in the township of Cregenan in the hundred of Tal-y-bont.—ED.]

† The Fifteen Tribes or Peers of North Wales were certain chieftains, who held their lands by Baron Service, being bound to particular ministerial attendances on their princes, in addition to those common to them as subjects by homage and fealty.

forms and dimensions. The remains of the principal building seem to have been more perfect in Pennant's time, for he describes them as having 'walls formed with large stones, uncemented with mortar.' I was informed that there were several Druidical circles in the neighbourhood; but probably the remains of the building alluded to above have been mistaken for such.—I saw no indications of either myself. A short distance from Llys Bradwen we gained the summit of a hill, from which we enjoyed a most delightful prospect. A little to the west was the ocean, the morning sun-beams spreading a brilliant light on its broad and glistening surface; as far as the eye could reach towards the north were to be seen Snowdon, and the other lofty mountains of Caernarvonshire. To the east we obtained an extensive and magnificent view, comprehending most of the Merionethshire hills, and we counted, at least, seven distinct ridges of mountains in this direction, their summits tipped with the golden radiance of the morning sun. To the south the dark rocks of Cader rose 'towering to heaven,' while, immediately below us on the left, and intersected by the river Dysynwy, extended the vale of Towyn, with the town, from which it derives its name, nearly in the centre, and the little straggling hamlet of Llanegryn in the distance. The prospect was really so beautiful, that we tarried awhile, actually for the sole purpose of viewing it,—

> And admiration, feeding at the eye,
> And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

We were, however, rather anxious to reach Peniarth, with the loss of as little time as possible, and, resuming our walk, we passed a picturesque and lofty rock* on our left, and soon arrived there, being shortly after joined by the ladies and the rest of our party. The family, to whom Peniarth belongs, were from home, and the house was under repair; but we gained access to the library, where we made a very hearty dinner on the contents of a basket, which some of the 'woman kind'—I beg their par-

* This rock is called Craig y Deryn, [*Craig Aderyn*,] or the Bird's Rock, from the numerous birds which nightly roost among its crevices. The noise they make just about night-fall is most hideously dissonant; and, as the scenery around is extremely wild and romantic, the ideas, engendered by such a clamour in the gloom of evening, and in so dismal and desolate a spot, are not the most soothing or agreeable. We saw, towards twilight, a large aquatic fowl from the neighbouring marsh, majestically "wending its way" to the place of its rest.

don—some of our fair companions, I mean, had luckily stowed in the carriage. A decent and rather antique matron, and a sort of house-steward, (a cool, shrewd, calculating Scotchman,) who were left in charge of the premises, supplied us with abundance of capital *cwrw*, and some of the best porter I ever tasted, and we found ourselves very comfortably situated after our long and toilsome walk. We remained at Peniarth more than two hours, and, having sufficiently refreshed ourselves,

Postquam exempta fames, et amor compressus edendi.

we recommenced our journey, the ladies by the turnpike road,—Mr. Edward Owen, Mr. Harper, and I through the marshes. Before our arrival at Towyn, we again joined our party, and, twelve in number, entered the town, and drew up to the door of the Raven Inn, amidst the wondering gaze of every inhabitant of the place, and, doubtless, to the most cordial satisfaction of 'mine host.'

"Having ordered supper, we left the ladies at the inn, and set off for the well, (a very pool of Bethesda, by the way, in the estimation of the natives,) celebrated for the miraculous cures, which it performs on the persons who bathe in it *. Here the athritic, the rheumatic, and the phthisicky, *cum multis aliis*, find a sure remedy for their diseases; and the number of people, who resort to it, all of the lower class, is astonishing. While we were there, and it was then late in the evening, we saw three patients undergoing ablution, and in a field, on one side, were several more preparing to perform the same ceremony. On our return to the inn we found the ladies listening to the music of their national instrument, the harp, which was played by the landlord, Griffith Owen, deservedly esteemed one of the best performers in North Wales. Passionately fond of music, and of the airs of my native country in particular, I listened with attention and pleasure to the old man's performances, and, as he swept the strings of his instrument to the bold and inspiring air of The March of the Men of Harlech, or to the milder and more soothing strains of Pen Rhaw and Codiad yr Hedydd, every feeling, save that of the purest delight, was chased away by the pleasing and impressive melody. His performance, however, was not confined to Welsh

* This is one reason, perhaps, that no knight of the pestle has yet ventured to take up his abode at Towyn. If I mistake not, the inhabitants are equally fortunate with respect to those "learned in the law." Happy, happy, Towyn! to be unencumbered with either lawyer or doctor.

pieces*. He played several of the favourite airs of the old masters, and some with accompaniments of his own. He used formerly to compose a good deal; but the indolence, natural to old age, (for he has numbered more than seventy years,) has deprived him, he told me, of "all relish for composing." In the morning his son played to us, and, although his execution is far inferior to that of his father, whose very touch is harmony, it is by no means despicable. He is unhappily subject to fits of mental alienation, and his performance denotes the wild and hurried state of his intellect. The next morning I accompanied two of our fair *compagnons de voyage* to view the town, which, to speak candidly, is hardly worthy of an appellation so lofty. As for streets, it has none; and what the inhabitants would willingly term such are merely lanes, adorned with wide and dirty ditches, meandering placidly along their centre. It contains about half a dozen good houses, and a church with no great pretensions to elegance†. After we had inspected the town, we strolled towards the beach, about half a mile distant, which affords a pleasant and firm walk. On our return we passed by a cottage, the door of which stood open, and some fine healthy looking children were gambolling on the threshold. We were tempted to peep in, and our curiosity was rewarded with a view of the humble interior of a Welsh cottage, rendered as neat as manual labour could make it. The happy little rogues, who were playing by the door, suspended their sports, and regarded us with amazement, mingled, perhaps, with something like fear. A decent, good looking, woman now addressed us from within, and very cordially invited us, in good English, to enter and "sit down a bit." We declined her invitation, and a small *douceur*, as an atonement for our intrusion, made the little folk very happy, while their parent's fond eye glistened with delight and gratitude, and we left the cottage amidst the repeated thanks of this civil and contented cottager."

MERVINIUS.

* Some account of the popular tunes above mentioned may be found in the first volume of this work, at pages 95, 332, and 173.—ED.

† This church is dedicated to St. Cadvan, a native of Armorica, who came over to this country, with other religious persons, in the beginning of the sixth century. He is supposed to have been buried on this spot. Some years ago there were in the church-yard two rude pillars, one of which, of the form of a wedge, about seven feet high, and having a cross and inscription upon it, went by the name of St. Cadvan's Stone, and may have been a part of his tomb. This ancient relic now decorates a grotto, belonging to a neighbouring gentleman, who took the liberty of removing it.—ED.

CRITICISM.

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ; or, STUDIES in ANCIENT BRITISH HISTORY, containing various Disquisitions on the national and religious Antiquities of GREAT BRITAIN, in two Volumes. By JOHN HUGHES. LONDON. 1818.

AMONG the literary *desiderata* of the present day there is none more obvious than a national History of the early Britons, and of their descendants, who now occupy Wales. Much, it is true, has already been written on this subject; and several works, somewhat rashly dignified with the title of histories, have at various intervals been produced. But, from the days, in which Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his celebrated romance, down to the present, none has appeared of that liberal and enlightened character, which might claim for it a rank among the standard productions of English literature. The Genius of History, who, in other countries, has been admired for her temperate and majestic demeanour, has appeared, amidst the mountains of Wales, either as the minion of prejudice, or the slave of enthusiasm. Nor has the fantastic wildness of her manners acquired any advantages from the acknowleged poverty of her attire. In a word, to descend from the language of metaphor, in the Histories of Wales, hitherto produced, little or no attempt has been made, in the investigation of the early records of the country, to separate the gold from the dross, or to extricate truth from the mazes of error. Yet, while the historian has thus blindly abandoned himself to the guidance of his own wayward notions, or to the misconceptions of others, it must be admitted to his credit, that he has rarely endeavoured, by the seductions of his style, to make any proselytes to his cause. He has seldom resorted to that adscititious aid, which the elevation of sentiment or the splendour of diction might be presumed to contribute.

Whatever justice there may be in the preceding remarks, it would, perhaps, be too much to affirm, that the historian of Wales ought, any more than the historians of other countries, to be, in the language applied by Cicero to an orator, *omni laude cumulatus*. But, if it be not necessary, that he should be possessed of every merit, he ought, at least, to be exempt from every gross fault: he should neither be warped by prejudice, nor

blinded by enthusiasm. While thoroughly conversant with the literary remains of his own country, he ought also to be generally acquainted with the ancient productions of other nations, so as to be able, by a judicious comparison of various authorities, to select such facts only, as wear the semblance of truth, or, at least, of probability. He ought to be able to investigate with judgment, and to decide with liberality. But, that his work might secure a popular reputation, it ought, above every thing, to be free from that inflated language, which a pretension to exclusive erudition, too common to our Welsh *literati*, is so prone to engender. The style of the historian, if we may judge from the most eminent examples, is certainly various; but in all its varieties,—from the chaste and simple brevity of Sallust to the copious splendour of Gibbon,—there is nothing to sanction those peculiarities, which characterize the affectation of learning, or the presumption of ignorance.

In what has now been hazarded as to the qualifications of the writer, who should undertake a History of Wales, at once classical and popular, there has been no wish to delineate what Scaliger has called *sine labe monstrum*, or, as the English poet more elegantly expresses it,

> "A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw,"

but rather, by representing the reverse of the portrait, to describe the perils, which may be avoided, and the prejudices, which must be renounced. However, it is too probable, that the *desideratum*, at first alluded to, will not very speedily be supplied, unless, under the auspices of the patriotic associations now formed, some new flame may, phœnix-like, be kindled in Wales from the embers of her former renown *. But, until this prodigy may appear,—an event rather to be wished than expected,—every encouragement ought to be afforded to those writers, who discharge the very useful task of exploring our ancient records, and of extricating the materials of history from the darkness and confusion of past ages. If the merit of originality or of any tran-

* It is now somewhat more than a year since a "Prospectus of Collections for a new History of Wales" was published under the patronage of the Cambrian Society in Dyfed. It is to be hoped, that the design has not been abandoned, since, from the acknowleged qualifications of the celebrated projector, the most important benefits to the cause of Welsh literature, and particularly with a view to the subject now under discussion, may be expected from these promised "Collections."

scendant talent do not obviously belong to this branch of literature, its claim to the highest praise, that can be bestowed on patient and laborious research, must, of necessity, be conceded. Authors of this description,—without any disparagement be it said,—act the part of pioneers in the grand march of historical inquiry, and without whose assistance the progress of the more regular historian would often be interrupted by many disheartening impediments.

The work, of which the title is prefixed to this article, comes properly, perhaps, within the description of publications just adverted to, though in some parts of it, and especially of the second volume, the writer evidently soars to a higher distinction. Yet, however he may pride himself on these occasional flights, he must not consider it the least portion of his merit, that he has condensed, in these volumes, a great variety of interesting and valuable information, which a reference to many ponderous, and some scarce, tomes could only before have supplied. If, indeed, to a person, habitually acquainted with Welsh literature, this performance may but seldom convey the charm of novelty, the advantages, which it presents to the student, are obvious and great. And, at all events, the motives of the author in this laborious undertaking, considering the general ability, with which it has been executed, ought to ensure for him the patronage of his countrymen. The following extract from the Preface to the first volume explains briefly the arrangement of the work, as well as the view taken by Mr. Hughes of the nature of his design.

"The work, as it now stands, is divided into three departments; and each of these may, in some respects, be considered separate, although, the whole being taken together, each part seems necessary to form a complete view of our national antiquities. Thus, in pursuing the history of the British churches, under the Roman government, it is desirable to be acquainted with the relative situation of the different tribes; their ancient superstitions; their laws, customs, and language; their particular genius as a people; and their moral character, previous to their coming under the Roman yoke. Further than this, an inquiry has been instituted as to the remote origin of the primordial Britons, and the period of the first population of the Queen of Isles.

"To give such an enlarged illustration of our ancient history, within a moderate compass, was found to be no easy task; and the author grew apprehensive that he had undertaken what would prove too heavy a weight for him. To accomplish his design required

much leisure, many expensive books, considerable application, together with judgment and discrimination. But the person, who now presents the public with a summary of Ancient British History, does not profess himself to be possessed of all the leisure, or all the ability, which a work like the present may require; he has, therefore, availed himself of the assistance of respectable recent authorities, where he was unable to have access to originals, or afraid of dependence on his own judgment. But, it is hoped, this work will not be found altogether destitute of originality; nor the author be set down for a mere plodding compiler." P. vi.

And, in justice to the writer, the following passage in the Preface is also cited, as it serves, if not wholly to justify, at least to account for, certain inconsistencies, which cannot fail to strike an attentive reader in the perusal of the *Horæ Britannicæ*. But in a work, of which so great a part is occupied with the opinions of other writers, contradictions of this nature were scarcely to be avoided.

"In a work, at one time pursued with avidity, then thrown aside, and afterwards resumed repeatedly, if the reader find some repetitions and incoherences, the exercise of his candour is requested. If also the same topic, adverted to in different parts of the work, be found to wear a various aspect, being held out not exactly in the same point of view, this would naturally arise from following the impression made on the mind at the time, not exactly according with what appeared so plausible on a former occasion. Being wedded to no hypothesis but the maintenance of truth, wherever it appeared, either with a faint glimmering or a stronger lustre, if some variation of sentiment be discernible, the author has to say, that he would be less grieved for a detection of any thing of that nature, than being liable to the charge of loving his nation, or a pre-conceived hypothesis, more than truth." P. ix.

Of the work itself it is not possible to give any minute detail, without entering more extensively, than space will allow, into the enumeration of its miscellaneous contents. It must suffice, therefore, to state, generally, that it is divided, as explained in the Preface, into three parts. Two of these are comprised in the first volume, to which the present notice will be confined. The first part embraces collections, or "studies," on "the primitive population and early history of the Isle of Britain," and the second is occupied with "disquisitions on the learning, religious rites, and mythology of the Druids." And it will readily be admitted, that these topics present matter of the most commanding interest both to the antiquarian and the general scholar.

Mr. Hughes commences his undertaking by a collation of the various names, that have, at different periods, been given to this island, together with their respective etymologies. But it should be observed, that several definitions of the word Britain have either escaped his notice, or have been rejected for their unimportance. Mr. Hughes has selected the following, which are here methodically arranged for the greater convenience of the comparison.

Barat-Anak	Land of Tin	*Phœnician*	by Bochart.
Beirth-Tan	Separation	*Hebrew*	Dr. Barlow.
Brith	Variegated	*Welsh*	Camden.
Braid-In	Extended Island	*Gaelic*	Macpherson.
Pryd-Cain	Bright Aspect	*Welsh*	H. Llwyd.
Prydain	Beautiful	*Id.*	E. Williams.

To these it might have been added, that the Triads deduce the name from *Prydain*, son of Aedd Mawr,—Geoffrey of Monmouth from *Brutus* the Trojan,—and the Irish etymologists from *Brittan*, the son of Fergus, to say nothing of numerous other etymologies, which it would be a waste of time to particularize. Of those, which Mr. Hughes has collected, he appears to give the preference to that by Mr. Edward Williams, and which has, indeed, been adopted by most modern writers. Nor is it improbable, that it may be correct; but it is far from being "so demonstrably just, that it cannot possibly admit of the least doubt*." This, however, is not the opportunity for discussing the point; it must suffice to remark here, that Mr. Williams's definition is at variance with the authority of the Triads, in which he appears, on another occasion, to repose so much confidence†.

The important question of the first colonization of this country is treated by our author at some length, (p. 15 to 48,) though apparently without arriving at any decided result. Several conflicting opinions are quoted; and it cannot be disguised, that no attempt appears to be made to draw from the whole any satisfactory conclusion. It should likewise be noticed, that fable and history are, in this part of the work, rather injudiciously blended. The romance of Geoffrey of Monmouth, introduced at page 18,

* These are the words of Mr. Edw. Williams himself, in his "Lyric Poems," vol. ii, p. 42, where, in a note on the subject, he defends the etymology in the most triumphant manner, and appears to glory exceedingly in its discovery.

† "Lyric Poems," vol ii. p. 217. *et seq.*

can surely have no concern with any historical inquiry into the first peopling of Britain. But, to pass on to more tangible matter, we next find ourselves in the society of the *Cimbri*, whom there are so many reasons for regarding as our original ancestors. Mr. Hughes, however, appears in one place, (p. 21,) to set them down merely as a branch of the *Celtæ*, while, in another, (p. 32,) where he cites a passage from Mr. Owen Pughe's works, he seems to have adopted that writer's opinion, in considering *Cimbri* as the patronymic appellation, and *Celtæ* as a term employed to denote one of its "grand distinctions." And this, there can be little doubt, is the correct explanation; for the word *Cimbri*, or *Cymry*, as observed on a former occasion*, implies the first or aboriginal people, while *Celtæ* signifies the inhabitants of the woods or forests†, in opposition to *Galli*, by which the people of the plains were distinguished. Synonymous with *Celtæ*, are the Welsh names, *Celtiaid*, *Celyddon*, *Ysgodogion*, and *Gwyddelod*, which latter, however, Mr. Hughes observes, p. 59, "properly signifies the aborigines or primitive inhabitants," although in a preceding page he had admitted its genuine meaning. There may be nothing, however, very important in this contradiction, nor in the one previously noticed; nor ought they to appreciate the value of Mr. Hughes's production, exposed, as it naturally must have been, to those contrarieties of sentiment, which would have been avoided by a more artificial arrangement. The whole of the passage, relating to the early colonization of Britain, may be beneficially consulted; and the following judicious remarks on etymology deserve to be here transcribed:—

"Etymology may be rendered very serviceable in prosecuting our researches into ancient history; but, by placing too great a dependance on verbal criticisms, we are bewildered rather than assisted in our pursuits. The etymology of names may easily prove fallacious, if not grounded on certain general principles, and made to appear consistent with the general truth of history. Linguists and antiquaries, of no mean note, such as Camden, Baxter, and Whitaker, have fallen into very whimsical theories, grounded upon etymological fallacies. Mr. E. Llwyd and Mr. Owen are generally happy in their conjectures: but men of the greatest skill in those studies are not seldom betrayed into erroneous conclusions, by a misapplication of names and appellative terms, and adhering too rigidly to the literal import of them. It should be recollected, that

* Cambro-Briton, vol. i. p. 373.

† Ibid.

different families of the same tribe were accustomed to adopt certain appellations, arising from their local situation and habits, similar to the terms, by which whole nations and tribes were usually distinguished from each other. It should also be observed, that ancient, or primitive appellations have continued in use, when the reasons for assuming or imposing such names have ceased. Appellations also, in process of time, become more limited in their acceptation; and sometimes the reverse has happened, that the name of one tribe has predominated, and been applied to the whole nation. These remarks are suggested by Mr. Owen's exposition of the appellatives *Celyddon* and *Gwyddel*." P. 31.

Want of room makes it unfortunately impossible to transfer to these pages all the passages in the first volume of the *Horæ Britannicæ*, that it would be desirable to transcribe; but space must be found for two or three, which, it is hoped, may induce the reader to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the work itself. The following extract gives Cæsar's account of the manners and customs of the Britons in his time.

"Cæsar's account of Britain, and its inhabitants, is concise but interesting. The interior of the country and the western coasts he was a stranger to, as he acknowledges. The interior parts of Britain he considered as inhabited by the original occupiers of the country; the sea-coast, (that is the south-eastern,) by those, who, either for the sake of plunder, or from hostile intentions, crossed over from the territories of the Belgæ. The number of inhabitants he makes to be prodigious, and their buildings exceedingly numerous, resembling those of Gaul. Their herds of cattle were numerous and large, as they subsisted chiefly on them or their milk, more than on corn, of which they sowed but little. Their traffic in tin was famous; but they were little acquainted with the vast stores of iron and copper, for which certain parts of the island are become so famous. They used iron rings for money; and of that metal they forged various implements of a rude kind, for the purposes of war and husbandry. Ossian affords us the best description of the old British and Irish warriors, as to their preparations for the battle, the nature of their conflicts, and the use they made of their victories.

"Cæsar describes the people of Kent as the most civilized of all the Britons within his knowledge. From his own information he inferred, that the inland inhabitants, in general, sowed no grain, but lived on milk and flesh, and were clothed with skins. But it appears improbable, that the Dobuni and the Silures, on the banks of the Severn and the Wye, were utterly unacquainted with the arts of agriculture.

"Strangers to luxury and even to what are now deemed the

necessaries of life, their wealth consisted in their cattle. These, in the summer, ranged over the hills, or the open downs; and in the winter were brought to situations where they could be housed and sheltered from the cold and the storm, and be convenient for the use of their families, when they chose to slaughter them. Their diet was generally simple and parsimonious; chiefly milk, butter, and cheese, and perhaps oatmeal, which they were acquainted with, probably, before wheat was introduced among them. At their feasts they indulged themselves with animal food, with *cerevisia*, or malt-liquor, with cyder and metheglin. They seldom had fixed meals, but ate more or less frequently, according to their convenience; and, when they became rather more polished, two meals a day formed their seasons of repast.

"When Cæsar met the Britons in battle, their appearance was fierce, and their courage undaunted. In order to strike terror into their enemies, they painted, or rather tattooed, their bodies; which, when their *hyg*, or plaid, was thrown off, they presented naked to the assault of their invaders. The painting of their bodies with woad, with the marks which they inscribed on their skin, arose partly from superstition, and was partly adopted as a defence against the weather, as well as designed to terrify their enemies." P. 51.

From the "manners and customs" of the early Britons the writer makes a transition to their civil government, under which head we have the following succinct view of the ancient principles of jurisprudence, upon which the famous code of Hywel, commonly called Hywel the Good, was afterwards founded.

"The laws of Prince Hywel, in the tenth century, refer to certain general principles of law recognized in more remote ages. The estates of the country, and the principal clergy, were called together; and out of them certain persons were selected for the purpose of drawing up a code of laws, founded upon the law of the land and ancient usage. These refer to the regulation of the royal household, the claims of the king, the distinctions of rank, the courts of law and the modes of proceeding in them, and the general police of the country. Certain baronial and manorial courts are acknowledged; but in matters of inheritance, and disputes respecting territory, the verdict of the king's court must be resorted to. The prince is acknowledged as the supreme head, but not possessing any authority over particular lordships. The common people, as Cæsar says respecting the Gauls, were but *in servorum loco*; and the fine for killing a slave was, according to his value, like an ox or a sheep.

"Murder was generally punished by a fine, which amounted to a fixed sum of money, according to the rank of the person; and, if this were not paid, any of the family had a right to avenge the death

of their kinsman. The disgrace of any crime attached to the whole family of the person who had been guilty.

"In various cases they had their juries; and these differed in number according to the occasion. In general, the oaths of fifty substantial freemen were requisite to form a verdict; but in some cases a greater number were required.

"No offence was capital, unless it was deemed to amount to a hundred pounds, so that their laws were lenient to an extreme." P. 71.

The author passes from this subject to the "languages of the ancient Britons," and their first acquaintance with letters, both which topics he discusses briefly, without adding any thing to the stock of knowlege before common respecting them. To this succeeds a view (from p. 85 to 142,) of the Roman-British period, which is, of necessity, a compilation from the Latin historians, and those who have borrowed from them; yet the narrative is conducted with much ease and perspicuity. The account concludes with an enumeration of the ancient divisions of Britain, and the names of its various tribes, extracted from the second volume of the Cambrian Register, and which brings to a close the first part of the *Horæ Britannicæ*.

The second part, which occupies the remainder of the volume, is devoted, as before noticed, to the discussion of the religion and learning of the Druids, and in the course of which Mr. Hughes has contrived to amass a considerable fund of learning, native and foreign. The writers of Greece and Rome, as well as our own bards, are freely consulted. Yet most, if not all, of the authorities have been previously quoted on various occasions, though they may never before have appeared in the same company. The following remarks on the rank and functions of the Druids are generally correct:—

"This order of men were in the greatest fame for their knowledge; and, being the ministers of religion, and frequently, if not generally, exercising the highest offices in the community, their power and influence could not fail of being very extensive. The account given by Cæsar abundantly confirms this. According to the great Roman, the Druids had not only the charge of the public sacrifices, and the various ceremonies of religion; but to them the education of youth was entrusted. They presided in the courts of justice, and all litigated causes were brought before them. In all causes, both criminal and civil, their decision was final; and if any person, however eminent, refused to abide by their sentence, he was interdicted the public sacrifices, and treated as an outlaw; his

society was shunned, he was denied the common rights of a citizen, and could not be entrusted with any post of honour.

" The Druids had one of their number, who presided over the nation or district; and this was probably the chief-justice, as well as the high-priest. They held their courts on some elevated situation; such was *Carn Bre*, for the West of England; and such perhaps was *Stanton Drew*, in Somersetshire; *Twyn Barlom*, in Monmouthshire; *Bwlch yr Allor*, (the pass of the altar,) in Brecknockshire. There is also *Cerrig y Druidion*, (of like import with Stanton Drew,) in Denbighshire; and in the parish of Lanidan, in Anglesea, the ancient Mona, the place of the Arch-Druid's court is shewn.

" But the place of greatest note, both as to antiquity and dimensions, was Abury; which is, doubtless, of greater antiquity than even Stonehenge. Perhaps it was the former that, in a very remote age, was the Areopagus of Britain; or, as our ancestors would denominate it, *Bryn Gwyddon*. *Caer Emrys*, or Stonehenge, was probably erected afterwards, on account of some schism in the Druidical body, or to answer more the design of a temple; and to be frequented on great festivals, and occasions of general convention." P. 161.

To this may be subjoined, as an appropriate accompaniment, a short passage concerning the peculiar character of the Bards, as distinguished from the Druids.

" As by the Druids we mean more strictly to denote the priests and augurs of the Celtic nations, particularly those of Gaul and Britain; so, by the Bards we mean the literary class of that society. It has been observed before, that the most ancient compositions were delivered in verse; and we are informed, that the mode of conveying instruction by the Druids and Bards was by reciting to their disciples a number of verses, containing those maxims, which they wished to impress on the minds of their candidates; they thus made their memories tenacious, and blended instruction with delight.

" The Welsh Bards have been famed as friends of the Muse, under the most unpropitious circumstances. The brightness of their genius shone, with a brilliant lustre, during the darkness of the middle ages. The subjects of their song were chiefly war and love; and the ardour of their imagination, and the fineness of their conceptions were scarcely rivalled by the beautiful mechanism of their versification. They sung their own compositions, accompanying the human voice with the sound of the harp and the crooth; and their plaintive or rousing strains were the delight of princes. Every chieftain retained a Bard in his family, not only to administer to his amusement, but to record the valiant deeds and feats of the family, and to act as herald and pursuivant." P. 188.

In discussing the learning of the Druids, something more

ought, perhaps, to have been said with respect to the peculiarities of the Bardic poetry, about which we have little beyond a short extract from Mr. Turner's "Vindication," with a few trite observations from the same work on the Gododin. A satisfactory dissertation on the ancient Welsh poetry would, itself, fill a small volume, and, notwithstanding the merit of Mr. Turner's production, is still a *desideratum.*

The following extracts concerning the *Gleini Nadroedd*, or Adder Stones, may be deemed curious by those, to whom the subject is new.

"These amulets are still talked of among some old people, who consider them as the natural production of the snake; but this species of superstition is now nearly obliterated. These adder-stones, or adder-beads, are called *glain-neidyr*, and *maen glain.* They were worn, says Owen in his Dictionary, by different orders of Bards each having its appropriate colour. The blue ones belonged to the presiding Bards; the white, to the Druids; the green, to the Ovates; and the three colours blended, to the disciples. Great virtues have been attributed to them; and it is said, great numbers of them are still to be found; and they may be had from certain people who are deemed clever at finding them. These persons insist on being credited that the *gleiniau*, or adder-stones, are only to be had at one season of the year, and that they are blown by a knot of snakes." P. 214.

* * * * * *

"The Druids themselves were called *Nadredd*, or snakes, by the Welsh Bards; and the whole of the tale mentioned by Pliny has a mystical reference to the difficulty of attaining Druidical secrets, and the danger of disclosing them. This title they owed, as Mr. Davies supposes, to their regenerative system of transmigration. The serpent, which annually casts his skin, and seems to return to a second youth, may have been regarded by them, as well as by other Heathens, as a symbol of renovation; and we shall presently shew that the renovation of mankind, after the flood, was celebrated in their arkite mysteries.

"The *Anguinum* is supposed to have contained a *lunette of glass*, or small ring; and that this, more strictly speaking, formed the *adder's bead*, or *glain neidyr*. Superstition insinuated, that this curiosity was a production of nature; and that to possess it was a badge of Divine protection. But there can be no doubt that this famous object of Druidic superstition was merely artificial. The art of making these trinkets being only known to the Druids, they availed themselves of the credulity of the common people, to magnify the virtues of them, and to give them a mysterious import." P. 215-16.

It now becomes necessary to bring to a close the notice of the first volume of this work: and, as the author has at last entered the labyrinthian realms of Mythology, the parting may take place with less reluctance than otherwise. For, without the adventurous courage of a Hercules or a Theseus, what critic would willingly trust himself on that enchanted ground, where so many ill-omened wanderers have been bewildered and lost? Yet it is but justice to Mr. Hughes to observe, that, although occasionally involved in some confusion, he appears to have made his way through the maze with tolerable success, and with more safety than could reasonably have been anticipated, considering the formidable phalanx of serpents, dragons, demons, *et hoc genus omne*, he has had to encounter. Where he has been most in danger, it appears to have been owing to a fallacious reliance upon some preceding adventurer, whose clue he had borrowed to extricate him from this more than Cretan perplexity. And it ought also to be mentioned, that, in one or two instances, he has conjured up monsters, where none in reality existed, as in p. 265, where, as Gray had done before him, he converts a chieftain into a dragon*.

An Appendix, containing some interesting notices relating to the Druidical worship and the Welsh language, with some observations on Ossian's poems†, is annexed to this volume, and unites with the other part in proving the very laudable pains taken by Mr. Hughes in his patriotic researches. The second volume, which is dedicated to the "Antiquities of the British Churches," will form the subject of a future criticism: and in the mean time the *Horæ Britannicæ* may be recommended to those, who take any interest in the early history of Britain, as a valuable compilation, at once creditable to the author's ability, and beneficial to the literature of his country.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i, p. 232, where the nature of Gray's mistake is explained.

† The author makes frequent allusions to the poems of Ossian in the course of his work, and in more than one instance appears to rely upon them as historical documents. It is hardly probable, however, that these celebrated productions can have belonged to the early ages, to which they are ascribed, unaccompanied, as they are, by any other remains in the same language, by which, as in the case of the ancient Welsh poems, their genuineness might be vindicated. Yet, there can be no doubt, that there must have been some sort of foundation, as observed on a former occasion, (vol. i, p. 388.) for the beautiful superstructure, which Macpherson has raised. And, however doubtful the point may be, there are few, who would not, with Mr. Hughes, "rather be deluded by their credulity than undeceived by their scepticism." p. 192.

AWEN CYMRU.

Âth rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

AWDL A GANT HYWEL AB OWAIN*.

CARAVI amser hâv; amsathyr gorwydd
Gorawenus glyn rhag glew arglwydd;
Gorewynawg ton; tynhegyl ebrwydd;
Gorwisgwys avall arall arwydd;
Gorwen vy ysgwyd ar vy ysgwydd, i drais.
Cerais ni gerais, gyvai awydd!
CERIDWEN, hirwen, hwyrwan ogwydd,
Cyveiliw gwen wawr yn awr echwydd;
Claer wan lun, wen leddyv, wynliw gwydd;
Wrth gàmu brwynen, braidd na ddygwydd
Bechanigen wen, wan ei gogwydd;
Bychan i mae hyn no hyn degmlwydd,
Mabinaidd, luniaidd, lawn gweddeiddrwydd,
Mabddysg oedd iddi roddi yn rhwydd;
Madwraig mwy yd faig fynedigwydd ar wên
No pharabl o'i phen anghymhenrwydd.
Pedestrig iolydd a'm bydd i eilwydd!
Pa hyd yth iolav? Sav rhag dy swydd!
Adwyvi yn anvedredd o ynvydrwydd caru,
Ni'm cerydd, Iesu! y cyvarydd.

PENNILLION.

LXVII.

Hi Gweno fach anwyl sy lodes mor lân,
A'i gwyneb gwyn gwridog, a danedd man, man,
A'i dau lygad gleision, a dwy ael fal gwawn;
Fy nghalon a'i carai pe gwyddwn y cawn.

LXVIII.

Gwych gan gerlyn yn ei wely
Glywed swn y droell yn nyddu;
Gwych gan innau, Duw edrycho,
Glywed swn y tannau'n tiwnio.

* Arch. of Wales, vol i, p. 278. For a short notice of Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd see the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 312.—ED.

LXIX.

Fe ellir rhodio lawer ffair,
A cherdded tair o oriau,
A charu merch o lawer plwy',
Heb wybod pwy sydd orau:
Mae'n anhawdd dewis derwen deg,
Heb ynddi freg yn rhywle.

LXX.

Nid oes ymorol fawr am serch,
Na chwaith am ferch naturiol;
Y'mhob lle mae cryf a gwan
Am arian yn ymorol.

AR GERDD-GYVARVOD Y CANORION,

7 HYDREF, 1820*.

1.

CADWENT undeb meibion Brython
Tra bythawl oes;
Llived arnynt lâd ynddigon
Tra bythawl oes.
Telyn bid yn peroriannu,
Calon lan i lon ddyddanu,
Llòned ganiad hoenus Gymru
Tra bythawl oes.

2.

Ceisient glod y Cymmrodorion
Tra bythawl oes;
Bid cysondeb y Canorion
Tra bythawl oes;
Cerdd adseinia tran Eryri,
Tra cyvunant Beirdd i ganu
Byth yn iaith anwylaidd Cymru.
Tra bythawl oes.

* The following lines, adapted to the popular Welsh air of "Ar hyd y Nos," were sung at the meeting of the *Canorion*, at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 7th of this month. Some account of this new society is given by Mr. Parry in a subsequent page.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING ODE BY HYWEL AB OWAIN*.

I love the summer's sultry day,
What time the war-horse, gallant steed,
Exulting proves his mettled speed,
What time is seen the foaming spray,
And active limbs their power display,
What time yon orchard trees appear
A greener, lovelier garb to wear:
Then, with shining buckler vain,
Away I go to tumult dire;
For I have loved with fond desire,
Long have loved, but ne'er could gain.

CERIDWEN, comely, shapely, fair,
Of splendid mien, and graceful air,
Of languid gait, and looks that vie
With evening's soft and melting sky!
So light her step, a slender reed
My tiny fair one might impede:
So weak, so mild, she scarce appears
To count in life ten fleeting years.

* The Welsh reader will perceive, that some liberties have been taken in this translation, and especially towards the conclusion, where, from the ambiguous brevity of the original, it became necessary to guess at the poet's meaning. This, however, it is hoped, has been preserved throughout with tolerable fidelity, although it is necessarily amplified in the English lines, in which the elliptical conciseness of the Welsh could not possibly be retained. This Ode appears to have been addressed to a lady, by whom the poet had been slighted; and it may be inferred from the commencement, that he was about to renounce her for the toils of war, though he seems to have relented towards the close. If a comparison might be drawn between Hywel and either of the classical writers, it would probably be with Catullus, whom he much resembles in the delicate conceits of his love sentiments. It should be mentioned, however, that the poems of Hywel are far from affording the most favourable specimens of the *awen* of the twelfth century, adorned, as that æra was, by the productions of Gwalchmai, Llywarch ab Llywelyn, and Cynddelw.—ED.

Thus young, thus charming to the view,
It were a virtue fair and meet,
That she should be as bounteous too,
As free to give as she is sweet.
Yet ah! her looks but check my love,
Not all her words so potent prove.

A suppliant pilgrim I repair
Again to idolize my fair;
Yet, say, how long, unkind one, say,
Thou doom'st me at thy shrine to pray?
Think what thou art;—and may in Heaven
My doting fondness be forgiven!

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXVII.

Thou dear little Gwen, kindest maiden of all,
With cheeks fair and ruddy, and teeth white and small,
With thy blue sparkling eyes, and thy eye-brows so bright,
Ah, how I would love thee, sweet girl, if I might!

LXVIII.

In bed reclined, the churlish wight
Hears with joy his wheel turn round;
And I, Heaven knows it, with delight
Hear the harp's melodious sound.

LXIX.

One may through many a market pass,
And travel many a mile,
And love in every town a lass,
Nor know to choose the while:
'Tis hard to find the fairest tree,
That is throughout from blemish free.

LXX.

There's no one now for love enquires,
There's none a tender maid desires;
In every place both great and small
For money only seek at all.

STANZAS

ON THE LATE EISTEDDFOD AT WREXHAM.*

COME sound the string,
And boldly sing
Our native Cymru's praise:
Pour for her the tranced measure,
Big with hope and promised pleasure,
Tell, how vast, how rich the treasure
Of her mountain lays.

Hail tuneful band
Of this proud land,
Who erst consigned to fame
Holiest musings deeply flowing,
Fancy's flowers divinely blowing,
While in every breast was glowing
Cymru's quenchless flame.

Then was the hour,
When magic's power
Inspir'd each bardic shell.
And, in ardent league united,
Countless numbers throng'd delighted,
By the love of song invited,
From each vale and dell.

And still shall they,
Who love the lay
Of Cymru's gifted land,
Crowd to hear her Harp new burning,
With the fire of old returning,
Where her Bards, fresh laurels earning,
Swell the patriot band.

* The irregularity of these stanzas is owing to the peculiar style of the melody, and is intended to convey to the English reader an idea of some of the Welsh Pennillion. The stanzas were sung at the Eisteddfod by Mr. Parry.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—At the last General Meeting of this Society it was proposed, that a silver medal should be offered for the best Welsh translation of Gray's celebrated Ode, entitled the "Bard," the compositions to be transmitted to the secretary before the 1st of March, and the prize to be awarded on the 22nd of May, the Society's anniversary. And, should the project of an *Eisteddfod* on the last-mentioned day be adopted, it is in contemplation to propose another subject for an original poem, and also two subjects for English essays, to be decided at the same time. Meanwhile every exertion, compatible with the means of the Institution, is made towards carrying into effect the laudable objects, for which it was established. Several books and some MSS. have already been purchased, which, if the society should ever experience the patronage it so amply merits, may prove the foundation of a valuable national library. It should also be mentioned, that two or three patriotic individuals have made donations of books. It is proposed, that the library shall be established at the Welsh School in Gray's-Inn Lane, as soon as a room can be prepared for the purpose; in which event the books and MSS., already deposited there, will be incorporated with those belonging to the Institution. ***

EISTEDDFOD AT WREXHAM.—The Editor feels a pleasure in being able to lay before his readers the following account of the musical competition at the late *Eisteddfod* in Powys, not only because the writer was an ear-witness of what he relates, but because he is, in other respects, so competent a judge of the subject of his communication. It is gratifying to find, from the latter part of his letter, that the cultivation of Welsh music is likely to meet, in the metropolis, with the encouragement it so well deserves: and it is to be hoped, that none of those natives of Cymru, for whom "the mazy running soul of melody" has any charms, will omit this opportunity of testifying their attachment to their own mountain airs. ***

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A circumstance occurred at the Wrexham *Eisteddfod*, which ought to be noticed particularly in its relation to Welsh music.

No less than ten persons performed on the triple (or Welsh) harp for the prize, five of whom were very respectable players, viz. Richard Roberts, Benjamin Connah, Henry Humphreys, William Hughes, and Owen Davies. The contest, however, ran between Roberts and Connah. It was very evident, that the former was considered, by the company, to be the better performer; but the umpire, Mr. E. Jones, was loath to decide, because he considered Connah to be the more scientific player, and that he also produced the best tone of the whole number. The consequence was, that both were called upon to play three times, before it was declared in favour of Roberts.

I beg to observe, that Roberts and Connah had thus a better opportunity of displaying their abilities than the others had, who, under an impression that they were to be called upon *more than once*, performed merely simple airs. Humphreys and Hughes are very young men, and with, at least, *twenty years'* less experience and practice; yet they executed *Pen Rhaw* with variations in a very masterly manner, and, if they continue to study, they will shortly be among the first performers on the Welsh harp. Owen Davies, who belongs to the Denbigh militia, is a very good harper, but he, (expecting that he should play more than once,) selected a very indifferent air, which made no impression on the company.

My object, in noticing this circumstance, is to suggest, that the harpers at an *Eisteddfod* ought to be divided into classes, according to their age and experience. A man, who has had the advantage of a musical education, ought not to be placed in competition with a poor blind mountain minstrel, who, in ten instances out of twelve, is taught the harp by another blind person, totally unacquainted with even the rudiments of music.

I would allow those harpers only to perform, who are in the habit of playing the *Welsh airs*, as they are sung by the *Dadgeiniaid*, or singers. The umpire ought to hear the whole, previous to the exhibition, and, according to the number and value of the prizes, place those, whom he might deem nearly equal in point of talent, in the same class, reserving the best for the last, as is the case in regard to the poetical compositions.

I cannot quit this subject without recommending to the Cambrian Societies, which have lately been formed with a view of promoting Welsh Literature, History, Poetry, and Music, that, when a promising young man, possessing talents, and what is

termed a genius for music, is discovered, struggling amid many privations, and perhaps, deep distress, to become a distinguished lyrist, they will lend him a fostering hand, and procure for him a few lessons from a good master, in the theory of music. Many may say, that they prefer the unpolished wild style to the finished and scientific. But I beg to ask,—will a classical scholar prefer an oration, delivered with energy—yet *ungrammatically*,—to one spoken correctly, and with feeling and elegance*?

Most of the Welsh melodies are so beautiful, that very few embellishments are necessary;—the variations too are so well calculated for the triple harp, that they cannot fail to please, if they are but tolerably executed. But, when they are performed by a *musician*, they are exquisite. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear T. Jones, esq. of Nottingham Place, London, strike the harp of *Cymru*—will readily agree with me in the justice of this remark. The style of singing with the harp, as practised by the ancient Britons, is a very peculiar one, as I have observed in one of my former letters on Welsh music, and the task is a more difficult one, than is imagined by those unacquainted with it.

I am truly happy to inform you, that a society (branching from the Cymmrodorion,) has been established in London, for cultivating the singing of *Pennillion* with the harp†.—It is called the "CANORION," (literally "the Singers:") the first meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 7th instant, which was most numerously and respectably attended. The few strangers, who were admitted as visitors, were highly delighted, and the *Cymry* were truly happy; for, to revive, and if possible to per-

* This question, as far as it has reference to a "classical scholar," should, certainly, be answered in the negative. But it is after all a matter of doubt, whether the refinements of education are not often calculated to introduce a false taste in this respect, by repressing our admiration of the wild, yet natural flights of uncultivated genius And it may be, that even genius itself purchases its refinements at the expence of its original energy. Dr. Johnson, in his remarks on Shakespear's writings, has a very happy illustration of this point, when comparing the bard of Avon with the celebrated French tragedian, Corneille. The latter he assimilates to a fine hedge, trimmed with the greatest order and beauty, and the former to the oak of the forest, sublimely towering in all the rudeness of its native majesty. Yet this illustration may not have the same force, when applied to music.—ED.

† Great praise is due to the *Gwyneddigion Society*, for having done its utmost, for the last fifty years, towards promoting the same object.—J. P.

petuate, the customs and manners of their forefathers must be gratifying to all those, who love the land that gave them birth.

I remain your's, respectfully,

Newman Street, Oct. 11, 1820. JOHN PARRY.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—The *Eisteddfod* of this society, which was to have been held at St. Asaph on the 21st of September, did not take place, owing to an unlucky accident in the transmission of the poems from London. Yet, several persons attended; and Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart., who had kindly promised to take the chair on the occasion, was also there. Since that time the society has announced by public advertisement, that the prize for the best poem has been adjudged to the Rev. Edw. Hughes, of Bodfary, the same gentleman, who was the successful candidate last year*. In consequence of this second triumph, a silver chain, in addition to the society's medal, has been voted to Mr. Hughes on the present occasion. In order to avoid a recurrence of the disappointment, experienced at St. Asaph, and likewise to ensure a respectable attendance, it has been resolved, that the Gwyneddigion medal shall, in future, be awarded on the second day of the *Eisteddfod* for Powys or Gwynedd. The decicision of the prize for 1821 will, accordingly, be made next year at Caernarvon. ***

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Among the deficiencies, of which there is so much ground of complaint in the literature of Wales, next to a national history, a national biographical work is, unquestionably, the most important. The only publication of this kind, that has hitherto appeared, is the Cambrian Biography, by Mr. Owen Pughe, a book undoubtedly of considerable merit and utility, but necessarily confined, in most instances, from the nature of its plan, to mere outlines of the lives, which it records. It has, in consequence, been imagined, that a selection, upon a more enlarged scale, of the lives of those distinguished Welshmen, who have, at various periods, conferred any celebrity on the Principality, would prove a desirable and interesting accession to the literature of the country. In furtherance of this suggestion, it is now proposed to publish a work of this description, under the title of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH, to embrace only the lives of the most eminent individuals. With this view the following

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i, pp. 115 and 153.

names have been selected, although it is probable, that, upon a more mature reflection, some changes may, hereafter, be made. The list, however, in an alphabetical order, stands, at present, as follows :—

Aneurin.	Giraldus Cambrensis.	Owain Gwynedd.
Arthur.	Goronw Owen.	Owen Tudor.
Aserius Menevensis.	Gruffydd ab Cynan.	Thomas Pennant, esq.
Caradog of Llancarvan.	Hywel Dda.	Dr. J. Davydd Rhys.
	Robert Lloyd, of Fron, (the English poet.)	Rev. Peter Roberts.
St. David (Dewi.)		Rev. Henry Rowland.
Dr. John Davies.	Rev. Edward Llwyd.	Taliesin.
Davydd ab Gwilym.	Humphrey Llwyd.	Sir Rhys ab Thomas.
Rev. Evan Evans.	Llywarch Hen.	Robert Vaughan, esq.
Sir David Gam.	Llywelyn ab Gruffydd.	Sir John Wynn, of Gwydir.
Geoffrey of Monmouth.	Owain Glyndwr.	

It will readily occur to those, who are at all conversant with literary undertakings, that in the one, here contemplated, a considerable portion of labour and time must be required for its completion. Much, however, in this respect, will depend on the assistance the projector may receive in the progress of his work; and, as the task he proposes is so peculiarly national, he hopes he may rely upon a national co-operation towards its accomplishment. He, therefore, humbly, but earnestly requests, that such individuals, as may have it in their power to promote the plan, by any information respecting the celebrated characters above named, would have the kindness to favour him with their communications, addressed, for the present, to the Editor of the CAMBRO-BRITON, "for the Cambrian Plutarch."

SCARCE BOOKS.—It is somewhat surprising, considering the literary spirit, by which the Principality appears to be animated, that more exertions are not made towards a republication of those old works, which are generally admitted to be amongst the most valuable in Welsh literature, and the scarcity of which is as generally regretted. One or two private undertakings of this nature have indeed been announced*; but it does not appear, whether they have experienced adequate encouragement or not, —and, without a proper indemnity in this respect, it cannot be supposed, that private individuals would incur so serious a risk.

* This has allusion to projected republication of Dr. J. D. Rhys's Grammar and Dr. Davies's Dictionary, as noticed in the former volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

The task, in truth, belongs more properly to those public societies, which have been established *professedly* for this, amongst other national objects. And it cannot be denied, that by a republication of our most scarce and most valuable works, and by a publication of some of our ancient MSS., they would confer a far more essential benefit on the cause of Welsh learning, than if they were to hold an *Eisteddfod* every month in the year. Such meetings, no doubt, have their utility; but it is trifling and evanescent, in comparison with that, which must result from a judicious promulgation of those literary stores of past times, which may otherwise be lost for ever. Yet, although so many months have elapsed since the formation of the first literary institution in Wales, nothing whatever has yet been achieved in this way, and, what is worse, nothing appears to be contemplated. Now, would it not be highly advisable, with reference to this subject, that the superfluous subscriptions (if there be any) of the several societies should be united in one fund for the purpose alluded to? And, perhaps, if this fund were deposited with the Cambrian Institution in London, it would be the most effectual method of accomplishing the proposed object. But, be this as it may, something ought speedily to be done in this respect, if it were only to rescue the Welsh societies from the disgrace of being considered merely as so many assemblies of *sinecurists*, whose patriotism was to end with their professions.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS.—It would materially serve the cause of our national literature, if individuals in possession of any ancient and curious MSS. would make them known to the world. And, if no better medium should present itself, the CAMBRO-BRITON would always be open to their communications. It is also to be hoped, that, among the other *embryon* projects of our literary institutions, that of searching foreign libraries for the ancient remains of Welsh genius and learning will not be forgotten.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

P. 55, l. 26, *for* "charity," *read* chastity.—l. 32, *for* "is," *read* was.
P. 56, l. 23, *for* "parablan," *read* parablau.
P. 58, l. 18, *for* "these," *read* those.
P. 61, l. 2, *for* "Neinio," *read* Ninio.—l. 28, *for* "Gadern," *read* Gadarn; *after* "Arch of Wales," in the notes, *insert* Vol. ii.
P. 74, l. 6, *for* "hen," *read* ben.—l. 19, *for* "refais," *read* cefais; l 20, *for* "gobm," *read* golyn.
P. 87, l. 3, of the Poetry, *for* "patients," *read* patriots.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

DECEMBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XIV.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXI. THE three Primary Inventors of the nation of the Cymry: Hu the Mighty, who first formed mote and retinue for the nation of the Cymry; and Dyvnwal Moelmud, who first made a system of the laws, privileges, and customs of country and nation; and Tydain Tad Awen, who first conferred order and system of memorial and record upon vocal song and its appurtenances, and from which system were framed the privileges and regulated customs of the bards and bardism of the Isle of Britain.

[The original words for mote and retinue are *clud* and *gosgordd*, by which is to be understood the regulation of removal and guard, by which nomadic tribes were governed, as may be seen in the Triads of Motes†. *Tydain Tad Awen*, Tydain the Father of the Muse, is a singular name; but the history of the person thus designated is so involved in mythology as not to be cleared. His name and attributes tend to identify him with Taat, or Hermes, of Egypt,—or, it may be, with Titan, or Apollo, of the Orphic Hymns, celebrated as he was for his skill in music. Tydain is commemorated in two other Triads. Hu Gadarn and Dyvnwal Moelmud have already been noticed.]

LXII. The three Primary Bards of the Isle of Britain: Plennydd, Alawn, and Gwron; that is, these were they who projected the privileges and the customs, which appertain to bards and bardism, and are therefore called the three primary ones; nevertheless, there were bards and bardism before, though they were not under a licensed system, and they had neither privileges

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii, p. 67, 8. Tr. 57—60.

† These are the *Triodd y Cludau* of Dyvnwal Moelmud, inserted in the Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 283.

nor customs, otherwise than what may have been obtained through civility and courtesy, under the protection of country and nation, before the time of these three. Some say, that they were in the time of Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr; and others say, that they were in the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud, his son, in some of the old books called Dyvnvarth ab Prydain.

[There is scarcely any thing to be said towards illustrating the history of the three personages here recorded; they are sometimes named in the works of subsequent bards, and that is all. It may be presumed, however, that *Alawn* is the same with *Olen*, or *Linus*, the Hyperborean, mentioned by the oldest Greek poets: and *Plennydd* has been thought to be identified with *Belenus*, one of the names of Apollo or the Sun. Mr. Davies, in his *Celtic Researches*, p. 170, conceives *Plennydd*, *Alawn*, and *Gwron* to mean light, harmony, and virtue,—the latter name, he says, having "the same relation to *gwr* that *virtus* has to *vir*."]

LXIII. The three Beneficent Sovereigns of the Isle of Britain: Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, who first formed a system of federalism of country and nation, and the regulation of country and border-country, in the Isle of Britain; and Dyvnwal Moelmud, who introduced an improvement and extension of the decrees and laws, and privileges, and customs of the nation of the Cymry, that right and justice might be obtained by every body in the Isle of Britain, under the protection of God and his peace, and under the protection of the country and nation; and Hywel the Good, the son of Cadell ab Rhodri Mawr, king of all Wales, who made an improvement in the Laws of the Isle of Britain, as the events and changes, that occurred to the nation of the Cymry, demanded, lest what might be good should pass into oblivion, and lest what might be good should not obtain its place, consideration, and effect in the system of the country and nation: and the best of all legislators were these three men.

[The feudal system had gained ground in this island, when Hywel Dda revised the laws of Wales; and, most probably, it was in consequence of its prevalence, that such a revision was deemed necessary. It would occupy too much space here, to enter into all the particulars relating to this important event in the Welsh history, which is rather circumstantially detailed by Caradog of Llancarvan. It may, however, be briefly noticed, that Hywel, who succeeded to the Principality of South Wales in 907, went to Rome in 926, with three Welsh bishops, for the purpose of consulting men of wisdom and learning on the im-

provement of the laws of Wales. Upon his return he summoned a national council, both of the clergy and laity, at the White House on the Tav, now called Whitland Abbey, near Tenby. Here it was determined, that the ancient code of Dyvnwal Moelmud was superior to all others, that had been examined on the occasion; and it was accordingly adopted, after having undergone some improvement and amplification. In 930 Hywel went a second time to Rome, to submit his new laws to the approbation of the Pope; and he finally promulgated them as the laws of all Wales, upon his accession to the entire sovereignty of the country in 940. Hywel died in 948. Dr. Wotton, with the assistance of the Rev. Moses Williams, published, in 1730, an edition of these famous laws, with a Latin translation, accompanied with many illustrative remarks. There are two valuable MSS. of these laws, one amongst the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, and another in the Welsh School, neither of which had been consulted on the publication of Dr. Wotton's edition. There is likewise an imperfect copy much burnt, but apparently of considerable antiquity, amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum; and there are four other copies, besides the one already mentioned, in the Cotton Collection.]

LXIV. The three Vigorous Ones of the Isle of Britain: Gwrnerth Ergydlym [Sharp-shot,] who killed the greatest bear, that was ever seen, with a straw arrow; and Gwgawn Lawgadarn [Mighty-hand,] who rolled the stone of Maenarch from the valley to the top of the mountain, and which no fewer than sixty oxen could have drawn; and Eidiol Gadarn [the Mighty,] who, in the plot of Caer Sallawg, slew of the Saxons 660 men, with a billet of the service-tree, between sun-set and dark.

[This triad, so far as our information goes, is the only memorial of the first two personages mentioned in it. The stone of Maenarch may possibly be known to some reader of the CAMBRO-BRITON; and, should that be the case, some notice of it would be esteemed a favour. The plot of Caer Sallawg, or Old Sarum, is called by the Welsh *Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion*, or the Treachery of the Long Knives, and is commemorated still by bonfires on November eve, as explained in the former volume of this work, p. 172. As the winter solstice was one of the four great festivals of the Britons, it is likely enough, that Hengist and Vortigern would have fixed upon such a period for holding the meeting, of which the remembrance is thus preserved; and fires were from time immemorial kindled to celebrate the two solstices and

the two equinoxes. So the present inhabitants of Wales give only the plot of Hengist and Vortigern as a reason for bonfires on the eve of November, that being the only time, on which fires are kindled at present, the original festivals having sunk into oblivion.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM*.

CXI. Three things that will discover the disposition and natural qualities of a man: his eye, his speech, and his motions.

CXII. Three things that will cause a man to become wise: adversity, sickness, and enemies.

CXIII. With three things one ought to purpose every good action and knowledge: with all love, with all understanding, and with all ability.

CXIV. Three things that will show the bias of a man's mind: what he seeks to conceal, what he wishes openly to manifest, and what he greatly fears.

CXV. By three things shall a true knowledge of every thing be obtained: the sight, the hearing, and the feeling; and from these three comes the understanding; and without them there can be neither reason, nor understanding, nor knowledge as to any thing perfectly.

CXVI. There are three judgments as to all things, and without the three conjointly there can be no right judgment of any thing: the judgment of a friend, the judgment of an enemy, and the judgment of the conscience.

CXVII. Three unseemly and unjust opinions in any person whomsoever: the thinking himself wise, the thinking that every one else is unwise, and the thinking that every thing he may like is becoming in him.

CXVIII. From three things shall credit be obtained for the truth: from believing every thing, from disbelieving every thing, and from believing it of no consequence how it may be.

CXIX. Three things that, from their being rightly understood, will cause peace and tranquillity: the course of nature, the claim of justice, and the voice of truth.

CXX. Three things that will uphold learning: wit, exertion, and circumstance.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 212.

TRIADS OF THE FOUR NATIONS:

By the Lord William Herbert, of Rhaglan*.

I. Three notable things in a Welshman: genius, generosity, and mirth.

II. Three notable things in an Englishman: coolness, boldness, and industry.

III. Three notable things in a Frenchman: gallantry, courtesy, and inconstancy.

IV. Three notable things in an Irishman: flattery, cunning, and ostentation.

V. Three things that will make a person possessing them remarkable for wisdom: the genius of a Welshman, the courtesy of a Frenchman, and the industry of an Englishman.

VI. Three things that will make a good neighbour: the generosity of a Welshman, the coolness of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman.

VII. Three things that will make a banquet companion equal to the best: the mirth of a Welshman, the boldness of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman.

VIII. Three things that will make an accomplished libertine: the generosity of a Welshman, the gallantry of a Frenchman, and the flattery of an Irishman.

IX. Three things that will make a complete traitor: the coolness of an Englishman, the flattery of an Irishman, and the genius of a Welshman.

X. Three things that will make an excellent deceiver: the gallantry of a Frenchman, the cunning of an Irishman, and the industry of an Englishman.

XI. Three things that will make a foolish man: the mirth of a Welshman, the inconstancy of a Frenchman, and the ostentation of an Irishman.

XI. Three things that will make as perfect a devil as ever was reared in hell: the boldness of an Englishman, the cunning of an Irishman, and the genius of a Welshman.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 275. The four people, who form the subject of these (Triads, are, in the original, *Cymro*, (a Welshman,) *Sais*, (an Englishman, *Franc*, (a Frenchman,) and *Gwyddel*, (an Irishman.) The author appears to have been the celebrated William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was Chancellor of Oxford in 1626. He died in 1630, and left a small volume of English poems, which was published thirty years afterwards.

XIII. Three things that will cause a man to be laughed at by every body: the gallantry of a Frenchman, the ostentation of an Irishman, and the mirth of a Welshman.

XIV. Three things that will not speedily be seen in the same person: the generosity of a Welshman, the industry of an Englishman, and the courtesy of a Frenchman*.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

TWELVE QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY CATWG TO HIS DISCIPLES†.

I. Who is wise?—He that will not be angry at being ridiculed, and will not feel himself proud for being praised.

II. Who is discreet?—He that considers well before he speaks his mind.

III. Who is strong?—He that is able to master his passions.

IV. Who is powerful?—He that is able to hide his poverty.

V. Who is contemptible?—He that doth not conceal his own secret.

VI. Who is acceptable among the people?—He that is able to maintain himself.

VII. Who is merry?—He that doth not hear his conscience chide him.

VIII. Who is free?—The possessor of a trade and art, that can support himself therewith in any part of the world he may choose.

IX. Who is of good habit?—He that can bear with a wrathful and mischievous man, who may be in his company.

X. Who is good?—He that punisheth himself for the benefit of another.

XI. Who is happy?—He in whom there are by disposition a hatred against evil and a love towards what is goodly.

XII. Who is pious?—He that believes in God and loves him, and sees that his will and works are superior to all things.

* Among the "notable things" of a Frenchman, his vanity might have been mentioned, of which many instances may be cited; but the following singular trait, which occurs in M. Castel's Letters on Music, as comparing the French with other nations, may not be out of place here. "In music," says the writer, "the Spaniards bark, the Germans low, the English hiss, the Italians bleat, and the French *sing*."

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 55.

COLLECTANEA.

ANTIQUITATES PAROCHIALES.

[*Continued from page* 55.]

"NOTWITHSTANDING some persons may doubt whether Llanddwyn ever constituted one of the Prebends of Bangor, yet this circumstance will be placed beyond all question by the following document:—'Know all men by these presents, that 'I Griffith Young, LL.D., Archdeacon of Merioneth, having 'been appointed deputy to the Rev. Wm. Vaughan, Canon of the 'Cathedral of Bangor, and Prebendary of Llanddwyn, with full 'power and authority to nominate any other person or persons 'my agent or agents, to receive the rents, profits, offerings, and 'emoluments whatsoever, to the said Church of Llanddwyn be-'longing and appertaining, do hereby nominate and appoint our 'beloved in Christ, Evan ap Bleddyn, Archdeacon of Anglesey, 'Meredydd ap Tudur*, and Meredydd ap Cynvrig†, (stewards to 'the Bishop of Bangor,) my deputies and agents, to receive the 'said rents, &c., and with full power also to commence legal 'proceedings against Iorwerth Vychan, rector of Llanddoget, in 'the diocese of St. Asaph, for having violently, unjustly, 'illegally, and sacrilegiously taken possession of part of the rents, 'profits, and offerings of the said Prebendal Church of Llanddwyn, 'and against any other persons, who may, in like manner, trans-'gress and offend; in testimony of which, I have hereunto 'caused my seal to be affixed. Given at the Camp of Llan-'Badarn‡, 19 Jan. 1404.'

"From the preceding commission it evidently appears, that Llanddwyn, in former days, was not only one of the prebends of Bangor, but was also, in all probability, one of no inconsiderable emolument. Nor must it be omitted, that the celebrated Richard Kyffin, at that time dean of Bangor, and most probably prebendary of Llanddwyn, resided in this remote corner, and, by means of fishing-boats and other small craft, carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Richmond, then in exile in Brittany in France, and, in conjunction with Sir Rice ap Thomas of Dinevor, and other chiefs, who favoured the Tudor cause, concerted plans

* Ancestor of Henry VII.—P. B. W.

† Of Porthamel, or Porth ym Moel.—P. B. W.

‡ This G. Young, in all probability, was, at that time, in the train or army of Owain Glyndwr.—P. B. W.

for the overthrow of the tyrant Richard III., and for bringing that nobleman to the throne, by the name of Hen. VII., in which they were at last successful, the usurper having been killed, as is well known, in Bosworth Field, and Henry proclaimed king.

"The church of Llanddwyn was dedicated, as it is conjectured, to Dwynwen, the daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, one of the celebrated *Colidei* or *Culdees*. This Brychan, as we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, had a great number of sons and daughters, who had acquired, in that dark age, a great reputation for sanctity, and were, consequently, (as was usual in those times,) denominated *saints*, and several churches in Wales were dedicated to their memory. On a small plain or meadow, in the middle of this little promontory, are situated the remains of the once celebrated church of Llanddwyn; and its present ruinous and desolate appearance must forcibly impress the mind of every person, who may be induced to visit this retired spot, with the transitory nature of all sublunary greatness and magnificence. It appears, that, soon after the Reformation, this church became so neglected, that it was exposed to the depredations of the neighbouring inhabitants, who, from time to time, despoiled it of all the timber and lead, and converted them to various domestic uses; but it is generally reported and believed, that the wretches, who were guilty of such an act of sacrilege, did not prosper long, for that the just judgment of the Almighty fell upon them. It is very probable, that, in ancient times, Llanddwyn might have been an island, and that sands, stones, and sea-weeds, collected by storms and tempests, gradually formed the present isthmus. For it is evident, that small islands of this description, nearly adjoining the main land, were the places generally selected by the Colidei in remote ages, as best adapted for devotion and contemplation, on account of their comparative security from the incursions of plunderers and marauders, and their remoteness from the convulsions and commotions of those turbulent times of anarchy, misrule, and domestic discord. Holyhead, (Ynys Gybi,) Llandyssilio, and Llangwyfaen, the former an island, and the two latter small rocks, on this coast, which were the different retreats of Cybi or Kebi, Tyssilio, and Gwyvaen*, may be mentioned as instances in proof of this assertion.

* This should be Cwyvan, who was the son of Brwyno Hen, and lived in the seventh century. There are two other churches dedicated to this saint, one in Monmouthshire, and the other in Denbighshire. Tyssilio was contemporary with Cwyvan; and Cybi lived during the preceding century.—Ed.

"As to the other parts of this small parish, they are perfectly barren and uncultivated, except a few tenements adjoining Newborough, tolerably well adapted for tillage, and from which (as they are considered extra-parochial) no tithes are demanded; the remainder consists of a rabbit warren, (which is consequently undermined by those animals,) and marshes, pools, and sandbanks, covered with sedges, reeds, and bulrushes, which supply the inhabitants of Newborough with great abundance of materials for the manufacture of mats, ropes, hassocks, &c. A grant of this warren was made, many years ago, to the family of Bodowen by one of the bishops of Bangor. It would be inconsistent with the design of this short history, and too tedious at present, to describe the variety of shells, shell-fish, and marine plants, which are frequently discovered on this shore; I shall, therefore, omit these for the present, and proceed to describe other portions of this district, which are more populous and better cultivated.

"Llan Bedr cum Novo Burgo, St. Peter's cum Newborough.—This parish, the ancient manor of Rhosyr, was the grange or demesne of some of the Welsh princes, and was denominated a manor and not a vill, and, according to the custom of those times, was divided into two parts. That next to the palace was destined for the villains, or bondmen, and the other inhabited by tenants, who were yet bound to their lord under certain rents and services. The former of these was again subdivided into two comportions. One was appropriated as the residence, and placed under the management, of an officer called *Maer y Biswail**, and was distinguished by the name of *Maer-Drev*, or Bailiff's Town or Habitation, and there are still many places, which retain this appellation. The *Maer-Drev* consisted of twelve *gavels* or tenements, which were held subject to certain services; and the other sub-division contained twelve small fields or enclosures, called *gerddi;* and those, who cultivated them, were distin-

* *Maer Biswail*, in the laws of Hywel, signifies a land-steward, or bailiff of a manor, and particularly with reference to the royal domains. His duties, as enumerated in these laws, were chiefly to superintend the management of the land under his care, and to provide certain necessaries for the court. In return, he was entitled to certain fines from the vassals and dependents, and other fees, besides the hides of all cattle that should be under his care for three nights. He had also certain other privileges, and was allowed a lodging in the buttery (*bwytty,*) or refectory, as Wotton translates it.—Ed.

guished by the names of *garddwyr*, who were persons of the meanest or lowest description. The second principal division or comportion of the manor contained eight *gavels*, (or holdings,) which were held by those denominated *liberi nativi*, or *freemen*, who claimed an hereditary right to their possessions; and there are some of these, whose posterity are to this day proprietors of the same tenements. But even these last were bound to perform certain services, such probably as the cultivation of certain portions of the demesne or prince's farm, keeping some of his horses or dogs, the payment of a particular quantity of corn, or meat, and so many heads of cattle, &c.

"These appear to have been the ancient divisions of this parish; but after the conquest, when the English kings becam princes of Wales, these Welsh customs and regulations were discontinued. The bondsmen were liberated, and the first mentioned portion of the manor, containing the site of the prince's palace, was converted into a borough, first of all subject to Carnarvon and afterwards to Beaumaris; and it retains, to the present time, the name of Newborough, as appears from what are called the Kensington Petitions. In the time of Edw. II., however, this place obtained a separate and independent charter *et gildam mercatoriam cum hansa*, and, under Edw. III., obtained many privileges confirmed after the manner of the statute of Rhuddlan, under the sanction of Parliament, which were again re-enacted and re-confirmed in the time of Richard II., Henry VI., and Henry VIII., which facts may be easily ascertained by any person, who may think proper to consult the Newborough charter, now in the possession of Mr. Owen, the worthy mayor of this borough*."

[*To be continued.*]

PREFACE BY THE REV. EVAN EVANS.

[*Continued from page* 59.]

"There is also a certain degree of obscurity in the very words and language of Taliesin; and the same may be observed of the compositions of Aneurin Gwawdrydd and other bards of the same age, a catalogue of whose works may be found in the learned

* Qu., was this Mr. Owen of Bodowen? If so, this charter may be in the possession of his descendant, Sir John Owen, of Orielton, Pembrokeshire, and where probably there may be some valuable MSS.—P. B. W.

Edward Llwyd's Archæology, collected from the notes of William Maurice, Esq. of Cefn y Braich. But Mr. E. Llwyd never saw any of the poetical compositions of Taliesin, Aneurin, and other early bards, except those of Llywarch Hen, which he found in *Llyfr Coch o Hergest:* and the works of these ancient authors will afford us very material assistance, not only in the investigation of our ancient British language, but also in examining historical facts, and in tracing the origin of the various tribes, who inhabited this island during that early period. Taliesin, in a poem, of which the following is the title, "*Cerdd am Feibion Llyr ap Brychwel Powys,*" mentions three separate nations, who had taken possession of different parts of Britain, previous to his time, viz. *Gwyddyl* (Celts or Gauls*,) *Brython*, and *Romani*, (Romans.)

Gwyddyl, a Brython, a Romani,
A wna hon dyhedd, a dyfysci;
Ac am derfyn Prydein, cain ei threfi.

And they are represented as exciting war and tumult on the borders of this fair isle, and its beautiful towns and cities; and it appears evidently from this poem, that the first inhabitants were *Gwyddyl* or Celts, which circumstance Mr. Llwyd and others have proved most satisfactorily, from the names of mountains, rivers, &c. But by the word *Gwyddyl* Taliesin must, by no means, be understood to mean the modern Irish; for their language at present contains a very considerable mixture of Cantabrian and Spanish, and differs very materially from the ancient genuine Celtic and British, which clearly appears from the writings of the old bards, and the ancient British Proverbs. For, if any person were vain enough to suppose, that he could discover the meaning of some of our obsolete British words, by consulting an Irish Dictionary, he would soon find himself woefully disappointed, and I am clearly of opinion, that the ancient genuine Celtic dialect had a very near affinity to the old Welsh or British. I believe, that the persons, denominated *Gwyddyl* by Taliesin, were genuine Celtæ, and inhabited this island previous to the arrival of the Britons, and probably soon after the general deluge, and that these Celtæ were the progeny of the Titans; for the Curetes and Corybantes, who were their princes and nobles, are

* The terms Celts and Gauls were not synonymous, but appear, on the contrary, to have been directly opposed to each other. See the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 127.—ED.

clearly identified with the *Cowri* of the British history, written by Tyssilio (the bishop,) which Geoffrey of Monmouth has very improperly translated *Giants*. And this blunder of his has been the source of endless mistakes; for the word *Cowri* evidently means princes, generals, nobles, or persons of great eminence*. The Curetes are therefore our *Cowri;* and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowri-Bann*) were princes or persons of great eminence, as the expression denotes; and, what is still more to our purpose, the word *Gwyddyl* also implies any thing conspicuous, and is nearly synonymous with *Cowri*, which is the usual term, even to the present day, to designate persons of uncommon stature or great bodily strength†. The Curetes, therefore, were evidently our *Cowri*, and the Corybantes (i. e. *Cowry-Bann*) imply princes or leaders, or persons of the most eminent rank and consequence: and, in order to corroborate this assertion, it may be observed here, that there is a very high mountain near Towyn, in the county of Merioneth, which, to this day, bears the name of *Gwyddyl Fynydd;* and the highest peak or summit of Snowdon, is denominated *Yr Wyddfa*, (i. e. the highest eminence or the most conspicuous,) and by the common people, even at this time, is known by no other name. And *Gwydd Grug* means a high hill, or eminence, *Gwydd Fryniau*, high banks, and *Trum Gwydd*, the ridge of a mountain, and many others, which it would be tedious and useless to enumerate. And it may also be observed here, that the Κελται and Γαλαται, of the Greeks, and the *Celtæ* and *Galli*, of the Latins, appear to me to bear no other import. For *Gallt* and *Allt* are clearly synonymous with *Gwyddel*‡, and denote any thing high or eminent, though the word *Gallt* is, at present, restricted to designate the steep ascent of a hill, or a declivity; but, that the word *Gallt* was anciently used to denominate high mountains may be justly inferred from the word *Alps*,

* On the nature of Geoffrey's mistake in this instance, as well as on the general meaning of *Cawr*, there are some very judicious observations by Mr. Lewis Morris in a letter of his, published in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 350.—Ed.

† When we consider, that the success of a battle or any enterprise, in those days, depended, in a great measure, on courage, united with uncommon physical strength, it will not appear surprising, that persons of eminent stature were selected as princes or leaders.—P. B. W.

‡ Is not *Gwyddel* derived from *Gwydd*, signifying trees or shrubs? If so, it has no reference to the meaning here given it, but implies, as observed in the place referred to in a preceding note, an inhabitant of the woods or coverts, and is consequently synonymous with *Celt*.—Ed.

which is evidently composed of two Celtic words, Gallt-ban, or pen, i. e. Allt-ban, Al-pen, or Alpine, which commutation or change of initial letters will appear easy to any person acquainted with the British language, and perfectly justified by the rules of grammar, as the mutations of radical letters in Welsh are well known to be nearly endless *. It would not be difficult to prove, that the ancient Britons are descendants of the Celtæ, and a close connection and affinity may be traced between their language not with the ancient Celtic only but also with the Greek; and, it is at the same time very evident, that their dialect differed materially from that of the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, and whom on that account they denominated *Gaillt* and *Gwyddyl*. The British language retains to this day many words purely Greek, such as *Haul*, Ηλιος, the sun, *Dwfr*, Υδωρ, water, and many others, which have been pointed out some time by the learned *Pezron*. But, that the Britons had other words of the same import purely Celtic may be proved from the works of the ancient bards; for *huan* is made use of by Iorwerth Vychan, and many other bards, to signify the *sun*,—

Llewyrch ebyr myr, morfeydd dylan;
Pan lewych *huan* ar fann fynydd.
Iorwerth Vychan.

Coruscatio portuum aquarum, et paludum marinarum;
Cum sol splendet ab excelso monte.

"And the old bard, *Avan Verddig*, in his elegy on the death of Cadwallon, the son of Cadvan, makes use of *bêr* for water, instead of *dwr* or *dwfr*.

"Goluchav glew, hael, hilig Nâv Nêr,
Aded gynt, ettiynt, hyd yn *irfer* hallt."
Avan Verddig.

Exorabo potentem et liberalem Dominum Creatorem,
Iverunt ad madidam aquam salsam.

"And from hence it is manifest, that *huan* and *bêr*† are two ancient Celtic words; but, if any one were to consult an Irish lexicon in hopes of finding the expressions, he would be disappointed; yet he may discover *bir* among the obsolete words in that language. The names of moors, meadows, and rivers, in different parts of Wales, may also be produced as an additional

* This observation is by no means correct, as the mutations in Welsh are fixed and defined: and, with reference to a preceding observation, it should also be noticed, that the radical B is never changed into P, as there assumed.—Ed.

† Qu., whether *Cymmerau* (the junction of streams) near Dolgellan, be not derived from *bêr*, *mêr*, cyd-mêr, cym-mêr?—P. B. W.

evidence, that *ber* and *mer* originally signified water,—for instance, *Bereu Derwenydd*, near Snowdon, *Castell y Berau**, in Llanvihangel y Pennant, in Merionethshire, where many mountain torrents meet. *Aber*, a confluence, seems also to justify this opinion, and *inver*, in the Erse dialect."

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIII.

Rev. EDWARD LLWYD *to Mr.* HUMPHREY WANLEY†, *dated* APLETON, *Jan.* 6, 170$\frac{2}{3}$.

SIR,—Being retired, for this winter season, (when there's little or nothing to do at the Museum), about six miles out of town, it falls out to be sometimes a week before I have letters from Oxford, and, perhaps, as long ere I can send my anwers thither; you had else sooner received my thanks for your most acceptable and obliging letter of December 24th.

I knew nothing of Macregol's Gospel, till you directed me, but, have gone since on purpose from hence to see it, and was well satisfyed with the journey. As to your *quære*, whether the names of the two interpreters (Fermen and Owen) be British, I can only say, that Owen is common to the Britans and Irish, both as to modern use and in their oldest books of genealogy; but Fermen is peculiar (for what I have yet observed) to the Irish, which, according to the propriety of that language, varies into Herman and Herimon, a custom, which the old Spaniards seem to have had once in common with them,—seeing, we find, they have turned the Roman *facere* to *hazar*, *fabulari* to *hablar*, *fumare* to

* Qu. whether it be not derived rather from *beri*, kites? It appears to me that *mèr* is the radix for water, and that *ber* signified a spit or any thing pointed or sharp.—P. B. W.

† Mr. Humphrey Wanley, son of the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley, author of the "Wonders of the little World," was born in 1671, and died 1726. After having spent some time at Oxford, of which University he was a member, he became librarian to Lord Oxford, and in this situation had the arrangement of the Harleian Collection of MSS., now deposited in the British Museum, and from which this letter is copied. Mr. Wanley was also well skilled in Anglo Saxon literature, and was generally respected by the learned men of his time.—ED.

humear, so *faba*, *hava*,—*fatur*, *hado*,—*fermosus*, *hermoso*,—*fascis*, *hacha*,—*fagus*, *haya*, &c. Macregol is also, in all likelihood, an Irish name; so that upon the whole, these old Scots seem to have a greater claim to this valuable monument, notwithstanding its Teutonic interpretation, than either Saxons, Danes, or Britons.

I heartily thank you for your promise of communicating, for the future, an account of such British and Irish MSS, as shall occurre, and desire you would please to number me amongst the rest of your friends, as you examine any library of old MSS. I am but a stranger to the Cotton Library, as, indeed, to most others.

My lord of Carlisle sends me the welcome news, they are likely to elect you keeper; but, I have not learned what the profit of the place may amount to, and, I hope, if you should accept of it, that you will not be thereby confined to reside there.

I find my Lord of Carlisle had an imperfect account of the reputed British history in the Gresham Library; for you tell me 'tis Irish, and, he says, 'tis onely a Latin treatise (written in Irish characters) of logic, ethicks, and physicks. No doubt, but the Picts used the same character with the Scots and Britains, and, probably their language could not be much different; so, we know not, but some of the very ancient Irish MSS., still extant, might have been their's. For, that language has been so much neglected these later years by all scholars, that I dont know of any vocabulary of it (much lesse of any dictionary) ever published, except a small one printed at Louvaine, all Irish. This want of a dictionary has made almost all the Irish parchment MSS. unintelligible, and little regarded; insomuch, that I could not, though I made it my business, find one scholar or gentleman in Ireland, that could give me any tolerable account of the few old MSS., I had bought of some of the heirs of their country poets and genealogists. Thus, having no dictionary nor teacher, I have not been able, though very desirous, to acquire any skill at all in the Irish MSS, though I understand their printed books tolerably well. If any living person interprets the MS. you mention (though 'tis not probably worth much inquiry), it must be some of the Irish or Highland clergy of foreign education, or at least some curious Highland gentleman, who has been particularly conversant that way.

I find, by your censure of Kolum Kil's Gospel, you have ac-

quired a more critical skill in distinguishing the dates of our oldest MSS. than I thought attainable, in regard they are so few; but it seems, and I am glad to find it so, we are not so poor as I imagined.

You have probably, ere this, perused that MS. of the bishop of Norwich's I mentioned in my last. If you have copied the few marginal entries in it, I should be glad of them at your leisure, as also of the few Irish words you say there are in one place of the Cambridge Psalter now by you; because, they may, perhaps, prove British. Pray, do you take the Durham Gospels to be Saxon or British hands? and are there are any glosses or marginal entries? It has long been my opinion, that the Irish received their letters from the Britans, and the Saxons from both, which I grounded on the several MSS. we have in that character in Wales, and the number of old Irish MSS., either as to language or character, still extant though very much dispersed. The oldest I have met with, with any assurance of date, is the inscription of Kadvan, king of North Wales, who was at the famous engagement against Æthelfrith, *anno* 607, according to the Saxon Chronicle. We have diverse others, that look old enough, but no certainty of the time. I am, Sir,

your obliged friend and humble servant,

E. Lhwyd.

LETTER XIV.

Bishop Percy *to the Rev.* Evan Evans, *dated* Easton Maudit, *April* 10, 1764.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I perform all your requests; inclosed you have the transcript from Wormius which you desired. As his book relates only to the Runic letters and ancient manner of writing, it did not fall within his subject professedly to treat of the Islandic prosody; he has, therefore, only described one species of verse out of innumerable others, and this, as it were, by the bye and by way of specimen. He refers to the *Edda*, or old Islandic book of prosody, for the rest; this book I have not seen.—There is another *Edda*, which I have, that explains the Islandic mythology, and of this I shall publish, ere long, a translation, with some curious notes and dissertations of *M. Mallet*, the present historiographer to the King of Denmark, as you may remember I have hinted in the preface to my specimens of Runic poetry.

When may one hope to see your *Dissertatio de Bardis*?* I am fond of the subject, and have great expectations of your manner of handling it. I thank you for your friend's preface; though he is not much master of English style, the particulars he produces are curious†. I have turned to my learned friend Mr. Lye's edition of *Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum* for the etymology of such words as your friend mentions, and I find nothing, that does not confirm his derivations; I have not time now to descend to particulars, but shall be glad to hear from you as soon as agreeable. One so much master, as you are, of British antiquities, whether historic or poetical, can never want means of entertaining, dear Sir, your very affectionate servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

P. S. Pray, are the Welsh romances, you have described, in prose or verse? If they are in prose, then let me ask if you have ever seen any in verse? I take it, these subjects were treated in verse before they came to plain prose in most nations‡. This, at least, I find to be the case in the old Erse and Islandic languages, as well as in the more modern Italian, French, Spanish, and English tongues. I have got curious specimens in the last I mentioned. Pray is the word St. *Great*, or St. *Greal*, in the first article of your curious letter §?

LETTERS ON COLL GWYNFA.

LETTER I.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—You have, in the first and third numbers of your miscellany, given a criticism on Mr. Owen Pughe's translation of Paradise Lost; and I will venture to express my conviction, that

* This work must have been published soon after this letter was written, as it appeared in the same year.—ED.

† This friend was, most probably, Mr. Lewis Morris.—ED.

‡ Not amongst the Welsh; whose ancient literature possesses this peculiarity, that its poetry is the vehicle of truth and of history, and its prose that of fiction and romance. This has been before noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.

§ There must be an error in the word *saint* here applied to *Greal;* the passage in Mr. Evans's letter had probably reference to the celebrated ancient MS. of that name so unfortunately lost from the Hengwrt library.—ED.

whoever has perused the work, or even the passages, you have extracted from it, must be satisfied as to the justice of your eulogium, however extravagant it may appear to others. But, I am very apprehensive, that this translation, admirable as it is, will want in the present age the popularity it so well deserves; for, to speak plainly, I am afraid it is too good for the Welsh *literati* of these times. Indeed, I have even heard some complain of Mr. Pughe's language, as being too deep and obscure, whereas the fault existed only in the shallowness of their own comprehension.

You have well observed, with reference to the imputed obscurity of COLL GWYNFA, that, wherever the author "may appear antiquated, he is only the more classically and more purely Welsh*." I fully concur in this remark, inasmuch as I hold our native language to be essentially different in this particular from all others, considering, as I do, that its energy, harmony, and purity are to be found in the greatest perfection in its most ancient records, and, that whatever it possesses of inelegance or of weakness is all of comparatively modern creation. The nearer, therefore, Mr. Pughe has approached to those early models, the more he has consulted the genuine excellencies of the Welsh tongue. But, there is another point to be considered in relation to this subject, and which has, I believe, been repeatedly urged in the CAMBRO-BRITON. I allude to that inborn and inexhaustible fountain, if I may be allowed the expression, from which the language derives so much of its fertility, and its luxuriance†. In the hands of an experienced and tasteful scholar it cannot fail to acquire, from this source, a degree both of copiousness and expressiveness, unequalled in any other tongue, whether modern or ancient, with which I am acquainted. And this quality of the language, it appears to me, Mr. Pughe has exhibited in a remarkable manner in his translation of Paradise Lost.

Under these impressions it is that I presume to offer to your readers some extracts from COLL GWYNFA, in addition to those which have already appeared. And, in doing this, I shall select some of those passages, which have always been deemed most remarkable in the original. For, such is the general merit of

* See CAMBRO BRITON, vol. 1, p. 104 —ED.

† The writer appears here to allude to the illimitable faculty of combination possessed by the Welsh language, before noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON. See particularly vol. 1, pp. 84, & 104.—ED.

the translation, that it becomes almost a matter of indifference from what part of it the proofs of the writer's success are extracted. I will also, with your leave, request, that the original lines may be printed with the version, for the greater readiness of the comparison, and by which means it may be seen, at one view, with what fidelity and with what spirit Mr. Pughe has rendered the great English epic.

The first extract, which has ever been greatly admired, describes the situation of Satan on the burning lake.

" Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest, that swim th' ocean stream."—B. i. l. 202.

" Tra traethai Satan wrth ei gyfnes ŷn,
Ei ben oddiar y dòn, a llygaid mellt
Yn lluchedènu, ei aelodau braisg
A hirion, gan onofiaw ar y llif,
Amledynt liaws erwi, ac o faint
Y cawr amrosgo hwnw à oedd ei han
O ddaiar, yn y chwedlau gynt, ac efe
Yn erbyn Iou á frwydrai, ac ei enw
Briarios oedd neu Typhon, ac ei wâl
Wrth Tarsus hen, neu fo y morfil uthr
Y Lefiathan, mwyaf mil à nawf
Yr eigion à wnaeth Duw."—P. 8.

Whatever may be the force of the English lines,—and all must admit that Milton has given them as much as his language allowed,—the Welsh are at least equal. The first five lines in particular strike me as superior in this quality. For instance, I think the expression,

" ——— a llygaid mellt
Yn lluchedènu, ———."

stronger than the correspondent one in the original; and, perhaps,

" Amledynt liaws erwi"

gives a more picturesque idea of the huge bulk of Satan "expanding around" the wide waste of waters than the expression,

"Lay floating many a rood,"

however poetical it may be. The words "morfil uthr," too, seem peculiarly appropriate to the Leviathan.

The next passage I shall select is that, which so strongly depicts the "confused march" of the Satanic legions after the dissolution of their infernal council.

"Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous bands,
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd:
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire."—B. ii. l. 628.

"Mal hyn ar herw
Gan ddyrys daith a syn, y torfoedd hyf
Yn welw o fraw, eu llygaid hyll y drem
A geffynt gyntaf ar eu truan ran,
Heb le i orphwys: treiddient lawer glyn
Oedd wyll a llwm, a llawer nychled fro,
Tros lawer rhewled, llawer tanlled allt,
Craig, ffau, cau, llyn, cors, rhos, cysgodion a
Bydysawd angeu, hyn trwy reg yn ddrwg
A grëai Duw, da ond i ddrwg, lle mae
Pob byw yn marw, marw yn byw, a nawd
Yn hiliaw gwrth, ac anfertholion oll,
Ffieiddiawl, annhraethadwy, ac sy waeth
No dychymygiad chwedlau neu ias ofn:
Ai Gorgon, Hydra, ai Chimæra syn."—P. 51.

It will, probably, be discovered, that in this passage the innate energy of the Welsh language has, in one or two instances, almost raised the translation above the original. Thus, the expression,

"Mal hyn ar herw
Gan ddyrys daith a syn,"

appears to me more forcible than the English words,

"Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn."

It will, likewise, be observed, that the monosyllabic line is very happily rendered*, and particularly, when it is considered, that the Welsh tongue is very far from affording facilities in this respect, while the English, on the other hand, abounds in monosyllables. And Milton has, on several occasions, turned them to great advantage in his endeavours to adapt the representation to the thing represented.

The short extract that follows has been regarded, somewhat fancifully perhaps, as an instance of those attempts, to which I have just alluded, to make the description conformable to the sense. Hence the repetition of the word "death," at particular pauses of the lines, has been taken to be descriptive of an echo; and, if so, the same merit must be allowed to the Welsh translation, unless the English monosyllable may claim any advantage in this respect over the Welsh word.

"I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death."—B. ii. l. 789.

"Ffŏwn gan
Orlefain Angeu; Uffern crynai rhag
Yr enw hyll, yn ol gan ochi oc
Ei holl ogofau Angeu."—P. 57.

There is no passage, I conceive, in the whole circle of English poetry more beautiful, more truly descriptive of what it paints, than the following short sketch of Paradise, as viewed by the arch-fiend; scarce a line, but what flows responsive to the particular fascination it was designed to convey: the whole passage is one happy union of beauty, fragrance, and melody. If, therefore, Mr. Pughe may not have come up to his prototype in this instance, he may well be excused; but, I think your readers will agree with me, upon a comparison of his version with the original, that he has acquitted himself, even here, with considerable success.

* A similar instance may be seen in the criticism on this work, vol. 1. p. 100.—Ed.

" Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, (Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only,) and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks,
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd
On palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Leads on th' eternal spring."—B. iv. l. 268.

" Efelly dedwydd dirion orsaf oedd
O amryw sylw y fan hon: coed berth,
Yn llwyni, á ddagreuent noddion per
O arogl, ereill llathr eu pilion aur
A hoff ddibynent, ac o felys chwaeth,
Os gwir chwedleuon am Hesperia, gwir
Yn unig yma: rhyngynt oedd aml fron,
Neu dyno brith o ddëadellau gwâr
Yn addien bori; neu flodeuawg ddol
Amddyfrwys taenai ged o flodau cain
Amliwion, ac heb ddraen: tu arall aml
Ogofau oerion a llochesi clyd,
A rhwysant winwydd gan fagwyaw grawn
Gorleision arnynt; rhëdant ar y pryd
I lawr hyd lethri brönydd ddyfroedd yn
Orddyar ffrydiau, neu mewn llyn llyfnâant
Eu drych i lòni glènydd myrtwydd brwys.
Ban côr yr ednaint; yn awelu chwa
O lwyn a maes, cysona eilon maws
Y dail ergrynawl, tra arweddai Nawd
Teleidion Hinon i decâu y twf
Gwyrènig bythawl."—P. 104.

Two or three parts of this extract appear to be expressed with a particular felicity: among these are

"———— neu flodeuawg ddol
Amddyfrwys taenai ged y flodau cain
Amliwion, ac heb ddraen,"

and also

"———— rhêdant ar y pryd
I lawr hyd lethri brònydd ddyfroedd yn
Orddyar ffrydiau."

In the first example the words "amddyfrwys" and "amliwion" are very judiciously chosen, and are more expressive than the English words which they represent. In the last instance "the fall of the murmuring waters down the slope hills" is also happily described, and may be said almost to be imitated by the rapidity of the lines, unless, indeed, an objection might be made to the word "gorddyar," which, I believe, is usually applied to any great noise, such as the howling of the wind, or the roaring of the sea, and, therefore, not strictly adapted to the gentle murmuring of a brook. And, if I may be allowed to give another proof of my hypercriticism, I would observe, that the last five lines of Mr. Pughe's version do not fully convey the idea of the original, although "cysona" is certainly more expressive than "attune," as implying more emphatically that "concord of sweet sounds," which the poet intended to describe. However, the blemishes of this passage, whatever they may be, can be of no importance, when opposed to the beauties.

The ensuing extract is of a different nature from the last, but marked by all the characteristic sublimity of the Miltonian muse. It describes the deportment of Satan, when brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and encircled by all the angelic host: and the Welsh reader will discern, through the translation, the merit of the original.

"While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield."—B. iv. l. 990.

" Tra hebai hyn y dorf engylaidd fflau
Fal tân rhudd, yn llymâu i loerawl gyrn
Eu catrawd, ef dechreuent amgylchâu
Gan waewawr rhagion, tewed â phe maes
I Ceres à wanega addfed lwyn
Ei barfawg dwys, y ffordd y rhwysga gwynt ;
Yr ammaeth o bryderu saif yn brudd,
Rhag ar ei lawr ei ysgub droi yn us.
Tu arall ofnai Satan, a chrynöi
Ei gyflwyr rym gan ymhelaethu, efe
A saif fal Tenerif neu Atlas, na
Symuded : oedd hyd awyr fry ei faint,
Ac ar ei bènial seddai arswyd erch
Ei bluawr ; idd ei angad nid oedd byr
A weddai waew a tharian."—P. 128.

Fearing to trespass more than I ought on your pages, I shall, for the present, close my imperfect notice of what I conceive to be the most prominent beauties of Coll Gwynfa ; and, with your permission, I will return hereafter to the subject. In the mean time, I hope I may be allowed, as an admirer of our national literature, to express my gratitude to Mr. Pughe, for having so successfully vindicated the peculiar excellencies of that language, to the improvement and cultivation of which he had before so largely contributed. For I cannot but regard Coll Gwynfa as the most classical specimen of the Welsh tongue, which the present age has produced, at the same time that it confers upon Wales the distinction of having furnished the most faithful, and, perhaps, the most spirited translation of the sublimest of all English poems.

Idwal.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. IX.

To the Editor *of the* Cambro-Briton.

Sir,—I have had in my possession for many years a printed collection of Welsh airs, foolscap size, the greatest part of the

title page of which is torn, so that I cannot find by whom it was published, which I regret exceedingly, as it contains some very judicious and valuable remarks on British music. What remains of the title runs thus,—"Antient British Music, or a Collection of Tunes, *never before published*, which are retained by the Cambro Britons, (more particularly in North Wales,) and supposed by the learned to be the remains of the music of the antient Druids, so much famed in Roman history." From some *memoranda*, written in several parts of the book, I find that it has been published more than sixty years; should any of your correspondents have a perfect copy in their possession, by giving the name of the editor through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, they would oblige me.

Among the other contents of this musical work are some curious remarks on the ancient history of Welsh music, and its probable origin with the Druids, for which, indeed, we are not without the most satisfactory authority. At least, it is generally admitted, that music formed an essential part of the profession of the ancient bards, who held an important rank in the Druidical institution. All the observations on this point, however, in the volume before me, are not strictly to be depended upon, some of them being more curious than accurate, for which reason I shall, for the present, postpone my intended examination of this interesting subject*, and proceed to notice a few of the melodies comprised in the present collection.

"Sidanen†," or *The Silken Fair One.*—This air appears to

* It is unquestionable, that music was cultivated by the inhabitants of this island in very early ages; and of which the national custom of singing *pennillion*, still retained by the natives of Wales, is among the strongest proofs. By this practice a great variety of ancient musical compositions has been traditionally retained. It deserves also to be noticed, that to play on the harp, and to tune that instrument are reckoned among the twenty-four Welsh games, of which some account was given in the thirteenth number of this work. In the year 1100 Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Gwynedd, established new regulations for the minstrels of Wales, and improved and illustrated the twenty-four canons of music. There is a valuable MS. of his regulations in the Welsh School, with a specimen of the ancient notations, which have been published in the Archaiology of Wales.—ED.

† Mr. Jones gives this air, in his collection, in a different (yet I think improved) manner.

have been intended as an instrumental rather than a vocal strain; for the compass is too extended for the voice, and the divisions are too long. Yet, there is in the melody a vast deal of spirit.

"Hoffder Arglwydd Strain," or *Lord Strain's* Delight*, is an air very little known, I believe; I never, however, recollect to have heard it played. It is in the style of the "Queen's Dream," but the division of the strains (or parts) is unequal, the first consisting of 18, and the second of only 16, bars or measures. This irregularity often perplexes the singers, who are obliged to rest, or hurry over a few bars, in order to finish with the harper.

"Margaret verch Evan" is a very peculiar melody. The harmony at the commencement is on the *dominant* or 5th of the key, instead, (as is generally the case,) on the key note itself; but it is purely Welsh, very plaintive, and well calculated for a song on a sentimental or religious subject.

"Dynwared yr Eos," or *Mock Nightingale*.—This air is in Mr. Jones's collection, but rather different from the one before me, which may be easily accounted for. As most of the harpers in the Principality were accustomed to play by ear, and not from notes, it is natural to conclude, that a few alterations would creep in; and, indeed, the harpers are very fond of making their own flourishes, as they call them. One would expect from the name of this melody, that an imitation of the "lonely bird of night" would be introduced; but we look for it in vain. It is in a minor key, and, among the many feathered warblers I have ever heard, I never met with one that did not chaunt in the major key; but we may account in some measure for this *misnomer*. The nightingale is never heard, I believe, in many parts of Wales; so the composer, having been told that it was the "bird of sorrow," adapted the melody accordingly, as a country artist, in former days, painted the cherubim and seraphim with wry faces, because he had read, that they "continually do cry."

"Sweet Richard."—Although I had often heard this air, and always admired it, I did not think it a Welsh one, until I found it in this collection, but attributed it to Handel, or some of his contemporaries. It is, however, a most beautiful melody, and a great favourite among the Welsh harpers. *Richard Roberts* of Carnarvon, who won the silver harp at the Wrexham Eisteddfod, very judiciously selected it; and he performed the brilliant

* Is this name correct?—Ed.

* Lord Strange is intended. — J. M.

variations on it with a neatness and energy, that delighted the company*. It is equally calculated for the piano forte, and ranks with Purcel's (or rather the Welsh) ground, as a lesson for that instrument. I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN PARRY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ASCENT OF CADER IDRIS†.

THE party, intending to ascend Cader, comprised only the junior part of the family, including the young ladies, Mr. Harper, and myself; and, when the day destined for our jaunt arrived, we left Garthynghared, eight in number, at nine A. M.,—the ladies on horseback, and the gentlemen a-foot, accoutred in light fustian jackets, straw hats, and stout shoes. It was a lovely morning, as we traversed the dark heather hills, which rise behind the comfortable mansion, from which we set out; not a cloud was there to dim the bright azure of the heavens, and the morning sun shone bright on the green valleys beneath us.

> There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
> The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
> In unapproachable divinity,
> Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.
> It was a day, that sent into the heart
> A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
> From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
> To sport in one day of existence more.
> ——————the rocks and glens,
> The forest, and the everlasting hills
> Smil'd in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
> The universal blessing.

The distance from Garthynghared to Cader Idris is nearly ten

* A new edition of this air and variations has been lately published as performed at Wrexham.

† The following lively account of an excursion to Cader Idris is extracted from a MS. entitled "Recollections of a Visit to Merionethshire, in 1819," another part of which was inserted in the third "Walk round Dolgellau," in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 117, and where this excursion is also alluded to. The reader cannot fail to recognize, in this account, the work of a correspondent, to whom the CAMBRO-BRITON is already indebted for many interesting contributions of a similar nature.—ED.

miles, through tracts as rugged and desolate as the scenery by which they are encompassed is bold and romantic. Persons, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, would be astonished to see with what facility and adroitness the Welsh horses climb the highest ascents; and they would be equally amazed at the fortitude and dexterity of the mountain-nymphs, who guide them. For my part, I was not a little surprised to find, that our fair companions had been carried by their ponies, to the very summit of Cader Idris. I believe, the young mountaineers anticipated much entertainment from the adventures of Mr. Harper and myself, whom they considered, in every sense of the term, legitimate subjects of the kingdom of Cockaigne, and, consequently, little accustomed to scale precipices, or ford bogs; and, in good truth, they were not greatly disappointed. Our frequent and loud lamentations on the ruggedness of the road, the oppressive heat of the day, and the toilsome length of our walk, certainly displayed our *touristic* qualifications in no very favourable light, and continually provoked the merriment of our more nimble and hardy companions. But the first five or six miles were by far the best and easiest; the nearer we approached the mountain, the more rough, rugged, and difficult became the path, and by the time we arrived at the base of Cader, and prepared to ascend, I looked forward to many a dire mishap, before we gained the summit of the gloomy crags, which beetled high in the heavens above us. Disencumbering ourselves of our jackets, Mr. Harper and I followed Mr. Edward Owen, (his brother having undertaken to escort the ladies by a smoother, though longer path,) up the side of the mountain,—briskly, indeed, and cheerfully, but encountering many impediments by the way. At one moment we bounced suddenly and forcibly against pieces of rock, that jutted out of the earth, and were concealed from our sight by heath or other brushwood; at another, we sunk up to the waist in excavations, formed by nature in the declivity, which we were ascending; and every now and then a pretty audible murmur would escape us, as we extricated ourselves from the one, or recovered from the discomposure occasioned by the other. At length, we gained an eminence, which I had taken, or rather *mistaken*, for the summit of the mountain. "That," said our conductor, however, when arrived here, and pointing to a huge misshapen mass of rock, still about half a mile distant, "that is Pen y Cader;" and we accordingly strode manfully onwards, and speedily terminated our pilgrimage for a while, by reaching the summit, where

we were soon joined by the rest of our party. But it was the last effort of our exertion; the summit once gained, we seated ourselves on the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

After resting awhile, we rose to look around us; and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery before us.

> Amidst the vast horizon's sketch,
> In restless gaze, the eye of wonder darts
> O'er the expanse; mountains on mountains piled,
> And winding bays, and promontories huge,
> Lakes, and meandering rivers, from their source
> Traced to the distant ocean; scatter'd isles,
> Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas
> Dividing kingdoms!

The scene was indeed noble and extensive; mountain beyond mountain rose in the distance beneath us, and bounded our prospect in one direction, while it was terminated in another by a broad and beautiful expanse of ocean, glittering brilliantly in the sun-beams. Towns, villages, rivers, and lakes, (of which we counted upwards of twelve,) were submitted unobscured to our view; and we remained for a long time gazing on the magnificent scene, which our elevated situation afforded, and which the transparent atmosphere of a beautifully clear day enabled us to see to the best possible advantage.

Having satisfied ourselves with viewing the different prospects on the mountain, we repaired to a well, affording excellent water, and situated a little way down its northern declivity. We soon reached it, and, opening a basket of *provant* which we had brought with us, seasoned a very hearty meal with copious draughts of the pure and delicious beverage of this Cambrian Helicon. When we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed, we prepared to depart, Mr. Harper and I accompanying our former conductor,—and the ladies again placing themselves under the guidance of the younger Mr. Owen. Our guide led the way down one of the most rugged passes in the mountain, that known by the name of *Llwybr Madyn*, or the Fox's Path. The reasons, which induced us to encounter the difficulties of *Llwybr Madyn*, were two fold; first, we should save, at least, two miles of the road, a point well worthy of those who travel the wild hills of Merionethshire; secondly, one part of the *Llwybr* affords a very fine echo. Under these circumstances, then, we commenced our descent with cheerfulness. If we found the task of ascending

laborious, that of descending was equally so, and fraught with far more danger. The extent of *Llwybr Madyn* I should imagine to be nearly two miles; and the declivity is extremely steep, and covered in many places with a species of loose slate, which a succession of dry weather had rendered exceedingly slippery. Where this slate is not to be found, the sides of the mountain afford growth to heath and gorse, concealing large stones, with which we frequently came in contact, as we were impelled downwards by the stream of loose stones, which we had set in motion. In a hollow, at the foot of this delectable "path," is a deep and dark pool, into which, it is highly probable, we should have been precipitated, had we been luckless enough to have made a false step, or acquired too violent an impetus by our haste to reach the bottom. The echo is, indeed, remarkably fine, and the blast of a small bugle, which Mr. Edward Owen sounded, had a very beautiful effect, as it reverberated from point to point, and died away in the distance. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that we saw, as we were descending, two goats, high and hardly discernible among the brown beetling crags above us. These were the only animals of this kind I ever saw in a wild state in Wales; and I am informed, that there are generally two or three to be found among the almost inaccessible cliffs of the "Fox's Path."

Having descended the pass, we gained something like level ground, in comparison with that, which we had just been traversing, and we experienced the comfort of a tolerably smooth road for the remainder of our journey. About half way between Garthynghared and the foot of the mountain an elderly peasant, whom we saw at work in a field by the road side, after the usual salutation, invited us to his cottage, close by, to refresh ourselves. Although he spoke in a language, with which I am not very familiar, yet I could perceive an eager earnestness in his manner, which evinced the undisguised sincerity of his intentions, and we did not decline an invitation so *naïve*, yet so cordial. So, the ladies, with their conductor, having previously joined us, eight in number, we entered the good man's hut. Our approach disturbed the repose of two very large pigs, who retired with audible tokens of displeasure at the intrusion; but we were heartily welcomed by a decent old woman, our host's wife,

"*—pia Baucis anus, parilique ætate Philemon,*"

who hastened to set before us such simple fare, as the cottage

contained, and a table was quickly spread with oat-cakes and milk, bread, butter, cheese, and *siccan**. It is pleasing to record these unassuming traits of hospitality. Indeed, among the secluded hills of Wales the peasantry always evince a readiness to offer the traveller such refreshment, as their humble situation affords; and they seek no other recompence than the commendation of their simple and honest hearts. These little acts of kindness and sincerity,—these gratifying proofs of virtue and purity,—strengthen and ennoble the hearts of those, who display them, and deeply impress the minds of those, upon whom they are exercised, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and admiration. It will be long, ere I forget this mountain-peasant's courtesy,—courtesy so unaffected and sincere, and offered with so much good will, alacrity, and earnestness. It is needless to add, that we all left the cottage highly delighted,—and no one more so than the writer of these *Recollections*.

We reached Garthynghared at six in the evening; and our fatigue may be partly estimated, when it is known, that we were absent nine hours, two-thirds of which time, allowing three hours for our stay on the mountain and our sojourning at the cottage, were spent in walking. Besides, the paths we traversed were far from smooth; and, although Mr. Harper and I excited the friendly jokes of the family by our comparative effeminacy, we could very well perceive, that we were not the only persons who were wearied by the excursion. R.

CRAIG PWLL DU.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A small stream empties itself into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side of the river, called the *Matchway* by the English, but *Bach Hwy*† by the natives. At the place of its disemboguement it separates the parishes of *Llan Deilo Graban*‡ and *Llan Ystyffan*§. My motive for alluding to it is on account

* A kind of very small beer usually drank by the common people in Wales, and not very unlike cyder in flavour.

† Qu. *Bach Gwy*, the small stream?—ED.

‡ *Teilo* was a saint of the sixth century, to whom there are several churches dedicated in South Wales.—ED.

§ *Ystyffan* was also a saint of the same period, as well as an elegant moral poet.—ED.

of a singular place called *Craig Pwll Du**, over which the river falls, and which is at once the wonder of the curious, and the terror of the superstitious natives. It is but little known to travellers, and Mr. Malkin is, I believe, the only tourist, that has given any description of the spot.

Accompanied by a young friend, we descended to it from the north side of the river, and found considerable difficulty in arriving at the place we had in view. A path, if such it may be called, resembling a sheep track, proceeding down a declivity, upon which it is hardly possible to stand, a loose crumbling rock beneath our feet, a tremendous precipice on one side, over which the least slip would have inevitably hurled us, and nothing to hold by, but here and there a straggling shrub, excited sensations not the most agreeable. We, however, arrived safe at the bottom, without any accident, and were amply repaid for all our fears and fatigue. The rocks on each side rise to an amazing height, and frown horribly; you fear lest, loosening from their foundations, they should crush you with instant and inevitable ruin, and some broken and mighty fragments, at your feet, prove, that your fears are not altogether vain. The strata of rocks on the north side of the waterfall lie nearly in a horizontal position, when, making a sudden and curious twist, they ascend to the surface of the ground in a perpendicular direction, as if tired of the gloomy scenes beneath, and determined to visit the light of day. Standing upon a narrow and dangerous ledge of rocks near the fall, you see the water at your feet covered with a white foam, raging and fretting from its sudden and precipitous descent, whilst here and there, at intervals, the fluid beneath seems black and deep, justly meriting the title of *Pwll Du*. About ten yards above, from where you stand, the whole of the river precipitates itself over a rock of many feet in height, into the pool beneath. The sublimity of the fall is increased by another immense rock, which, projecting forth from the south side, partly conceals the expansive water-sheet, and seems determined to hide the height of the fall from prying observation. Here, all is horrid gloom; the rays of the sun never illuminated it, and never will,—the blackness of darkness surrounds it, and reigns lord supreme,—you feel a chilling horror seize upon your soul,—you almost involuntarily look around for safety, when the eye catches a ray of light, darting obliquely upon a humble shrub above the summit of the waterfall. The

* "The Rock of the Black Pool."—Ed.

glance is very imperfect, but the green richness of the plant looks beautiful; you admire it more than the noise of the cataract, the dashing of the spray, the height and blackening frowns of the rocks, and instantly prepare to quit this scene of wild and savage grandeur.

Ascending the southern side of the river, which, by the way, requires considerable time and caution, you soon perceive the cause of all the uproar and ruinous magnificence below. The river flows due west down a deep valley, but is suddenly stopped by a huge rock, which, projecting from the southern side, runs right across the dingle, with an amazing height and thickness. The water, unable to break through such a powerful opposer, turns suddenly to the northern bank, and, before the rock can firmly join the other side, hurries itself over with a determined fierceness: hence the cataract, the deep black pool below, and all the romantic gloom of the place.

Upon this rock, tradition says, some mighty man built a castle; and, whenever he made any prisoners, his pleasure was to hurl them over the battlements down the rock into the black pool. If this be true, it marks a savage; and certainly a more gloomy place for a castle could not be selected in all Wales. I looked for some traces of this said castle, but could find none, though it is evident the surface of the rock has been disturbed. Upon remarking this circumstance to my friend, he observed, "a *cunning man* asserted, some years ago, that there was money concealed there sufficient to purchase Radnorshire, in consequence of which some people were foolish enough to dig, in expectation of finding the prize." The place seems likely enough to produce some metallic ore, and to this the *cunning man* probably alluded. At any rate, the place is worthy the attention of mineralogists.

What encreases the wildness of the spot is the want of wood: nothing appears but a few shrubs. This was not the case formerly; for some of my aged friends assured me, that, nearly within their recollection, the whole was covered with lofty and majestic oaks. It must, of course, be expected, that a dingle, so wild and horrible, abounds with fairies, sprites, and others of the spiritual tribe. Many are the tales, which are told and believed, respecting their appearance and actions; and you may as well doubt the being of a God, in the opinion of the inhabitants, as dispute the accuracy of their statements. These tales have, probably,

truth for their basis. Beings have been often seen there and noises heard; but these, I am persuaded, have arisen from thieves, gypsies, smugglers, &c. making it their temporary residence. In such a place as *Craig Pwll Du* these gentry might easily elude the most keen pursuit; and the caverns, which are in the rocks, would afford them sufficient shelter and security.

Nearly two miles from *Craig Pwll Du*, and on the north side of the Matchway, is a rising, and almost circular, eminence, called *Twyn y Garth*. Upon the summit of this hill is a small camp nearly circular, containing only one ditch, but in a high state of preservation. The only entrace is on the east side; and, at about eighty yards distant from it, only inclining to the north-east, are two *Carneddau*. The ascent to the camp is very steep upon all sides, and three or four thousand resolute men might defend it against any army. On the south side of the camp is a piece of land nearly square, inclosed by a slight ditch, and seemingly co-eval with the intrenchment. One side of it is protected by the rampart of the camp. It seems as if it had been more like a garden for supplying the soldiers with vegetables, than as forming any exterior defence to the fortress, though its present appearance affords no signs of its ever having been cultivated. The prospects from the summit are very fine, and the beautiful Wye appears to great advantage, meandering through a picturesque and fertile vale. If any of your readers should visit that neighbourhood, I beg, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, to recommend to their notice *Twyn y Garth* and *Craig Pwll Du*.

Alnwick, Sept. 15, 1820. WILLIAM PROBERT.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. VIII.

ANCIENT WELSH LETTERS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—It cannot be denied, that, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Celtic, or ancient British, language under its present appearance, a perfect comprehension of the force of its original alphabet is, to an antiquary at least, an acquirement of some utility; since without it no meaning could possibly be applied to many interesting memorials of our ancestors. However, as the *Coelbren y Beirdd*, or Alphabet of the Bards, and the *Peithynen*, or Elucidator, have before been made the subject of a treatise in

the CAMBRO BRITON*, it becomes unnecessary to offer here any detailed account of them. I shall confine myself therefore to a brief examination of the genuineness of these ancient letters.

The claim of the ancient Britons to this alphabet seems to be indisputable; for, although Cæsar has remarked, that the Druids made use of Greek letters, it may be imagined, as before noticed in this work, that his observation on this point was occasioned by a resemblance between some of the Celtic and old Greek characters. The similarity of sound, which many words in the Welsh language bear to Greek, as well as Hebrew words of the same meaning, is an evidence of its eastern origin, and tends to confirm the opinion that it proceeded with the Cimbri from that quarter. The testimony of Cæsar is sufficient to shew, that the Britons had an alphabet before the arrival of the Romans in this country; for he states that the Druids of Gaul came to Britain for instruction†. Consequently, the letters, supposed by him to be Greek, must have been fully understood here; and, that such alphabet was the Celtic may be concluded from the frequent inscriptions, as well as old manuscripts, in that character‡. The inscriptions on British coins, struck previously to the arrival of the Saxons, prove that the Britons were in possession of an alphabet before that event. Dr. Johnson, whose authority must have considerable weight in deciding a question of this kind, has affirmed, that the form of language of the Saxons, on their arrival in Britain, about the year 450, cannot be known, and, that "they seem to have been a people without learning and very probably without an alphabet."

Before the departure of the Romans the Latin language had gained ground extensively, notwithstanding the opposition, which, it is natural to conceive, was made to its general introduction by those, who succeeded in retaining the use of their vernacular

* Vol. I. p. 241.

† Disciplina in Britanniâ reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatur; et nunc, qui diligentiùs eam rem cognoscere volunt plerumque illò discendi causâ proficiscuntur. Bell. Gall.

‡ It does not seem to be well authenticated, that there are any old MSS. in the bardic character; and the inscriptions are, perhaps, questionable. The genuineness of this alphabet must, therefore, be proved by other testimony. There are, however, some ancient MSS. such as the *Liber Landavensis*, in a character similar to the old Saxon, as was also the inscription on Cadvan's tomb, noticed in the first volume of the CAMBRO BRITON, p. 15. See also the Cambrian Register, vol. 2. p. 486.—ED.

tongue. A legendary narrative was written, in Latin, of the life of Cynan Meiriadog, who ruled over North Wales about the close of the fourth century, previously to the final abandonment of this island by the Romans*; and Latin words are to be found interspersed in the poetry of the renowned Taliesin. These facts clearly evince a progression of the language even among those whose patriotism was the most insuperable; a circumstance not surprising, if we reflect upon the perseverance of the Romans, particularly during the government of Agricola, in endeavouring to diffuse their habits throughout every part of the island under their controul. It is, however, worthy of notice, that their efforts were unable wholly to supersede the language of the native inhabitants. That an intermixture of British and Roman letters should have sometimes occurred is more than probable: of this an instance is said to have been afforded on the dicovery of the grave stone of Pabo Post Prydain, who lived about the time of the Saxon invasion, and was buried at Llanbabo, in Anglesea, where a church had been founded by him, as the name denotes. This stone is represented to have had upon its edge a Latin inscription in Celtic and Roman characters. It is presumable then, that from those two characters was derived what has received the appellation of the Saxon alphabet.

The cause of Saxon literature has been supported by men of distinguished abilities. By the exertions of Spelman a professorship was established, and, for a time, maintained, at Cambridge, for the advancement of that branch of learning. At Oxford there is now an Anglo-Saxon professor; but, while it is admitted, that the various collections of Saxon MSS., which are extant, conduce much to the means of giving perspicuity to the primitive history of Britain, it may with confidence be asserted, that, in this as well as every other respect, the literary stores of the Cymry are equally, if not more, precious; and, it seems not unreasonable to indulge the notion, that, as Wales cannot at present boast of an University, a Celtic professorship† would be peculiarly characteristic of that seat of erudition, where valuable remains of British literature are deposited, and where the study

* Cambrian Biography. [See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, pp. 87-8.—ED.]

† The advantages of a Welsh professorship at one of the Universities were strongly urged by Mr. Heber, at the late *Eisteddfod*, at Wrexham. This letter of Prydeiniad, it should be mentioned, was written some time before.—ED.

of a language, indispensable to the clergy of the Principality, is prosecuted with a zeal highly creditable to the members of Jesus College. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

PRYDEINIAD.

The following "fragment" is here inserted more for the notes than for the poetry, which, although professed to be a translation from the Welsh, wants the genuine characteristics of the Welsh muse. It appears to be rather one of those imitations of Ossian, which were at one time not uncommon.

BWRDD ARTHUR;

OR THE INSTITUTION OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

A fragment from the original British.

Spread be my board, round as the hoop * of the firmament, and as ample as my heart, that there may be no first or last; for odious is distinction where merit is equal.

Who is he with his spear yet dripping with gore? it is Meirig†, the eagle of Dyved, the terror of the Saxons: he gave a banquet to the wolves at *Cevyn Hiraeth* ‡. Woe be to him, who meets him in his wrath!

I have heard his shout!—'twas the sound of death! His guards of Cemaes || exulted. Like lightning flashed their blades around —the signal of battle!—They know no sheaths but the body of the foe.

The whirlwind of war is hushed. A lion among roses is Meirig in peace; mild as the sunbeam in spring, in the circling of the festal horn, when the womb of the harp quickens at his touch§—or when he conquers in the little battle ** of the chequered board.

* The word, in the original, signifies also the horizon—a sublime figure for the round table.

† Meirig was a Regulus of Dyved, the present county of Pemhroke, and was said to be one of the four who bore golden swords before Arthur, at his coronation feast; several of the gentry in this district trace their descent from him.

‡ The *mountain of longing or desire*, literally; but here *Hiraeth*, as *desideratum*, sometimes, in Latin, implies grief. A great number of hillocks (traditionatly said to be the graves of the slain) cover the surface.

|| In this part of Pembrokeshire was said to be Arthur's palace of Llan Nyfer.

§ The Cambrian heroes, like those of Homer, solaced themselves with music during their intervals of rest from martial labour.

** From *bach*, little, and *cammawn*, battle, sprang *backgammon;* but the game here alluded to was chess, a favourite amusement even among the pea-

Son of Urien! * thy place is here. In the strife of the conflict Owen and Urien were inseparable. Twin lions!—they fought side by side; and, at the feast shall they be divided?—Beset with foes, the barbed steel once searched Meurig's breast—Owen spread his shield before his wounded friend: the Gwyddelians saw his ravens † and fled; he pursued, and the Cynhen ran red with blood. Urien! thy fame is with the bard, but Urien can never die whilst Owen lives!

THE LEEK.

The true origin of the custom, still retained by the Welsh, of wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's Day is involved in much obscurity. However, in the absence of all certain knowlege respecting it, conjecture has not been idle. According to one account, the practice originated in a great victory obtained by the Britons over the Saxons, on which occasion the former were distinguished by the leek, as the order of St. David, and to which the following English lines appear to allude:—

"I like the leeke above all herbs and flowers;
When first we wore the same the field was ours.
The leeke is white and green, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent;
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leeke's the fairest emblem, that is worn."

Another version of this tradition refers the custom to a victory gained by Cadwallawn, near a field of leeks, which have, in consequence, ever since been worn by the Welsh to commemorate that event. The more plausible supposition, however, of Mr. Owen Pughe is, that the custom originated in the *Cymmortha*, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assist each other in ploughing their land, and on which occasion every one formerly contributed his leek to the common repast.

santry of *Cemaes*. A family of the name of Lewis, in this district, bears *azure* a *lion rampant, within an orle of roses or*, which solves the expression, in the fourth paragraph, of *a lion among roses*.

* Urien was a prince of the Northern Britons, who came into Wales to aid the sons of *Cunedda* in expelling the Gwyddelians; he had a part of the present Carmarthenshire given him, and is said to have built Caercynhen Castle.

† On his shield were depicted three ravens, which is the coat armour of Lord Dynevor, and some other families descended from him. It is to these three ravens that the bard Taliesin, in the sixth century, beautifully alludes:

"Ac ar ei vron wen vran ddu,"
And on his silver breast-plate a raven.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ARWYRAIN OWAIN.

GWALCHMAI AI CANT*.

Arddwyrëav hael o hil Grufydd,
O adian Cynan, ceinwydion udd:
Owain yd elwir,
Arglwydd hywydd hir:
Ev am dir yn wir
Yn wyth gyhudd.
Ev yn ngraid yn ngrew yn llew llovrudd,
Ev yn ngryd yn ngryn yn ryn rybudd:
Ev gwr gwelitor,
Golaith ei dewdor,
Rhag ovn yn angor
Hyd oror Morudd.
Ev gwnaeth yn ungad ddwygad ddigudd
Yn undydd herwydd herwyr cystudd:
Cad vawr Maesgarnedd,
Cad Ystrad Astyrwedd,
Cadarn gywrysedd
Cedeirn wosudd:
Cant a dau yn nghrau yn nghrair achludd;
Cnud a chnud a vud amdanadudd.
Cad argrad arall,
Cad gawad guall,
Cad val bad a ball,
A phellt ar grudd:
Cad a chedwyr Lloegr â llwgr i vudd,
A gorvod i vod i vab Grufydd.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. 1, p. 197. Gwalchmai, as already mentioned in the progress of this work, was one of the most distinguished poets of the twelfth century; and, having been also a warrior, the fire of his martial spirit seems to have been frequently infused into the strains of his muse. Twelve of his productions are preserved, and are printed in the Welsh Archaiology; and of these five are addressed, like this, to Owain Gwynedd. The present Ode may, perhaps, be considered inferior to the one previously selected, (see vol. 1, p. 229,) as wanting that variety of incident, on which the excellence of lyric compositions so greatly depends. The orthography, it will be seen, has been adapted to the present day, with the exception, that v and f are, as in former instances, substituted for f and ff.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING ODE BY GWALCHMAI.

GRUFFYDD'S noble son I sing,
Cynan's heir*, high-gifted king:
Owain his glorious name,
Of bold and manful fame;
Who in him aught might blame,
Save his warm, impetuous ire,
Warlike rage, and soul of fire?

There, upon the battle-plain,
Lion-like with gory hand,
Where insulting terrors reign,
Foremost signal see him stand:
While on the carnage covered field
His vanquished foes a bulwark yield
To trembling fear, far as yon billowy strand†.

Two conflicts, pregnant with dismay,
He fought, he gained, in one short day:
Maesgarnedd's field of might,
Astyrwedd's bloody fight‡,
Where valour shone so bright,
And fiercest struggles marked the doubtful fray:
Where slaughtered heaps on heaps were seen to soar,
And prowling wolves hung round, to snatch their feast of gore.

* Owain Gwynedd was the son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, one of the most celebrated of the Welsh princes. Owain too, who reigned over North Wales thirty-two years, was not less distinguished by the valour of his martial achievements, in his several oppositions to the incursions of the English and other bordering enemies.—ED.

† The word, here translated "strand," is in the original *Morudd*, and which has been applied to the British Channel. Dr. Davies derives the word from *mor* and *rhudd*, red sea; and Mr. Owen Pughe from *mor* and *udd*, the king's sea.—ED.

‡ Maesgarnedd is on the banks of the Maw near Dolgellau; the situation of Ystrad Astyrwedd is not known. The name may possibly have reference to the same battle, as another engagement is mentioned in the following lines: and the poet speaks only of two.—ED.

Next a field of glorious fame,
Where the furious torrent came,
War's all-wasteful shower descending,
Prostrate arms together blending,
Like the whelming waves, that ride
O'er some found'ring vessel's side:
There, Loegria*, fought thy warriors, there to thee
Came ruin and disgrace,—to Owain victory.

THE PROPHECY OF TALIESIN†.

Eu Ner a volant,
Eu hiaith a gadwant,
Eu tir a gollant
Ond gwillt Walia.
Taliesin.

Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
Still keep their language and their lays,
But nought of all their old domain,
Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign.

HEARD ye that sound near Tywy's‡ stream;
Or was it but some mystic dream,
That floats the pensive soul along,
With its wild mimicry of song?
Ah, list again,—yon mountain dell
Re-echoes to the tuneful spell:
'Tis Urien's§ mighty bard, that sings;
How proudly burst his patriot fires,
As his loved country fills his wires,
And all her sorrows mourn along his strings!

* England.—ED.

† The prophetic lines, on which this effusion is founded, and which are prefixed as its motto, are remarkable for having been in every respect so singularly fulfilled. And it may be hoped, that the prediction, contained in the second line, will acquire fresh force every day.—ED.

‡ The river Tywy runs through that part of South Wales, in which Taliesin is supposed to have spent the evening of his days. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. I, p. 11.—ED.

§ Taliesin was, at one time, the bard of Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian chieftain, and who is supposed to have resided, during the close of his life, with Taliesin, among the disciples of Catwg, at Llancarvan.—ED.

The gifted seer! I hear him still,
As erst on his Dimetian* hill,
When, starting from his eye, the tear
Proclaimed his wild harp's transport near:
It comes, it comes,—and when again
Shall CYMRU hear so bold a strain?

"Land of my fathers! where is flown
The freedom, that was once thy own,
When brave Caswallawn† led his band
Of heroes from thy chalky strand,
To check the haughty Roman's pride,
As Vict'ry roll'd her refluent tide,
And Gaul beheld a stranger strain
Avenge her desolated plain?
Where now the valour, that of yore
Exulted round thy craggy shore,
When even all-conquering Cæsar's name
Earn'd but at last a doubtful fame,
And vain his wonted boast he view'd,—
"He came, he saw," but ne'er subdued‡?
Where too the bold, and patriot zeal,
That flashed in old Caradawg's§ steel,
When, nobly struggling with his fate,
He fought, and fell, sublimely great:
Though lost his much-lov'd hills and plains,
Yet still a victor in his chains,

* Dimetia was the Roman name for that part of South Wales, now called Deheubarth, or, in a more contracted sense, Dyved.—ED.

† Caswallawn's expedition to Gaul is recorded in the Triads; and seems likewise to be confirmed by Cæsar himself. See the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, pp. 87, 88. And the object of this expedition is farther stated, in the Triads, to have been the recovery of his mistress, Flur, who had been forcibly carried away by a prince of Gascony, for the purpose of presenting her to Cæsar. Caswallawn is, therefore, recorded as one of the "three faithful lovers."—ED.

‡ Notwithstanding the first successes of Cæsar, his ultimate departure was regarded by the Britons as a cause of triumph; and, according to the Triads, the event was celebrated by Caswallawn with public rejoicings. For this reason, Cæsar's laconic epistle upon another occasion, "*veni, vidi, vici*," can hardly be said to apply to his British expedition.—ED.

§ Notices of Caradawg, or Caractacus, may be seen in the first volume, pp. 169 and 204. His defeat by Ostorius, and his magnanimous deportment at Rome, when brought in chains before Claudius, are sufficiently known. The particulars are related in Tacitus's Annals, l. 12, § 33, *et seq.*—ED.

And mighty Rome was awed to see
A Briton's native majesty?
Where now the fire, that since withstood
The treacherous Saxon's headlong flood,
When, ah, in luckless hour he came
To Britain's shores in friendship's name,
Yet dared to draw the faithless glaive,
To wound the land he came to save;
Though, Britain, oft thy vengeful arm,
Broke with fierce aim the traitor's charm*?

"All, all is gone,—I see the host
Of Saxon strangers rule the coast:
Britain's last monarch† leaves the shore,
An exile, to return no more;
While to his race of all his plains
A stinted reign alone remains‡.
With patriot sadness, lo! he flies,
While memory fills his aged eyes
With all that once could pride impart,
To swell a King's, a Briton's heart;
But, sad reverse, his diadem now
Must grace a foreign ruler's brow,
And valorous Arthur's§ old domain
Must crouch beneath a Saxon's reign;
Save CYMRU'S glens and mountains wild,
Asylum formed for Freedom's child,
Proud refuge of the free and brave,
That yet survive Britannia's grave.

* Every one, acquainted with the English history, knows the breach of faith committed by the Saxons on their arrival in this country. However, the Britons, far from tamely acquiescing in the treacherous usurpation, made a long and gallant resistance, and were only at last overpowered by numbers.—ED.

† Cadwaladr, for a short notice of whom see the first volume, p. 248. After Cadwaladr's departure the dominion of the Britons was confined to Wales and Cornwall.—ED.

‡ This has reference to Cadwaladr's inheritance of Gwynedd, which descended, on his abdication, to his son Idwal. But it was not until the time of his grandson, Rhodri Molwynog, that the Britons were obliged to abandon Cornwall, when, for the first time, their power was confined within the limits of Wales. This happened about the year 750, nearly two centuries after the death of Taliesin.—ED.

§ For a brief notice of Arthur see the first volume, p. 204.—ED.

" Yes there, ye great and favour'd few,
My country still shall live with you,
And, rising o'er the wreck of time,
Exulting boast her mountain clime,
While through her fairy haunts * shall stray
The music of her happier day;
For her's shall be the glorious meed,
(So Heaven and Genius have decreed,)
That still within her bardic shell
Her native notes shall love to dwell,
And still with 'raptured voice proclaim
The records of her pristine fame;
While, as of old, shall soar above
The hymn of gratitude and love,
Still mingling with her gifted lays
The incense of a nation's praise,
'Till that dread hour, when time is o'er,
And song and genius charm no more."

THE MOUNTAIN BARD TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Cymru, how I hail thy name,
How I prize thy ancient fame,
How I love to catch the sound,
Straying o'er thy magic ground,
Where immortal music dwells,
Nursed among thy rocks and dells;
Where the holy *awen* ever
Teems with strains, that perish never,
As within thy tuneful haunts
Still the 'raptured minstrel chaunts:
Emblem of his gifted sires,
Glowing erst with quenchless fires,
Type of bards, that yet shall be,—
Heirs of thy old minstrelsy.

Cymru! as my days decline,
May such favour'd lot be mine,
Near some lonely mountain stream
Thus to chaunt my bardic theme,
Thus my social harp to ply,
Thus to live, and thus to die!

* The superstitious notions of the Welsh respecting fairies have been described in the former volume, p. 347.—Ed.

WALES.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWYNEDD.—A meeting of gentlemen, within the district of Gwynedd, desirous of proving their attachment to the literature of their country, took place at Carnarvon, on Thursday the 26th of October, when it was resolved, that an *Eisteddfod* should be holden at that place in the course of the ensuing autumn; the precise time to be afterwards appointed by a Committee of Management. It was also resolved, that the Committee should meet, for this purpose, at Carnarvon, on the 16th of this month, when the subjects, to be proposed for the several prize compositions, are also to be selected. The meeting, at which L. J. Parry, Esq. presided, was respectably attended; and it may be hoped, that it will tend by its results to the diffusion of that national spirit, which has already been manifested in other divisions of the Principality. Thus have three out of the four districts of Wales united in this patriotic cause: surely, Gwent will not prove a solitary exception to the general enthusiasm. The country of Ivor Hael cannot remain without a vindicator, while there exists, in his descendant, so worthy an inheritor of his fame. ***

JESUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.—The following is the Advertisement of the PRIZES intended to be given by this society for the ensuing year.

1. For the best Essay in the Welsh language on "The Advantages likely to accrue to the Principality from a National Biography."—£20.

2. For the best Translation into the Welsh language of the first of the Sermons on the Sacrament, by the Rev. John Jones, A. M. of Jesus College, archdeacon of Merioneth and Bampton Lecturer for the year 1821.—£10.

3. For the best six Englynion on the words of Taliesin, "Cymru fu, Cymru fydd."—£2.

4. To the best Welsh Reader in Jesus College Chapel.—£6.

5. To the second best Welsh Reader.—£4.

N. B. Such members of Jesus College, Oxford, as have taken their B. A. degree, and are not of sufficient standing to proceed to that of B. D. are alone entitled to become candidates for the first prize.

The second, fourth, and fifth are intended for such, as have not completed four years from their matriculation.

The third for such, as are not of sufficient standing to take their M. A. degree.

No person, who has obtained a prize, will be allowed to become a candidate for a second prize of the same description.

The compositions, to which the prizes shall have been adjudged, will be recited at the College Meeting, to be held at Dolgellau, in July 1821.

The Compositions are to be sent, on or before Easter Monday next, under a sealed cover, with a motto, (the author's name being sent under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it,) to the Rev. A. B. Clough, Jesus College, Oxford, who will submit them for examination to the following judges—

Rev. Dr. Williams, Cowbridge; Rev. J. Jones, St. Asaph; Rev. Daniel Evans, Jesus College.

WELSH JUDICATURE.—The following is a Report, made in pursuance of an Order of the House of Commons, dated the 9th of last June, for a Return of the Number of County Court Pleas, entered in the several Welsh counties, exclusive of Monmouth, during the nine years, ending with 1819.

Anglesey	1663
Brecon	2457
Cardigan	4610
Carmarthen	*1439
Carnarvon	5265
Denbigh	2509
Flint	†565
Glamorgan	4109
Merioneth	1981
Montgomery	4903
Pembroke	8667
Radnor	2081
Total	40,249

* This Return comprises the time only from 1812 to 1818 inclusive.

† This Return includes only the years 1818 and 1819, the Records of the Court, for the preceding period, having, according to a statement of the under-sheriff, been negligently lost or mislaid.

LITERATURE.

CELTIC REMAINS.—It is well known, that the celebrated Lewis Morris left a MS. under this title, which he intended to give to the world; and, by a note on his life in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, published in 1799, it appears, that the Rev. Walter Davies was, at that time, "preparing it for publication, with numerous additions and improvements." It is certainly to be regretted, both on account of Mr. Morris's acknowleged merit as a Celtic antiquary, and of the well-earned celebrity of his intended editor, that this *desideratum* has not yet been accomplished. However, there is still ground for hoping, that Mr. Davies may now avail himself of the more fortunate spirit, that has recently pervaded the Principality, to put the finishing stroke to this national production; and, whenever it appears, it will assuredly be hailed with gratitude and delight. In the first volume of the Cambrian Register Mr. Lewis Morris gives an account of the nature and extent of his proposed undertaking. It is contained in a letter to Mr. Pegge, in which he enters into a detail of his occupations and literary pursuits; and such of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, as may not be possessed of the volume in question, will, perhaps, feel an interest in having the passage here transcribed. The letter is dated February 11, 1761.

"But, what has taken up my chief attention for a good while past is making additions to Dr. Davies's British Latin Dictionary, and also another Dictionary entirely my own on the plan of Mareni, which has taken up my spare hours for many years. I call it *Celtic Remains*, or the ancient Celtic empire described in the English tongue, being a biographical, critical, historical, etymological, chronological, and geographical collection of Celtic materials, towards a British history in two parts.—The first contains the ancient British and Gaulish names of men, places, actions, &c. in an alphabetical order, wherein not only the true and real Celtic names are discussed in the ancient and modern orthography, proved from British authors and the present names of places, &c., but also the mistakes and errors, whether wilful or accidental, of the several writers, who have treated of the ancient affairs of Britain in any language, are explained and rectified. This is a laborious and great work.—The second part contains the Latinized names of men and places, used by Latin writers, who have modelled and twisted them to their own

language, with an attempt to shew what they are in the original Celtic, by comparing them with ancient history and the language of the principal branches or dialects of that people,—the British or Welsh, the Irish, the Armoric, and the Cornish. This part is in a great measure etymological, where fancy has her swing, though kept within bounds as much as possible."—CAMBRIAN REGISTER, Vol. I. p. 369.

HUW MORUS.—The first volume of the Poems of this Bard, edited by the Rev. Walter Davies, has recently appeared, and cannot fail to be favourably received by all those, who feel any relish for those light and humourous sallies of the Muse, in which Huw Morus is known to have excelled. An early opportunity will be taken for offering some extracts from this volume, which ought to meet with the patronage of every lover of Welsh poetry.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

EDNYWAIN AB BRADWEN.—In page 118 of the last Number it was stated in the Note, that Ednywain ab Bradwen and Ednywain Bendew were, in fact, two names for the same person. This was perhaps wrong; as the former was a Lord of Meirion and the latter of Tegaingl. They appear to have been both heads of tribes: and several families in Tegaingl claim their descent from Ednywain Bendew.

ST. CADVAN'S STONE.—In a note on page 121 it was mentioned, that this ancient relic had been removed from Towyn Church-yard by a neighbouring gentleman, to decorate his own grotto. This was done many years ago by the consent of the vicar; but the stone has since been deposited in Towyn Church, where it still remains. In a note in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 373, it is said, that this stone was broken in its removal, whereby the inscription was unfortunately defaced, though it was afterwards made out from the fragments.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—In the article relating to this Society in the last Number, p. 142, it was stated, that the annual medal would, "in future, be awarded on the second day of the *Eisteddfod* for Powys or Gwynedd."—Dyfed and Gwent should also have been included, as, although the Society was originally confined to North Wales, it has since been extended to the whole Principality.

VERBAL ERRORS.

P. 107, l. 12 of the Notes, *for* "Dineeawr," *read* Dinevor.
P. 110, l. 9, *for* "1499," *read* 1409.
P. 118, l. 6 of the Note, *for* "Ednuvain," *read* Ednywain.
P. 127, l. 21, *for* "appreciate," *read* depreciate.
P. 133, l. 6 of the Notes, *for* "ages," *read* age.
P. 143, l. 1 of the Note, *after* "to," *insert* the.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

JANUARY, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XV.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXV. THE three Families of Royalty that were taken to prison, from the great great grandfather to the great grandchildren, without leaving one of them to escape: first, the family of Llyr Lledïaith, that were carried captive as far as Rome by the Caisarians; second, the family of Madawg ab Medron, that were in prison with the Gwyddyl Fichti, in Alban; third, the family of Gair ab Geirion, lord of Geirionydd, by the vote of country and nation, in the prison of Oeth and Anoeth, and of those nor one nor other escaping. It was the most complete captivity ever known that took place with respect to these families.

[The name of Llyr, the grandfather of Caractacus, is mentioned in several Triads inserted in former numbers of this work, and the imprisonment here recorded is explained in Triads XXII and XXXIX, already translated†, which give an account of the family of Brân ab Llyr being taken to Rome as hostages for Caradawg. The phrase from *gorhendaid* to *gorwyrion*, or from the *great great grandfather* to the *great grandchildren*, implies that all the family possibly living were taken.—There are no documents known to us, which throw any light upon the imprisonment of Madawg ab Medron by the Gwyddelian, or Woodland, Fichti, in Scotland. The event is supposed to have occurred in the seventh century.—The captivity of Gair ab Geirion has more in it of the character of mythology than of clear history. In the wildest parts of the Snowdon Mountains there is a small district bearing the name of Geirionydd, with a lake therein also so called, on the edge of which are some vestiges of a building, said by

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 68. Tr. 61—64.

† Vol. i. pp. 169 & 282.

tradition to have been the dwelling of the bard Taliesin, and he says himself, that he lived by the lake of Geirionydd*.—To these instances of extreme captivity the following passage, from the Mabinogi of Culhwch, is added, as having an allusion to similar events:—"What person do we hear wailing in this house of stone? Truly, there is room for him to wail; who is here? Mabon ab Modron is here in prison, and no one was ever so severely confined in prison before; not even in the prison of Lludd ab Eraint, nor in the prison of Graid ab Eri." We are equally in the dark as to the castle and prison of Oeth and Anoeth, wherein, according to another Triad, Arthur was confined for three nights; and which is also mentioned in the tale of Culhwch, in the speech of Arthur's porter,—"What tidings! as to what I have, it is beyond every thing in all my life.—I have been heretofore where thou didst slay the thousand and ten sons of Ducwm; I have been heretofore in the regions of the East, when thou didst conquer Greece; I have been heretofore in the city of Oeth and Anoeth, and in Mevenyr; but, by the ninefold protection of a king! gallant men have we seen there, yet I never saw a man like him who is now before the gate." Triads L of the first and XLIX of the second of the two first series are thus:—"The three Supreme Prisoners of the Isle of Britain: Llyr Lediaith, in the prison of Euroswydd Wledig a Mabon, son of Modron (Madawg, son of Medron), and Gair, son of Geirioed (Gwair ab Gweirioed); and one was more eminent than the three, who was for three nights in the prison of the castle of Oeth and Anoeth, and was, during three nights, in prison by Gwen Pendragon, and was for three nights in a prison of illusion, under the stone of Echymaint; and that pre-eminent prisoner was Arthur; and one youth delivered him from the three prisons, and that youth was Goreu, the son of Constantine, his cousin."]

LXVI. The three Archbishoprics of the Isle of Britain: first, Llandav, by the grace of Lleurwg ab Coel ab Cyllin, who first granted lands and privilege of country to those, who dedicated themselves to the faith in Christ; second, Caer Evrawg, by the grace of the Emperor Constantine, being the first of the emperors in Rome, who became connected with the faith in Christ; third, Llundain, by the grace of the Emperor Maxen Wledig. Afterwards, there were Caerllion ar Wysg, and Celliwig in Cernyw, and Caer Rhianedd in the North; and at present there are Mynyw, and Caer Evrawg, and Caer Gaint.

* See Vol. i. of this work, p. 11.

[Triad XXXIX, in a preceding number*, is another memorial of the founding of Llandav (Llandaff) by Llewrwg, or Lucius.—Caer Rhianedd, or the castle of the Maidens, may be presumed not to designate Edinburgh, but rather a mistake for Rhionydd, which occurs in a subsequent Triad, as the name of St. Andrews. Llundain, Mynyw, Caer Evrawg, and Caer Gaint are London, St. David's, York, and Canterbury.]

LXVII. The three Supreme Thrones of the Isle of Britain: first, Llundain; second, Caerllion ar Wysg; and third, Caer Evrawg.

[The thrones of London, Caerllion, and York may here mean either ecclesiastical, legal, or royal; most probably the latter.]

LXVIII. The three Tribe Thrones of the Isle of Britain: one, Caerllion ar Wysg, where Arthur is chief of right, and Dewi Sant ab Cunedda Wledig is chief bishop, and Maelgwn Gwynedd is chief elder; second, Celliwig in Cernyw, where Arthur is chief of right, and Bedwini is chief bishop, and Caradawg Vreichvras is chief elder; and third, Penrhyn Rhionydd in the North, where Arthur is chief of right, and Cyndeyrn Garthwys is chief bishop, and Gwrthmwl Wledig is chief elder.

[The term *Penrhaith*, head of right or vote, implies a title conferred by election, or vote of the country. Probably, Celliwig, in Cornwall, might have been the same as Tintagel. Penrhyn Rhionydd, or Promontory of Rhionydd, was the name for St. Andrews, over which Cyndeyrn, or Kentigern, presided. The names of Cunedda, Maelgwn, Caradawg Brawny Arm, and Gwrthmwl frequently occur in our old poetry, but particularly Maelgwn of Venedotia, the father of Elfin, the patron of Taliesin. Triad VII, in the first of the other two series, agrees with the above Triad.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM†.

121. The three impulses of folly: an impulse of war, weapon to weapon, or killing for killing; an impulse of law, punishment for punishment; and an impulse of hatred, slander for slander.

122. The three impulses of wisdom: instruction for instruction, wit for wit, and love for love, or, (by another copy,) favour for favour.

* Vol. i. p. 282.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 213.

123. Three things easily seen with one eye half open: the events of nature, the laws of equity, and the demands of love; and, in the same manner, it is equally easy to see their contrasts: which are, mischief, hate, and injustice, or, (by another reading,) untruth.

124. The three indexes of truth: word, action, and the effort of genius; and from these shall be obtained whatsoever is true; and, where the three shall meet in one, there will be had a certainty of truth.

125. The three indispensables of good counsel: to bear good will, freedom of speech, and to understand the cause.

126. Three things, as to which there need be no concern but they shall be obtained: some prosperity, where great exertion shall be made for it; some respect, where it shall be greatly merited; and some wisdom, where it shall be greatly studied.

127. Three things that see in the dark: love, genius, and conscience.

128. Three things that see nothing, however great the light may be: lust, hatred, and idleness.

129. Three things that will be done in the dark by will and choice: what is done by violence, what is done by lust, and what is done by a fribble.

130. Three things which a person seeing sees nothing else: pride ornamental, excess of wealth advantageous, and idleness a blessing.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

HIS MAXIMS DELIVERED TO TALIESIN, CHIEF OF BARDS, ON HIS TAKING LEAVE OF HIM*.

Taciturnity is the mother of all discretion.
Patience is the mother of all wisdom.
Wit is the mother of all knowledge.
Order is the mother of all investigation.
Necessity is the mother of every art.
Virtue is the mother of all happiness.
Exertion is the mother of every excellence.
Genius is the mother of all poetry.
Consideration is the mother of all understanding.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 59.

Inconsideration is the mother of every fault.
Use is the mother of every mastery.
Fortitude is the mother of every victory.
Conscience is the mother of all morality.
Love is the mother of all piety.

THE OPTIMATES OF CATWG*.

The best of powers is intellect:
The best of intellects is the understanding:
The best of the understanding is wit:
The best of wit is selection:
The best of selection is wealth:
The best of wealth is wisdom:
The best of wisdom is goodness:
The best of goodness is love:
The best of love is (the love of) peace:
The best of peace is the peace of God.

EXCERPTA.

THE following letter relates to a subject, which has before undergone a partial discussion in this work,—the elementary structure of the Welsh tongue†. However, to those who take any interest in philological inquiries, these additional observations, and especially as proceeding from a person so well qualified to investigate the point, cannot but prove acceptable. If, as the writer seems to have anticipated, some may deem his remarks rather visionary, it can only be because they have not sufficiently considered those minute principles, which formed the original basis of all human speech. And, if we find these simple elements more discernible in the Welsh than in most other languages, the circumstance must necessarily be admitted as an incontestible proof of its primitive character, and, consequently, of its antiquity. For this reason, the succeeding letter of MEIRION has been selected as particularly worthy of republication in these pages.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 68.

† See vol. i. pp. 81 & 161.—ED.

STRUCTURE OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

"To the *Editor* of the *Monthly Magazine**.

"SIR,—The communications, which have already appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* with respect to language, promise much valuable information: and they indicate, that men of science begin to cultivate this branch of learning with that attention, which it deserves. Circumstances having directed my pursuits to the investigation of the Welsh tongue, it has been continued closely for many years, chiefly from the pleasure it afforded; and it bids fair ultimately to unfold things, which appear to me extraordinary and surprising, compared with what is known to the world on the subject in general. Permit me, therefore, Sir, to bring to notice a few remarkable discoveries from the language just mentioned.

"In the first place, there are in it thirty-six letters, being, I believe, the exact amount of the powers of articulation. The vowel sounds, unconnected with consonants, imply motion or action in various times. All the possible changes of simple sounds, or primary combinations of vowels and consonants, such as *ab*, *ci*, *da*, *eb*, and the like, are about three hundred. These sounds, having respectively a fixed abstract meaning, constitute the basis, from which every longer word is regularly formed in all its parts. Some of the simple sounds stand always for principals, or nouns, and others remain as qualities; and the latter, generally dropping their vowels, are prefixed to the others in forming the first sort of compounds, which are monosyllables, like *bod*, *cad*, *mam*, and *pen*. All words of this kind, that have a common basis, do necessarily preserve the fundamental idea originally annexed to such basis, however qualified by different prefixes, for the sake of discrimination and multiplying of terms. This may be illustrated by putting the qualifying prefixes *cy*, *fy*, *gy*, *hy*, *ly*, *ny*, *py*, *ry*, *sy*, to the noun *en*, which form the following class of words:—

Cen—what is foremost or uppermost: a point, a head.
Fen—what has aptness to proceed, or to flow: a breath.
Gen—intellect or soul: organ of utterance; a mouth.
Hen—what is fully advanced or matured: old.
Len—what is over or covering: a veil.
Nen—what spreads over: a vault or canopy; the sky.
Pen—what is superior: a head, a top; chief.

* Vol. ii. p. 542.

Ren—the supreme, the most high: God.

Sen—what is put forward or conspicuous: a stigma.

"All words of one syllable, like those last mentioned, become verbs, when they are farther compounded by affixing a vowel. The terminations of verbs, which are generally considered as mere arbitrary signs of the different inflexions, are real words with appropriate meanings descriptive of such modes or times, for which they stand, and are so used separately.

"In the next place, those elementary sounds, with such meanings as are annexed to them in Welsh, explain abstractedly most words in different languages, agreeable to the appropriate significations given to them. That the hint may receive some illustration, two or three examples shall be given; and first, when the fundamental idea is preserved through a whole class of words:

Sy (existing as a quality or agent) that sends, forces, raises, or shoots out from a point in any direction.

Bal (*by* the agent and *al* the element) what is sent, impelled, raised, or projected, from a point in any direction.

"Now, let the reader turn in his mind all the words he can collect in different languages, beginning with *Sy* and with *Bal*, he will then, perhaps, fancy, that he perceives these two leading ideas preserved throughout *. For the sake of brevity, one instance shall suffice with respect to particular words. The appropriate import of the English word *Run* is well known: the abstract meaning of the same sound in Welsh, by considering its component parts, would be *excess of energy* or *activity;* but it is appropriated in Welsh to express *agitation* or *shivering*, and the word *Rhêd*, which also implies *excess of motion*, is used synonimously with *Run* in English. The prefix used to both words is *Ry* or *Re, over, much, to excess;* and, perhaps, this fixes the meaning of the common prefix *Re*, implying *over* or past a given point, as in *Reverse* and the like.

"Lest this article should run too long, I must conclude with barely enumerating a few particulars more, which may be enlarged upon at a future opportunity.

"All the simple sounds are reserved to convey general or abstract ideas, and not particular things. The primary compounds

* Several instances of words in various languages, in which *bal* predominates, may be found in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 7. *et seq.* —Ed.

express the most general and particular things. The combination of several sounds, or long words, express the more complex ideas.

"Such a regular system of speech seems to prove, that man originally made use of only simple sounds to convey ideas, or that the mind, without communication, received it in its more complex form, or—that language was imparted to the first man perfectly constructed.

"A very great number of compound words, resolvable to their primitives in Welsh, run through many languages.

"There are, in the Welsh, words perfectly similar in sound to the mythologic names of the antient world, answering to most of the explanations given by Gebelin and Bryant. It would be difficult to adduce a single article or form of construction in the Hebrew grammar, which is not to be found in Welsh; and there are many whole sentences in both languages precisely the same, in the very words. The Irish and Welsh are, fundamentally, the same, but differing much in dialect and pronunciation. The Sclavonic, Breton, and Welsh, are one language, with but little variation of dialect, which I conceive to be an important discovery. The Sclavons and Welsh having been a separate people from a very remote period militates greatly against the common notion of the instability of language.

"There is not the least difference between the language of the laws of Hywel in the tenth or of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History in the twelfth century and that now spoken in Wales.

"Some may be apt to condemn the above as rather visionary; but, if any should be inclined to point out what seems improbable, perhaps I may be able to bring forward many extraordinary proofs in support of what is advanced.

"Your's, &c. MEIRION."

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

REV. EDWARD LLWYD'S COLLECTION.

IT is well known to the readers of Welsh literature that the Rev. Edward Llwyd, the celebrated author of *Archæologia Britannica*, had formed a valuable and extensive collection of Welsh MSS. These consisted as well of ancient MSS. as of others of his own writing, which had a more immediate reference to the great plan, he had in contemplation, of publishing a second vo-

lume of his elaborate work, and which the want of adequate encouragement seems to have prevented him from accomplishing. In some observations on the present state of Welsh MSS., prefixed to one of the volumes of the "Archaiology of Wales," it is stated, that Mr. Llwyd "*left* this collection to Sir John Sebright." This, however, was not strictly the fact; for it appears from some letters, preserved amongst the Harleian MSS.* in the British Museum, that the collection in question was, in fact, *sold* to Sir *Thomas* Seabright, for the benefit of Mr. Llwyd's estate. This happened in 1713, four years after Mr. Llwyd's death: and we are also informed by the same documents, that this sale was not effected until both the University and Jesus College had refused to become purchasers, a circumstance, which is the more remarkable, as it was well known at the time, that, had Mr. Llwyd's affairs permitted him, it was his intention to bequeath his collection equally between Jesus College and the University. What the motives were, that occasioned the rejection of so favourable an opportunity for preserving these valuable remains, it would now, perhaps, be vain to enquire; but it has, unfortunately, become a matter of serious regret, that the learned bodies alluded to were not actuated, on the occasion, by a more zealous spirit, considering the untoward fate, to which these MSS. have since been consigned.

It farther appears from the documents above quoted, that, after the contract with Sir Thomas Seabright had been completed, Lord Oxford, ignorant of the circumstance, made overtures for the purchase of all these MSS., which, if they had fortunately become his property, would, no doubt, have now formed a part of the famous Harleian collection. But a singular and mortifying fatality seems to have, altogether, attended Mr. Llwyd's labours in this instance,—excluded, as they were, from Jesus College, the Bodleian Library, and the British Museum, in either of which depositaries they would have found a secure asylum. The MSS., thus bought by Sir Thomas Seabright, were afterwards sold, and became the property of different purchasers, among whom were Mr. Johnes of Hafod, and Sir W. W. Wynn. Such, as had fallen to the lot of the former gentleman, were consumed in the fire, which unfortunately destroyed his elegant mansion about twelve years ago; and most of those, purchased by Sir W. W.

* Vol. 3777. p. 11.

Wynn, met subsequently with a similar fate at the house of a person in London, to whom they had been sent for the purpose of being bound. The writer of this account believes also, that some catastrophe has befallen another portion of this collection; but he has no precise remembrance of the particulars, nor is he aware, if any of these ill-fated MSS. still remain, where they are to be found.

The following details, relating to the MSS. purchased by Sir W. W. Wynn, with the accompanying remarks, cannot fail to be interesting, affording, as they do, the only consolation now left, —that of knowing the value of one portion at least of the literary stores, thus irretrievably lost. The catalogue comprises, likewise, it will be seen, some other part of the Wynnstay collection unhappily involved in the same calamity: and it must enhance its interest to mention, that it was the work of that learned individual, the late Rev. Peter Roberts, whose memory must ever be dear to the admirers of our national literature.

Some Account of MSS., which lately belonged to the valuable collection of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. and were unfortunately destroyed by the fire in Covent Garden.

The loss of MSS. is one, which, though its more immediate estimation must regard the personal property in them, must also be considered as affecting the public interest, according to their importance to the literature of the country. It is, therefore, with great regret in both respects that another loss, similar to the one at Hafod, is recorded, which will be deeply felt by all, who are interested in the antiquities of Wales or Ireland.

The collection of MSS. at Wynnstay is undoubtedly one of the best in Wales, and particularly as to the number of Welsh MSS.; and it had lately been enriched by a large number from the collection of the celebrated Lhwyd, the author of the Archæologia, purchased at the sale of the Seabright MSS. The principal part of this addition, and several of the MSS. of the previous collection being in want of new binding, it was judged expedient to send them to London for that purpose. The misfortune, that has befallen them there, has left little more to alleviate the regret for the loss than the power of stating generally what they contained, which is the more to be lamented, as it is well known

to have been the intention of their liberal owner to have had some of the most important published, and that he is indulgent in permitting every person the use of his collection.

MSS. LOST.

The WHITE BOOK of HERGEST.

This was one, and probably the latest, of two books, which bear the name of Hergest. The oldest, called the Red Book of Hergest, is now in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford*. Both were miscellaneous collections in prose and verse. The White Book was particularly valuable as containing some old Welsh laws, and, particularly, a Specification of the Charter of Hywel Dda, which was not known to Wotton, and which explained much of the motives and purpose of that prince in his revisal of the Welsh laws. A copy of this is at present in the possession of Sir W. W. Wynn. The remainder consisted of religious tracts, one on heraldry, historical notices, and poems. Most of the latter are still to be found in other collections at Wynnstay.

Four Copies of the LAWS of HYWEL DDA, whole or in part.

Four Copies of GEOFFREY of MONMOUTH'S HISTORY, one in Latin, the remainder, I believe, in Welsh. [One of the Welsh copies appeared to have been written about the latter end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, at the latest, and was remarkable for the correct orthography of the proper names. In a note at the end, but which was written in a later hand, this copy was said to have been taken from the last copy published by Geoffrey.]

A WELSH CHRONICLE.

The STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER.

An ESSAY on the WELSH TRIADS, by Mr. VAUGHAN, of Hengwrt (the Antiquarian).

An ESSAY on BLATOS,—i. e. on a coin bearing the word Vlatos, which Mr. Vaughan (the above mentioned) understood to signify the Bleiddyd or Bladud of the Welsh history. [An impression from this coin is given by Camden.]

Eight Volumes of Mr. LHWYD'S NOTES, taken in his tour through Wales. [The general substance of these notes was given to Bishop Gibson for his edition of Camden.]

Eleven Volumes of his NOTES, taken in his travels in Ireland and part of Scotland, marking his progress and whatever he met

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 14, p. 75.

with worthy of observation as to local or natural history. [In one of these it was mentioned, that it was in consequence of his desire, that the curious Barrow of Grange, in the county of Lowth, was opened; and the description of it was very correct.]

Eight Volumes of DRAWINGS taken in these travels of Mr. LHWYD, which appeared to have been taken with great care and correctness.

It is known, that Mr. Lhwyd intended to publish a second volume of the Archæologia, which, whether from want of encouragement or from other causes, he never accomplished. It is, however, from an inspection of the above-mentioned MSS., certain, that he had been most assiduous in search of information, and accurate in his inquiries; and there is every reason to believe, that the second volume would have added much to that just and acknowledged reputation, which he acquired by the first volume.

That no use had been made of these Notes, further than the communications made to Bishop Gibson, is, perhaps, to be attributed to their having been written partly in Welsh as well as in English, and also to the necessity of a competent knowledge to elucidate many particulars, which were simply noticed, and which the author alone possessed. Singular, indeed, has been the fate of this portion of his labours. Suppressed by himself for want of encouragement to publish them, neglected for a century through ignorance or misconception of their value, and destroyed by accident, when they had just come into the possession of one, sensible of their value and ready to give them to the world.

The following Welsh MSS. from the same collection shared also the same fate:—

A large Folio Volume, containing a Miscellaneous Collection in prose and verse, and amongst which was a copy of the MABINOGION.

Sir Hugh Pennant's Collection, the particulars whereof are mentioned in the *Archæologia.*

Two Volumes, 4to., of Extracts relative to Wales, Inscriptions, &c.

To what has already been said little needs, or can, be added. It is some satisfaction even to know what has existed even as a record of genius or industry, of patriotism and liberality, as the stimulus to research, or as the means of appreciating a discovery. Thus far is due to the occasion, and, when regret is unavailing, it is unnecessary to say more.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE WORD "PARDON" AND ITS SYNONYMES IN WELSH, GREEK, AND LATIN.

PARDON one from the clouds of Cader Idris, Mr. Editor, for presuming to obtrude on your pages the result of some wanderings in the regions of etymology, by way of variety, or as a contrast to the discoveries you make in the brilliant atmosphere of London. And, the first word of my text being very necessary to be well understood among friends and foes, I will endeavour to trace its origin and derivation.

Pardon is to be found in most of the European languages, but not of very high antiquity in any. It began to appear in the Welsh upwards of 500 years back; and it has been deemed a legitimate word therein by some learned critics. Yet I have always rejected it as an exotic, in writing my native tongue; but I now begin to surmise that I have been over fastidious in so doing.

In Welsh the word is written *pardwn*, and thence, by inflection, the verb *pardynu*. PAR and TWN are two primitive words, which compounded form *pardwn*, the *t*, in *twn*, taking its soft sound, for want of an appropropriate character in the Roman alphabet, represented by the letter *d*. PAR implies *that is upon, contiguous*, or *in continuity*; a *state of readiness*, or *preparedness*; a *pair, match*, or *couple*: "I mi àr *bar* y mae'r bedd,"—To me in *preparation* is the grave. D. G. 1340. TWN is a *break*, a *fracture*, a *rising off*; a *scale*, a *splint*; *adj.*—*broken, severed, splintered*: and its f. is *ton*, a *breaker* of the sea; *tonau, breakers*. Hence the literal meaning of *par* and *twn*, forming *pardwn*, is a *break off of what is upon* or *joined*; a *separation*.

The Greek noun αφεσις, and its verb αφιημι, and the Latin noun VENIA, with the verb MITTO, which imply *pardon*, and *to remit*, shall now be put to the same criterion; because the greater part, perhaps, of the primitives of those two languages are not only preserved also in the Welsh, but they are used in their simple forms, as words of obvious signification.

Etymologists refer the noun αφεσις, to the verb αφιημι, *to remit*, which enables us to identify it with a Welsh primitive. PI is *the state of being in*, or *possessed*; PIANT, *possession*; PIAW, *to own*, to become possessed of. The negative *a*, prefixed to *pïaw*, would form *aphïaw, to sever from*, to dispossess.

The Latin term *venia* comes next to be considered. But let it

be first observed, that the *v* is not a radical articulation, according to the principle of the Welsh alphabet, of 16 primary characters, but it is either the soft mutation of *b* or of *m* *; and it is a character that has not even a place in the Greek alphabet. Therefore, in seeking for a primitive to *venia*, we must have recourse to one with a radical initial. Many words of common origin, in the Welsh and the Latin, begin with a *g* in the former, and *v* in the latter: as *gwr, vir; gwynt, ventus; gwyrth, virtus; gwir, verus;* and the like. A Welsh word, conformable to this principle, offers itself to notice, which is GWAN, a *going through*, a *severing*, a *dividing*, a *thrust*, a *stab;* and the verb is *gwanu:* "Y neb à wanai, nid adweinid."—Whoever *he should send away* would not be recognised. *Aneurin.* The *g* loses its sound in certain cases in most languages; and in the Welsh it doth so regularly under various rules of construction.

The last to be noticed is the Latin verb MITTO, *to send, to dismiss, to throw off;* and also used in the sense of its derivative, *remitto.* Etymology refers this to the Greek verb μεθιῶ, of like import; and which comes to our purpose. The common term in Welsh, for pardon, is *maddeuant*, from *maddeu*, and the regular verb is MADDEUAW, *to let go, to set at large, to loosen, to liberate, to dismiss, to quit, to pardon. Eneid-vaddeu*, that is, about to let the soul depart, one condemned to death; *maddeu y dyrva*, to dismiss the multitude; *maddeuynt eu rhwydau*, they left their nets; *maddeua vy mod hyved*, pardon my being so bold. It is remarkable, that there is scarcely a difference in sound between the Greek μεθιῶ and the Welsh *maddeuaw;* as may be seen by dividing it thus, *ma-ddeu-aw*, and pronouncing the middle syllable like the English pronoun *they*, with *ma* before and *o* after it—ma-they-o.

Thus it is demonstrated, that the Welsh language has preserved the roots of the words ἀφεσις, μεθιῶ, *mitto*, and *pardon.*

The old Cymry must have been of a forgiving disposition, by their bestowing a word to ask pardon on most of their neighbours, except the English, whom they suffered out of spite to put up with their own awkward *forgiveness*, till they got their *pardon*, at second-hand, from the French.

Digona hyna.

GEIRION.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 245, for an account of the Welsh radical letters, and also p. 404, where the principle of initial mutations in the Welsh language is fully explained.—ED.

LETTERS ON COLL GWYNFA.

LETTER II.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—It cannot have escaped the observation of your readers, —of such, I mean, as may have honoured my former letter with a perusal,—that it forms no part of my plan to enter into any examination of the sentiments of COLL GWYNFA, or indeed of any of those beauties that do not depend on the mere language. To do that would be to criticise Milton, and not Mr. Pughe's translation. My principal object is to point out to the Welsh reader the abundant energy and copiousness, of which his native tongue is susceptible in the hands of a competent scholar; and I cannot conceive, that this could be done more satisfactorily than by laying before his view a translation of that author, who is allowed to have excelled all his countrymen in the learned varieties of his style. "Milton's language," says one of his commentators, "both in prose and verse, is so peculiarly his own, that the style of no former or contemporary writer bears any resemblance to it. From his phraseology the idiom of no learned or foreign language is excluded. To a reader, unacquainted with the foreign and ancient English languages, and incapable of tracing their roots in the learned tongues, the sense and spirit of Milton's phrase must be often unattainable."—It will readily be admitted, then, that a successful Welsh version of language, so erudite, and so diversified, would require no ordinary skill, even with all the "appliances and means to boot," which the translator's materials may be presumed to afford. And, certainly, the Welsh tongue offers, in this respect, no common advantages: its elementary qualities, its endless faculty of combination, the comprehensive force of its compounds,—all combine to give it an extraordinary superiority in this view, and that too without having recourse to exotic roots or foreign phraseology.

But, although Mr. Pughe, versed as he is in his native tongue, had so far all in his favour, he has still had to contend against some disadvantages, arising, as it appears to me, more from a strong and unjustifiable prejudice than from any other cause. I allude now to the popular prepossessions in favour of that peculiar characteristic of Welsh poetry, known by the name of *cynghanedd*, and which, whatever may be its merits in a mere metrical,

or rather musical, point of view, has, undoubtedly, had an injurious effect on the more important attributes of the muse, and has been the main cause, why the works of Welsh poets, especially of a recent date, appear to so little advantage in an English dress. Conceding, as I most willingly do, to this favourite distinction of our national strains all the merit it may possess as a mere accessory quality in the construction of verse, I can never allow, that it tends, in the least degree, to enhance the force of expression, or to give new beauty to poetical thought. *Cynghanedd*, by which I understand, in its popular acceptation, a harmony of alliteration, dependent, to a certain degree, upon metrical accent, originated, no doubt, in the musical predilections of the bards, and is far from being coeval with the earliest, and perhaps the best, specimens of our poetry*. That such a principle under proper restrictions may have its particular charms it would, perhaps, be too much to deny; but it must be obvious to every one, who has any acquaintance with the modern effusions of our bards, that it has been carried to an unwarrantable and preposterous extent,—that sound has, in many cases, been substituted for sense,—that a mere play upon words has superseded energy and variety of diction,—and in fine, that our native muse has too frequently been stripped of her ancient splendour, to assume, in exchange, the capricious ornament of a cap and bells.

Such do I conceive to be the source of those prejudices, which, as I understand, Mr. Pughe has had to encounter in this novel and bold undertaking. The votaries of *cynghanedd*, and they are many, have no doubt passed at once to the condemnation of Coll Gwynfa, as wanting the embellishment of their favourite jingle. But the writer has had the good sense not to be daunted by this partial prejudication: he has proved,—and his country is indebted to him for what he has done,—that it is possible to give poetical expression in Welsh to the most forcible thoughts and the most splendid images, without any aid beyond the innate richness and dignity of the language.

I shall now, with your leave, offer some farther extracts from

* *Cynghanedd*, as now used, was established as a constituent part of Welsh verse about the year 1350 at a congress, at which Ivor Hael, patron of Davydd ab Gwilym, presided. It had, indeed, been in partial use before, and was acknowleged at a congress held in the ninth century. It may be here noticed, that there seems a natural tendency in the Welsh language to a sort of chiming of consonants, which has, no doubt, led to that abuse of the practice above noticed by Idwal.—Ed.

this translation to justify the remark I have just made. I left off in my former letter at the close of the fourth Book. The beginning of the fifth, which abounds in beauties, has been already copied into the CAMBRO-BRITON*; and in a note on the passage it is observed, that the conclusion of Adam's address to Eve, as rendered by Mr. Pughe, is remarkable for its sweetness. I shall, therefore, extract the passage, which is that, wherein Adam is described as awakening his consort.

"Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."—B. v. l. 23.

"Deffröa decaf ddyn,
O briawd, hwyaf gael i mi, o Nef
Ti olaf goreu dawn, fy mwynder byth,
Deffröa; bore á dywyna, ni
A alwa y maes gwyrf: äa heibio oed
I sylwi twf ein llysiau plydd, ac fal
Blodeua lwyn afalau euron, modd
Y mera noddion gwydd a merfain gawn,
Y taena anian liwiau, neu ar wull
Y saif gwenynen i oddiliaw mel."—P. 131.

Soft, flowing, and melodious as these lines are in the original, the same qualities are at least equally conspicuous in the translation. The last four or five lines are particularly striking in this respect: such words as *blodeua*, *afalau*, *mera*, *taena*, *liwiau*, and *oddiliaw* are not to be surpassed by the softest sounds in Italian or any other tongue, and far exceed the correspondent terms in English. And, when it is considered, that a mellifluence of diction was particularly appropriate to the occasion, much credit must be allowed to the taste, with which Mr. Pughe has selected his language. The superior beauty of the word "deffröa" to the English "awake" cannot fail to be also noticed.

The next extract shall be the latter part of the celebrated Morning Hymn, which, like many passages in this sublime poem,

* Vol. i. p. 101.

has derived from Milton's masterly skill a sweetness, of which the English tongue could hardly be thought susceptible.

" His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."—B. v. l. 208.

" Ei fawl, chwi Wyntoedd, o bedryfan chwyth,
Anadlwch war neu fán; a chwyfwch frig,
Chwi Sybwydd, a phob llys, o arwydd iawl.
Ffynnonau, a chwi, o delori ar
Eich rhed, felysion dyrddau, aed eich mawl.
Chwi holl Fywiolion unwch leisiau maws:
Chwi Adar, hyd borth Nef yn dwyn eich cân,
Ar edyn ac ar anaw dygwch fawl.
O eddain dyfroedd chwi, a daiar chwi
A gerddwch, syth o drawd, neu isel lusg;
Doed tyst os, hwyr neu fore, byddaf taw
I fryn neu bant, i ffrwd, neu argel werf
Yn lfafar o fy nghân a dysg ei fawl.
Hael cyffredinawl Ion, yn hael parâa
I roi i ni ond da; ac os y nos
A gludai ddim o ddrwg neu gudd, ffwyrâa
Di hyn, mal weithion tarfa gwawl y gwyll."—P. 136-7.

The smoothest lines in this passage, in the original, are those, which describe the "warbling" of the fountains, and the singing of the birds; and the translation will not suffer in the comparison, unless it be objected, indeed, that the beautiful repetition of the word "warble" in the English lines is lost in the Welsh. The word "telori," used in the sense of *perori*, to chaunt, does not

seem to embrace the full melody of the original, though the expression,—

——————" O delori ar
Eich rhed, felysion dyrddau,—

must be acknowleged to be remarkably soft. The line, too,—

" Bear on your wings and in his notes your praise,"

is very happily rendered by—

" Ar edyn ac ar adaw dygwch fawl."

The first line of this extract, it may be remarked, presents one instance, amongst numbers that might be selected, of the comprehensive signification of some Welsh words. This is the word " bedryfan," (a mutation of *pedryfan*,) which implies the " four quarters of the world." The Greek, as is well known, abounds in examples of this sort, and which have always been regarded amongst the most prominent beauties of that noble language*.

The following passage describes the descent of Raphael to Paradise, and has always been considered to exceed in beauty, as well as in sublimity, the correspondent passages in Homer and Virgil, which represent the descent of Mercury†.

" Down thither, prone in flight,
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When, to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns

* Classical scholars will be at no loss to recollect numerous instances of this peculiarity of the Greek; but I wish to mention one, which has just occurred to me, and especially, as it appears apposite to the occasion. Milton, in his "Masque of Comus," has the following passage,

——————" What time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came;"

all of which may be expressed in Greek by the simple term Βαλυλος. There are many compounds in Welsh, beginning with *Bu*, a term synonymous with the Greek Βυς, but none, that I can remember, of the same import a this.

† See Iliad, 24. v. 339. and Ænid, 4. v. 238.

A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair, that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipp'd in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."—B. v. l. 287.

" I lawr ar wysg ei hed
Buana, a thrwy y nwyfrëawl wybr
Roth cyfrwng byd a bydoedd hwylia efe,
Gan asgell wadal nan ar wyntoedd col,
Gan aes chwai yna nithia awyr syw;
Nes o fewn hawd eryron, gweddai idd
Yr ednaint oll yn Benaig, arni oll
A syllynt, mal yr epnant unig hon,
Pan i amdoi ei holion yn llan gain
Yr haul, eheda hyd i Thêb yr Aipht.
Mwth ar allt dwyrain Gwynfa, ac idd
Ei addas rith adeiniawg Seraph y
Disgyna efe; chwe aden huddent ei
Osgeddion dwyfawl; dwy gan doi ei fraisg
Ysgwyddau á doronent am ei fron
A gleinion dlysau rhïawl: canol ddwy
A dröent am ei gorf fal serw gylch,
Ei lèn ac ei esgeiriau à odrëynt
O bluawr aur a lliwiau trwyth o Nef;
Gwasgodent am ei draed y trydedd dwy
Oc ei naill sawdl yn bluain dudd o liw
Trylasar awyr. Mal mab Maia oedd
Ei wedd, a ffrawai ei bluorion fflau,
O daenu eu pereiddion nefawl tros
Gylch maith."—P. 139-40.

A few instances of that independent feature of the Welsh tongue, which has, I believe, been already partially noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON*, occur in the preceding lines, where the words *Penaig*, *Aipht*†, and *Gwynfa* are used, instead of the names employed in all other languages, for *Phœnix*, *Egypt*, and

* Vol. i. p. 99.—ED.

† The etymological reasons for considering this as a primitive Welsh word have already appeared in this work.—See vol. i. p. 374.—ED.

Paradise. The names, adopted in the translation, are in fact purely Welsh: and many other instances may be found in the work of the judicious use Mr. Pughe has made of his learning in this respect. These I design to make the subject of a distinct letter hereafter, as well as to offer some remarks on their presumed etymons.

The remainder of the fifth Book, which is occupied with the discourse between Raphael and Adam, and the account given by the former of the first appearances of revolt amongst the rebel angels, presents no very remarkable passage. I shall, therefore, offer a few extracts from the succeeding Book, which, in its description of the battle in Heaven, comprises so many images of awful grandeur, though it is generally admitted, that in true poetical beauty it is surpassed by some other portions of this divine poem.

The first extract is from that passage, which relates the encounter of Abdiel and Satan:—

" So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines."—B. vi. l. 198.

" Gwedyd hyny, ergyd gwych á gwnai fry,
Na laesai, ond mor ffraw gan ffrwch ar falch
Grib Satan y disgynai, nas na threm,
Nac ymmod mwth y bryd, a llai ei aes
A allai attal y fath ffrwydr: deg cam
Rhwth ciliai; ac y degfed ar blyg glin
Attegai ei braff waew; mal pe tan
Y ddaiar wynt, neu ruthriad dwfr á wrdd
Wthiasai fynydd coedawg odd ei le
Ar soddi."—P. 169.

This passage, it will be seen, is, for the most part, very happily rendered: not only is the sense almost literally preserved, but the several pauses of the verse, in which so much of the beauty of Milton's metre is known to consist, are preserved in the translation. The fifth, sixth, and seventh lines exemplify this. In

the last line but one, however, "mynydd coedawg" does not seem to convey the same comprehensive image as "a mountain with all his pines," nor do the words "ar soddi" form so forcible a conclusion of this sublime simile as those in the original.

The following lines, which succeed the last at a short interval, have been cited among the instances of Milton's attempts to adapt the sound to the sense: and, whether they do so or not, I cannot help thinking them highly poetical. When he represented the chariot wheels as raging, he, perhaps, had in mind the δουπ μαινδαι of Homer, though, I believe, there is a Scriptural expression still nearer. Let us see, how the passage appears in a Welsh dress.

"Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict."—B. vi. l. 212.

"ar arfau eirf yn tyrfu cras
Ofnadwy ffrwch, a ffraw olwynion certh
Gerbydau prês gwythâent; garw oedd y swn
O drin."—P. 169.

It will surely be granted, that the words employed here are, at least, as appropriate as those in the original: and the pauses, as in the preceding example, are also strictly observed. The word "gwythâent," too, is happily chosen, and corresponds with a similar use of it by Llywarch Hen.

"Yn Llongborth welais i *wythaint*."
In Llongborth I saw the *rage of slaughter*.

I fear, the limits, to which I ought to confine my letters, will not allow me to make any great addition to the observations I have here offered. I shall, therefore, intrude no more on your pages at present than merely to call the attention of your readers to two other extracts from the sixth Book, and of which it may be a sufficient recommendation to say, that they are marked, in the original, by the genuine characteristics of the Miltonian muse, and are translated with spirit and fidelity by Mr. Pughe.

In the first extract is briefly described the approach of night after the first encounter of the celestial combatants, as well as the manner in which it was passed by both armies.

"Now night her course began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war;

Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his Angels prevalent,
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began."—B. vi. l. 417.

" Dechreuai bellach nos ei chwyl, a thros
Y Nef yn denu gwyll, dyddygai baid
Boddlonus, gan ostegu trydar trin:
Is ei chymylawg dawr hwynt naill a llall
A gilient, buddyg a gorfodawg blaid:
Ar gaint y frwydr, Mihangel ac ei drech
Angelion yn byddinaw, dodynt gordd
Gwyliadon ogylch, tanau llachar fflau
Cherubig: ar y naill blaid Satan ag
Ei wrthrynolion á ddiflànent, pell
Tan hudd y gwyll ar darf: heb seibiant et
Bendodau galwai i gynghor gan liw nos;
Ac yn y cyrch dechreuai hyn heb swyd."—P. 176.

The passage, that follows, is the sublime picture of the Messiah's entrance into the combat, and in which, as in former instances, the poet has drawn so copiously from the rich stores of Scriptural imagery.

" So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate

That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire."—B. vi. l. 843.

" Y Mab llafarai felly, ac ei wedd
Newidiai i ddychryndawd gwg rhy dern
Ei gweled, ac at ei elynion llawn
O lid yn troi. Ar unwaith taenynt hwy
Y Pedwar eu hadenydd serawl gan
Ofnadwy fwrw hudd, a rhodau tren
Ei gerbyd ffraw á droynt fal pe o swn
Rhyferthwy dyfroedd, neu Fosawg lu.
Ar ei elynion anfad rhagddo gyrai efe,
Mal caddug nos; tan ei olwynion llosg
Y crynai gwadal nwyfre trwyddi, oll
Ond gorsedd Duw e hun. Llawn buan yn
Eu plith y cyrchai, yn ei ddeau law
Taranau fil a miloedd daliai, rhag
Ei flaen à fwriai, bath ag ynddynt hwy
A frathent blãon; hwynt o syndawd llwyr
Y collynt wrthwynebiad, glewdid oll;
Eu harfau diles syrthient oll i lawr;
Tros aesawr, tros benorion pènau gwymp
Orseddau a Seraphion ceidrion mwth
Y gyrai efe, à fynent weithion rhag
Ei lid o luchiaw eto arnynt y
Mynyddau."—P. 190-1.

It is impossible, I should think, to read these lines without being forcibly convinced of the majestic expressiveness of the Welsh tongue. The following passage,—

——————" a rhodau tren
Ei gerbyd ffraw à droynt fal pe o swn
Rhyferthwy dyfroedd, neu liosawg lu,"

is strongly descriptive, and may be advantageously compared with the Welsh translation of the 24th verse of the first chapter of Ezekiel, from which Milton's illustration is borrowed.

In a word, of the many grand and impressive passages in the sixth Book of Paradise Lost there are few, if any, to which Mr. Pughe has not done ample justice. And, surely, it is no mean praise to say, that his language has, in general, come up to that of his great prototype, who, as already observed, had availed himself of his almost universal knowlege to enrich his native tongue with all the various idioms and rich phraseology of other countries. His translator, on the other hand, has never been

obliged to travel beyond the boundaries of his own language, whatever use he may have occasionally have made, and I think very judiciously, of its inexhaustible materials to increase the variety of its combinations, and to give, in consequence, to his diction a degree of strength and luxuriance, which it might not, otherwise, have possessed. IDWAL.

CHRONOLOGY.

As the study of chronology has ever been considered essential to a just acquaintance with history, any attempt to elucidate it with reference to ancient times needs no apology. On this account, the following Chronological Table, extracted from the Red Book of Hergest*, may be acceptable to those, who take any interest in the ancient history of this country, and particularly of Wales. As this document has, however, already appeared in the Cambrian Register†, its republication here may be regarded by some as superfluous. But, independently, that the work alluded to may not be in every one's hands, it has been considered, that this table might be rendered more interesting by the addition of a few notes, illustrative of the events it records, and which may also have the effect of determining the degree of credit to be attached to its several dates. In this respect, however, the years of our era, as adopted in the Cambrian Register, will be retained, yet without vouching for their perfect accuracy, which, indeed, in a matter of so much uncertainty, was not reasonably to be expected. And, on this point, it may be well to premise, that the table itself, by taking no account of odd months, contains a radical imperfection, independent of what may have arisen from other causes. It is, therefore, probable enough, that some, if not most, of the early dates are not quite accurate, though others are to be vindicated by the concurrent testimony of other documents.

It appears, that this Table was compiled during the latter part of King John's reign, and that the writer must have had access to authorities, that no longer exist, a circumstance, which cannot fail to enhance its value. It may be mentioned, in conclusion, that the last two or three events in the Table are omitted in the following copy, as having no immediate connection with Wales.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 14, p. 76.

† Vol. ii, p. 312.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FROM A. D. 426 to 1211:

EXTRACTED from the RED BOOK of HERGEST.

	A. D.
From the age of Vortigern to the Battle of Badon, which Arthur and his nobles fought with the Saxons, when Arthur and his nobles were victorious, 128 years *.	554
From the Battle of Badon to that of Camlan, 22 years †.	576
From the Battle of Camlan to the death of Maelgwn, 10 years.	586
From the death of Maelgwn to theBattle of Arderydd, when Gwrgi and Peredur were slain, 7 years ‡.	593
From the death of Gwrgi and Peredur to the Battle of Caerlleon, 9 years §.	602

* The battle of Badon, or Badon-hill, fought near Bath, is, according to Nennius, one of Arthur's twelve battles, and in which he is said to have slain six hundred with his own hand. Be this as it may, however, the victory of Badon was of great importance to the British cause: and Higden informs us, that a peace was thereon concluded between Arthur and Cerdic, wherein the title of the former, as sovereign paramount, was acknowleged.—The Rev. W. Wynn of Llangynhafal, a learned Welsh antiquary and poet, who died in 1760, in a letter published in the Cambrian Register, (Vol. ii, p. 516,) states his opinion, that this battle, which he calls that of Baanesdown, was fought in the year 520, which makes a difference of 34 years from the date above given. The truth may, perhaps, be found between these two dates; and it must now be impossible to ascertain the precise year.

† The battle of Camlan was the last, in which Arthur fought, and which proved fatal to him. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 204. According to Mr. Wynn, and likewise the Cambrian Biography, this battle took place in 523.

‡ For some account of the battle of Arderydd, called in the Triads one of the "three frivolous battles," see CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 442. and No. 13, p. 10. Mr. Wynn thinks it was fought in the year 577. Gwrgi and Peredur were twin brothers, sons of Eliver, a distinguished chieftain of North Briton: according to another account they fell in the battle of Caergrau, fought against the Saxon Prince Ida, in consequence of the desertion of their followers on the eve of the battle. And this event has been fixed at 584, seven years after the battle of Arderydd.—Maelgwn Gwynedd, whose death is placed above in 586, is supposed to have died at least sixteen years earlier. See the Cambrian Biography, and the Cambrian Register, vol. ii. p. 523. However, the authority of Dr. Powell, Sir John Price, and Matthew of Westminster concurs with the account in this chronology.

§ Matthew of Westminster states, that the battle of Caerlleon, which he calls Caerlegion, was fought A. D. 603, between the Britons and Æthelfrid King of Northumberland, and that a great number of the monks of Bangor (Iscoed) were then massacred. According to Bede, too, Brochwel, son of Cynghen ab Cadell, Prince of Powys, commanded the British forces on the occasion: and the battle is farther said to have been fought at the instigation of St. Augustin.

	A.D.
From the Battle of Caerlleon to the Battle of Meigin, 14 years.	616
From the Battle of Meigen to the time when Cadwaladr the Blessed went to Rome, 48 years*.	664
From Cadwaladr to the death of King Offa, 128 years.	792
From Offa to the time, when Teganwy was burnt by lightning in the age of Owain ab Maredudd, 20 years.	812
From the burning of Teganwy to the death of Merfyn Vrych, 33 years†.	845
From Merfyn to the time, when his son Rodri was slain, 27 years.	872
From Rodri to the time when his son Anarawd revenged his death, 3 years‡.	875
From the Battle of Conwy till Mervyn, the son of Rodri, was slain, 17 years.	892
From the death of Mervyn to the death of Cadell, the son of Rodri, 10 years.	902
From the death of Cadell to the death of Anarawd, 6 years.	908
From Anarawd to Hywel ab Cadell's pilgrimage to Rome, 18 years§.	926
From Hywel's pilgrimage to his death, 19 years.	945
From Hywel's death to the Battle of Carno, 7 years‖.	952
From the Battle of Carno to the Battle of Idwal's sons, one year¶.	953
From the Battle of Idwal's sons to the death of Owain, son of Hywel Dda, 24 years.	977
From Owain's death to the reign of Cnud, his son, 27 years.	1004
From Cnud to the Battle of Machawy, when Gruffydd, son	

* For a short notice of this event see CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 248.

† According to Dr. Powell's History, Merfyn Frych was slain in the battle of Kettel, fought against the Mercians, under their King Berthrid, in the year 843.

‡ This was the Battle of Conway, called by the Welsh *Dial Rodri*, or Rodri's Revenge, fought, according to Powell, in 878, against the Saxons and Danes. The Britons were commanded by Anarawd, son of Rodri, who, in gratitude for his success, bestowed considerable possessions on the collegiate churches of Bangor and Clynog Vawr, in Arvon.

§ For an account of this event see CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 16, p. 147.

‖ This battle was fought on the Carno Mountains between Ieuaf and Iago, Princes of Gwynedd, against the sons of Hywel Dda, who sustained a complete defeat. The date is fixed by Powell at A. D. 949.

¶ This second battle took place in Dyved, which was laid waste by Ieuaf and Iago.

	A. D.
of Llywelyn, was victorious, and the bishop of the English was slain, 42 years.	1046
From the Battle of Machawy to the death of Gruffydd*, 9 years.	1055
[From the coming of Christ in the flesh to that year, 1055 years.]	
From that year to the death of Gruffydd, son of Llywelyn, 6 years †.	1061
From Gruffydd's death to the arrival of William the Bastard in this island, 5 years; and he reigned 21 years.	1066
From William the Bastard till Bleddyn ab Cynvyn was slain, 7 years.	1073
From Bleddyn to the Battle of the Mountain of Carno, 6 years. There Gruffydd ab Cynan and Rhys ab Tewdwr conquered Trahaiarn, son of Caradawg ‡.	1079
From the Battle of the Mountain of Carno to the time, when Rhys ab Tewdwr was slain, 13 years.	1092
From the death of Rhys to that of William the Red King §, 7 years: he reigned, 13 years.	1099
From the Red King to the death of Caradawg, the Monk, 25 years.	1124
From Caradawg to the death of Cadwallon ab Gruffydd, and the death of Maredudd ab Bleddyn, 8 years.	1132
[From the coming of Christ in the flesh to that year, 1133 years.]	1133
From the death of Cadwallawn to the time, when Owain and Cadwaladr destroyed Aberteivi, 6 years.	1139
From the destruction of Aberteivi to the slaughter of the French in Tal Moelvre, 20 years ‖.	1159

* This is supposed in the Cambrian Register to refer to Gruffydd ab Rhydderch, who was a prince of Gwent, and contemporary with Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, by whom he was slain.

† This notice in Italics is added in the Cambrian Register, in order to supply a presumed defect in the original MS., wherein there would otherwise be an omission of six years. Gruffydd ab Llywelyn was killed by Caradog ab Rhydderch in the year above mentioned.

‡ Trahaiarn succeeded to the sovereignty of Gwynedd on the death of his uncle Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, and maintained a long and furious contest with Gruffydd ab Cynan, which, however, terminated in his own defeat and death in the bloody battle of Carno.

§ William Rufus.

‖ This was one of the battles gained by Owain Gwynedd, and, no doubt, the same, which gave occasion to the ode of Gwalchmai translated in the first

A.D.

From the Battle of Tal Moelvre to the taking of the hostages in the wood of Ceiriog, 8 years. 1167

From the Battle of the wood of Ceiriog to the sacking of Rhuddlan by Owain and Cadwaladr, 2 years *. 1169

From the sacking of Rhuddlan to the death of Owain, 5 years. 1174

[Cadwaladr died after Owain one year, besides from Clement's Eve to Shrovetide.]

From Owain's death to the birth of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, 2 years and a half. 1176

From the birth of Llywelyn to the time when Owain son of Madog was slain in the Battle of Gwern y Vinogl, 14 years. 1190

From the death of Owain ab Madog to the Summer of the Irish, 7 years †. 1197

[In the preceding year happened the Battle of the Cretanau. The third year died Rodri son of Owain.]

From the Summer of the Irish to the taking of Paen Castle, 5 years. 1202

[The preceding year Llywelyn destroyed Mold ‡.]

Two years after the taking of Paen Castle died Gruffydd Cynan §. 1204

The next year after the death of Gruffydd ab Cynan died David son of Owain. 1205

volume of this work, p. 231. The poet, indeed, seems particularly to allude to it, when he says—

"Ac am Dal Moelfre
Mil fanieri."

Probably too, when the bard, speaking of the three hosts, that opposed Owain on that occasion, says, that one came—

"—— dros for o Norddmandi,"

he meant what are called French in this Chronology. Owain Gwynedd, according to Powell's History, reigned over North Wales from 1137 to 1169, a variation of five years from the date above given.

* Cadwaladr, here mentioned, was a son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Gwynedd from 1075 to 1137.

† What the "Summer of the Irish" (*Haf y Gwyddyl*) means is, at present, unknown to the writer of these notes. Perhaps among the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON some one may be able to solve the mystery.

‡ For a notice of this event see the first volume of this work, p. 137, where the date is fixed as above.

§ This person was not the celebrated prince of the same name mentioned in a preceding note, but, in all probability, a son of Cynan, son of Owain Gwynedd.

A. D.

From the death of David to the interdiction of Mass over England and Wales in consequence of the disagreement of King John and Stephen, Abp. of Canterbury, 5 years. 1210

[That interdiction continued 7 years over England and 5 years over Wales.]

The next year, succeeding the first year of the interdiction of Mass, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth and Hywel ab Gruffydd went to Rome with John King of England, that the king might do homage to John King of England. 1211

CAMBRIANA.—No. I.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—VIRGIL.
Once more, perchance, these trifles may delight.—ANON.

THERE is nothing, about which people, of all sorts, sizes, and colours, are more agreed, than they are about the truth of that often-quoted and never-to-be-sufficiently-applauded maxim of "de gustibus non disputandum est," or, in plain English, "tastes differ." And, however paradoxical it may seem, there can be no doubt, that it is this very difference of taste, which keeps us all in such wonderful harmony and good humour. Nor is there any point, on which men shew this difference more than in their taste for reading; their appetites for eating are not more diversified. One man prefers your good solid tome, well stuffed with matter scientific, antiquarian, or philological, which, to borrow an illustration from the learned fraternity of *gourmands*, may be assimilated most happily to a substantial baron of beef. Another has no stomach for any thing grosser than a volume of history, a book of travels, or even the last new poem, which appear to be much of a quality with a haunch of venison, a calve's head, or a dish of wild fowl. A third,—take for example a metaphysician or a novel-reader,—relishes nothing but your whips, trifles, and syllabubs: and a fourth doats only on those miscellaneous compounds, which may be aptly compared with the old English dish of hotch-potch, or the *olla podrida* of Spain. Now, to come to the point, it must be the obvious duty of every literary cook, who undertakes to cater periodically for such a diversity of appetites, to have his larder at all times well and variously stored,—to suit alike the gross feeder, the professed epicure, and the mere mince

of dainties. At least, if he has any desire to see guests at his table, he must take care to be thoroughly provided in this important article of variety.

It is from a laudable conviction of this truth, that the preceding head is now adopted, which will serve occasionally to introduce such literary *miscellanea*, relating to Wales, as may not properly fall under any less general title. The MISCELLANIST may, indeed, be supposed to have already anticipated this purpose: but it should be recollected, that *that* title is confined, as first intended, to original contributions, while the CAMBRIANA will comprise, for the most part, such light articles, as have been previously published, but are only to be found mixed up with less digestible matter. It is not, however, designed, that the plan of the French *anas*, so happily imitated by Walpole, shall be regarded as a model in this instance, any farther than that variety will always form, with the fore-mentioned restriction, a distinguishing feature of the CAMBRIANA. For the rest, the reader, come with what appetite he may, must take the feast as he finds it.

BEES.*

OUR ancestors (the ancient Cymry) held these industrious people in great veneration, and believed them to be of paradisaical origin†. For this reason, their priests taught that the chaunting of mass was not acceptable to the deity unless the lighted tapers were made of their wax. Out of their dulcet stores they brewed their national liquor *metheglin*, or the medicinal beverage‡.

When the country was nearly one continued wilderness, almost every hollow oak was an apiary: and, as the woods were gradually destroyed, the bees were diminished in proportion. Their nests on the wastes were the property of the lords of the soil and rented by some vassals. On freehold lands they were claimed by the respective proprietors. The discoverer of a swarm was entitled by law to a reward of one penny, if they were domesticated bees, and one penny and a dinner, or, in lieu, the whole

* This interesting account is extracted, principally, from the "Survey of North Wales," by the Rev. Walter Davies, p. 348.—ED.

† See Wotton's Leges Wallicæ, p. 254.—Bees have always been particular favourites with the poets. Among those, who have given the most fascinating descriptions of them, are Virgil in his "Georgics," B. 4. l. 21., Thompson in his "Spring," l. 504., and Gray in his "Ode to the Spring."—ED.

‡ Was not the general drink *medd*, or mead, somewhat different, perhaps, from *metheglin*?—ED.

of the wax, if they were of the wild race. Whoever cut a tree upon another person's property, in order to get at the nest of bees, was to be amerced the full value of both tree and bees. The respective prices of different swarms were ascertained by law in the following manner:—

	Pence.
The Parent Hive.....	24
The same, after emitting one colony ...	20
The same, after emitting a second	16
The same, after emitting a third	12
The first swarm	16
The second swarm	12
A colony from the first swarm	12
The same from the second swarm	8

Early swarms were reckoned of full value by the first of August: such, as swarmed after that day, were not valued above four-pence* until the following May.

In comparison with the price of other articles at the time the Welsh laws were framed, bees, by the above account, seem to have been very dear, and, consequently, scarce; but the price, set upon them by law, was much above the real price in commerce between buyer and seller. This was owing to the veneration they were held in by the Legislature, and was intended to deter the subject from offending against the statutes made to preserve them. As a confirmation of this opinion, every thing, that belonged to bees, had its value exaggerated in law: even a bee-hive was appraised at two shillings, when a new plough, without irons, was valued only at two-pence, a cow, with the first calf, 48d., a yearling calf, 14d., and a sucking lamb, one penny.

The sacred esteem, in which bees were held, at length declining, apiaries were gradually reduced to their present fewness of number. However, several persons still execrate the profane act of disposing of their bees for money, but will, nevertheless, let them out for the half share of the money and wax, when they are killed annually in autumn, and the whole live stock to be parted equally between them at the end of the fourth year.

It may not be uninteresting to add to this account, that *medd*, a drink composed of water and honey, was formerly the principal

* Several kinds of pence occur in the Welsh laws: among these are *ceiniog gota*, a current coin, apparently equivalent to our present penny, and *ceiniog gyvraith*, or legal penny, an imaginary money of the value of three half-pence current. Thus six-pence in law were equal to nine-pence in commerce.—See *Wotton's Glossary*.

beverage amongst the natives of Wales. In the time of Hywel Dda the mead-brewer was one of the officers of the royal household: and the following enumeration of his privileges occurs in the laws of that prince. "The mead-brewer shall have his land freely, and a horse from the king, and a share of the visitor's gift-money, and the third part of the wax, which shall be taken off the vat, the two parts being divided between the hall and the chamber, two shares for the hall and third for the chamber." In another copy it is stated that "he claims the covering over the vat or else four-pence, according to the choice of the owner of the feast."

CHRISTMAS.*

THE old customs of this season, detailed in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," are, for the most part, common in Wales. The following too is undoubtedly of British origin, and not noticed in that book. This is, that on Christmas eve a bunch of misletoe is suspended from the cieling, and each man, bringing a woman under it, salutes her and wishes her a merry Christmas and a happy new year. A similar custom seems also to prevail in France, where the younger peasants, about new year's tide, offer the wish of good luck at the doors of the inhabitants, with this exclamation,—"*Au gui l'an neuf*"—to the misletoe the new year, meaning, probably,—Hail or come to the misletoe, it is the new year,—the beginning of which is very nearly marked by the falling of the berries of that plant. Both of these customs belong evidently to the Druidical institution†.

Another custom, which is now in many places relinquished, was that of the *Plygain*, or service in the church about three o'clock in the morning at Christmas day, when, according to Mr. Pennant, "most of the parishioners assembled in church, and, after prayers and a sermon, continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till broad day: and, if, through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home and carols on our Saviour's nativity." The Christmas carol is still considered essential to the day; and a new one is, for the most part, composed every year, which is

* This account is extracted from the "Cambrian Popular Antiquities" by the late Rev. Peter Roberts, p. 131.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, Vol. i. p. 447. for a note, in reference to the Druidical veneration for the misletoe.—ED.

sung in the church after the morning or evening service. And, as a carol is looked upon as an effort of genius, one, which is approved of, seldom fails to raise the reputation of the poet. The subject is, of course, taken from Scripture, and the carol is properly a hymn. Some of these effusions exhibit much poetic merit, particularly those of Huw Morus, who excelled in this species of composition as he did also in one of a very different character.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. IX.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—THE geography of Orosius, and the navigation of Ohthere in the northern seas, as preserved by Alfred, contain some names of countries and nations, which appear to be useful for the illustration of the history of the British isles; and you may, therefore, judge them worthy of being inserted in the CAMBRO-BRITON.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES AND PEOPLE IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

Thila, *Iceland;*—Igbernia, or Scotland, *Ireland;*—Iraland, *Scotland;*—the country of the Scoti, or Scotland; the south extremity of *Spain*;*—Dena, *Denmark;*—Weonodland, Winedeland, or Sysyle, the *Wendi*, then inhabiting all the region between the Elbe and the Baltic, east of the Seaxna and Angle, but who are now confined to Lusatia;—Northmanna, *Norway;*—Sweoland, *Sweden;*—Terfenna-land, or the Waste land, *Swedish Lapland;*—Cwen Sea, the *White Sea;*—Screide Finni, and Cwenas, the inhabitants of the present *Russian Lapland*, on the west shore of the White Sea:—Cwenland, or Cwenaland, *Finland*, or all that tract lying east of the Gulf of Bothnia, from the Gulf of Finland northward to the White Sea.

Observations.

1. The name of *Lapland* was not known in the ninth century; and the people now inhabiting that country and *Finland* speak a common dialect, and which is totally different from the languages of all their neighbours.

* The old Irish chronicles make mention of a Spanish colony as coming to Ireland, under the name of *Kin Skuit*, or Skuit nation.

2. The names of *Finnas*, *Finnias*, and *Screidi Finni* are only known as applied to a few scattered people, in the northern wastes of Sweden and Norway, and on the extremity of the west shore of the White Sea.

3. The appellation of *Cwen Sea* is very remarkable, as applied to the White Sea, if we take into consideration, that *Gwyn*, m. and *Gwen* f. imply *White*, in Welsh: and which the Saxons would turn into *Cwen*, in the same manner as our common cognomen of *Gwyn* has been changed into *Quin* by their descendants.

4. There is a great probability that the names of *Finnas*, or *Finni*, and *Finland* are only dialectical mutations of *Cwenas* and *Cwenland;* and, as a curious fact, in proof of such a probability, just so the Irish do actually change the Welsh *Gwyn* and *Gwen* into *Fin* and *Fion*, which mean *white* in both dialects.

5. There was no part of Europe known in the ninth century, to which the appellation of *Cwenland*, *Gwenland*, *Finland*, or White-land was so appropriate, as the region extending from the Gulf of Finland to the White Sea, from its being covered with snow during a great part of the year.

6. Names, descriptive of the features and characters of countries, are the most permanent of any; for they generally remain, as memorials of the first inhabitants, notwithstanding all subsequent revolutions of languages. Even Sweden and Norway, like the rest of Europe, present such memorials, in the names of their rivers and mountains, which are inexplicable by the Gothic dialects of the present inhabitants; and which names appear to preserve the characteristics of a *Cimbric* origin. We may instance the *Dofrine Mountains*, which run south and north, like a back bone, dividing the low lands of Norway from the vales of Sweden: or, to use a *Cimbric word*, that form the DYFRYN, or *Vale*, on each side.

7. Our historical Triads say, that the first colony of the *Cymry* came to Britain in a direction from the present Denmark, originally called the Peninsula of the *Cimbri:* and it is worthy of remark, that they must have brought with them their name of *Lochlyn*, for the Baltic Sea; and which name is so perfectly descriptive of such an inland body of waters, that it could only have been applied by a people well acquainted with its form.

8. A dialect of the language, spoken by the ancient *Cymry*, is still preserved by the *Wendi* of Lusatia, who, in the time of Orosius, extended also over the present Sudermania, along the shore

of the Baltic eastward: and this dialect is the connecting link between the Welsh and the various dialects of the Sclavonic.

In conclusion, allow me to express my regret, Mr. Editor, that your correspondent P. B. W. should have, this month, given strangers to our language room to doubt, as to the true derivation of the name of *Gwyddel*, when, certainly, it presents no doubt whatever to those who have a correct knowledge of the Welsh. P. B. W. shows a cultivated talent for general investigation; and, for that reason, his tracing *Gwyddel* from *Gwydd*, presence, or cognizance, is the most entitled to notice. He ought, however, to have known the derivation of the name to be from *Gwydd*, wood; and, also, that the terms *Gwyddel* and *Gwyddeli* are still used for a *copse of wood*, and *thickets*. And our bard *D. ab Gwilym* is a satisfactory evidence to the point, when he describes himself, in one of his adventures, to be "*is y cel' wyddeli*",—beneath the concealing *thickets**. HANESAI.

Dec. 7, 1820.

WELSH LINES AND EPITAPH.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Reading an old Welsh MS. lately, I was much amused by the following finely descriptive accomplishments, as appertaining to the character of an ancient British chieftain :—

"SAITH CAMP A DDYLY FOD AR WR-BONEDDIG†;"

"Bod yn fardd ar ei fwrdd;
Bod yn oen yn ei ystafell;
Bod yn feudwy yn ei eglwys;
Bod yn baen ar yr heol;
Bod yn ddoeth yn ei ddadl;
Bod yn llew ar y maes;
Bod yn athraw yn ei dy."

In the same old MS. I admired the following lines upon the subject of Iolo Goch's tenure. Probably, the land was the gift

* The mistake, for such it certainly is, to which Hanesai here alludes, is not chargeable upon P. B. W., but occurs in the "Preface by the late Rev. Evan Evans," of which P. B. W. is merely the translator. Mr. Evans's error was adverted to in a note by the Editor. See No. 16, p. 156.—ED.

† There is, perhaps, a better copy of this production in the Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 125. entitled "Dewisav gwr Tallesin," which will be translated at a future opportunity.—ED.

of his munificent patron Owain Glyndwr,—Iolo being his domestic bard and son of Lacy's widow, the countess of Lincoln, who married Iolo's father.—

"Y Tri Oedran."

"Tri oed pawl gwern â fernir yn oedran ci;
Tri oedran ci yw oed march;
Tri oedran march yw oed gwr;
Tri oed gwr yw oedran hydd;
Tri oed hydd yw oedran gwalch;
Tri oed y gwalch yw oedran dar;
Tri oed derwen â fernir,
O'm gwarant i, ar y grwn tir."

To the reader, who is learned in the Saxon language, I shall be obliged for a translation of the above verses,—and to the Welsh antiquary I shall feel equal obligation, if he will inform me (through the medium of your valuable publication), who is the author of these beautiful lines, which are on a tomb-stone in my native church-yard, Caerwys.—

"Er rhoi fy nghorph i orphwys—
Ddyn hawddgar!—i'r ddaear ddwys;
Cwyd ei lwch o'r trwch lle trig,
Llygradwy yn anllygredig;
Cadarn gorn neu udgorn nef
Ar ei ddeiliaid rhoa ddolef;
Codant, hwy glywant yn glau,
A dringant o dir angeu;
Ac yna bydd gogoniant
Un argraff Seraph a Sant."

ANON.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PRECEDING WELSH LINES AND EPITAPH.

An English version of the Welsh articles comprised in the preceding communication is here given, as well to gratify one part of the writer's wish, as to consult the convenience of those readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, to whom the originals may be unintelligible. The Editor is unable, however, to answer his correspondent's inquiry respecting the author of the Epitaph at Caerwys, which is certainly well worthy of the epithet above bestowed on it.

Seven Qualities,
that ought to be possessed by a gentleman.

To be a bard at his table:
To be a lamb in his chamber:
To be a hermit in his church:
To be a peacock on the highway:
To be wise in his discourse:
To be a lion in the field:
To be an instructor in his house.

The Three Ages:
By Iolo Goch.

Three times the age of an alder pole are judged to be the age of a dog:
Thrice the age of a dog makes the age of a horse:
Thrice the age of a horse makes the age of a man:
Thrice the age of a man makes the age of a stag:
Thrice the age of a stag makes the age of a hawk: *
Thrice the age of a hawk makes the age of an oak: †
An oak's reputed age, when three times told,
Describes the tenure of the land I hold.

The Epitaph at Caerwys.

Though now, beneath this mound oppress'd,
My ashes, gentle pilgrim, rest,
Still from their cell they shall ascend,
Corrupt to incorruption tend,
When to the host of earth is given
The summons of the trump of heaven,
Then shall they hail, with joy, the skies,
As from this house of death they rise,
To glory mounting where they paint
As one the seraph and the saint.

* An account lately appeared in the public papers of a hawk having died in the county of Norfolk, which had been in the same garden fifty years and was considered an old bird when brought there.—Ed.

† The patriarchal age, to which the oak grows, is well known. The celebrated tree, which lately stood at Nannau, was a remarkable instance of this fact, having existed, according to tradition, in the time of Glyndwr, and perhaps some ages before. An interesting account of it may be found in the first volume, pp. 226 and 467.—Ed.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXI

Meddwch chwi pa oreu im' eto,
Ai bod yn glaf o serch ai peidio ?
Nes cael gwybod pa á ennilla,
Ai hi á gâ, ai fi á golla.

LXXII

Y mae hiraeth wedi 'm cael
Rhwng fy nwyfron a'm dwy âel;
Ar fy mrôn y mae yn pwyso,
Fal pe mi yn fammaeth iddo.

LXXIII

I ba beth y byddaf brudd,
A throi llawenydd heibio ;
Tra bwyf ieuanc ac yn llôn,
Rhoâf hwb i'r galon eto :
Hwb i'r galon, doed à ddêl,
Mae rhai na welant ddigon ;
Ni waeth punt na chant mewn cod,
Os medrir bod yn foddlon.

LXXIV

Tebyg yw y delyn dyner
I ferch wên a'i chnawd melysber:
Wrth ei theimlo mewn cyfrinach,
E ddaw hôno fwynach, fwynach.

LXXV

Diofal yw'r aderyn,
Ni hau, ni fed, un gronyn :
Heb ddim gofal yn y byd, ond canu hyd y flwyddyn.
Eistedda ar y gangen,
Gan edrych ar ei aden,
Heb un geiniog yn ei god, yn llywio bod yn llawen.

LXXVI

Yn y mor y byddo 'r mynydd,
Sydd yn cuddio bro Meirionydd :
Na chawn unwaith olwg arni,
Cyn i'm calon dirion dôri.

ERDDIGAN Y CANORION*.

1.

Os yma i Lundain ar ddamwain ni ddaw,
Cog, eos, na hedydd, o ddolydd rhag braw;
Ond lleisiau, nid llesol, rhy fradôl i frôn,
A lanwant ol-yn-ol bob heol o hôn;
Hardd gweled CANORION, rhai mwynion a mad,
Yn un ar ganiadau iawn lais eu hen wlad:
Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

2.

Gofaled ariannog am log iddo ef,
A gwyr y rhagoriaeth am driniaeth y dref;
Gwyr llysoedd hwy lleisiant gan ddadwrdd môr dyn,
A rhai am ddiwygiad eu siarad yw syn:
Ond ni y CANORION, hyfrydlon o fryd,
Canlynwn, tân ganu, i flasu hoen byd:
Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

3.

Dowch, feirddion, CANORION, rai dyfnion eu dysg,
Os unwch chwi yma, ceir mwyndra 'n ein mysg:
Bydd ini ddwy einioes am un einioes glaf,
O ganu fal hedydd ar hirddydd yr haf.
Iawn cofio tra chyfion arferion â fu,
Ac fal ein hen dadau, cawn ninnau môr gu,
Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

YR HEDYDD†.

Yr hedydd ar fore cyfoda o'i nyth,
A'i dwyfron yn wlithog, i'r wybr hed yn syth;
A chyda 'r arddwr llawen chwibana dros y ddol,
At yr hwyr y dychwela i'w nyth yn ei hol.

* This song, which is the production of the Rev. E. Hughes of Bodfary, was sung at the last meeting of the CANORION at the Freemasons' Tavern, and has been set to music by Mr. Parry. An English translation will be given next month.—ED.

† These lines, which were written by the late Evan Lloyd, Esq., of Maes y Porth, in the island of Anglesey, are a translation of the two English stanzas on a Lark, which will be found in a subsequent page.—ED.

Dysga fod yn esmwyth, dedwyddyd cai fal hon;
Boddlondeb sy deyrnas, pan wreiddia tàn y frôn;
Rho derfyn i'th awydd, a'th nwydau sydd heb ri',
Boddlonach fyddi efory na heddyw, coelia fi.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXI

To fall sick of love or not,
Tell me, friend, which should I choose,
Doubting, who the prize has got,
She who gains, or I who lose.

LXXII

Cruel longing does so tease me,
'Tween my breasts I feel it seize me,
There with weight so heavy pressing,
Like a child its nurse caressing.

LXXIII

Where can be the use, I pray,
From happiness to sever?
While I am both young and gay,
My heart I'll conquer ever,
Conquer still, though crosses fall;
Yet some are e'er complaining:
Wealth we need not, great or small,
Where'er content is reigning.

LXXIV

Yon sweet harp, how it resembles
Some fair maid, whose soft form trembles
To your touch, and soon you find her
Grow beneath it kinder, kinder.

LXXV

The bird, so free from care,
Nor sows nor reaps a grain,
But, quite thoughtless through the year,
He chaunts his merry strain.

Upon the branch he'll stand,
His eye fix'd on his wing,
Not a penny at command,
Rejoicing still to sing.

LXXVI

Plunge yon mountains in the sea,
That hide Meirion's land from me:
Ne'er again twill meet my sight,
Till this heart is broke outright.

STANZAS

ON THE FORMATION OF THE

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.

1.

SHADES of the great, the nobly brave,
Rejoice, the hour, tho' long delay'd,
Hath come, when, like the ocean's wave,
In majesty and might array'd,
The treasures of your native land
Shall ride sublime from strand to strand.

2.

Cambria, exult! behold, her wings,
Arous'd from slumber, Fame hath spread;
Lov'd dwelling of a thousand kings,
Again she rears thy sunken head:
See the vast roll her hand displays,
The records of thy past and glorious days.

3.

She waves her wand, the forms arise
Of mighty men, forgotten long;
Hark! to her harp's wild symphonies
Again she wakes thy beauteous song:
To modern ear and eye she brings
Tales of thy minstrels, deeds of thy stern kings.

4.

Before her glance the clouds retire,
Whose gloom so long hath on thee lain:
See! bright up-springs the dormant fire,
Lighting all thy proud domain:

Land of heroes, hail the hour,
That tears thy records from oblivion's power.

7.

Genius of Cambria, dry the tear,
Thy thoughtless sons have made thee weep;
Again thy head in triumph rear,—
Awake thee from thine iron sleep:
Thy long-neglected harp again resume,—
The voice of ages calls thee from the tomb.

6.

O! day of joy, when those, whose blood
In Saxon veins hath run, can glow
To see thy long-restrained flood
Of song and science freely flow,
Bearing the ark upon its tide,
Whose glorious freight hath storm and time defied.

7.

Well may ye speed, who at the helm
Presiding stand, ye who redeem
The treasures of your ancient realm
From Lethe's dull and silent stream:
To you belong eternal praise,
Who from its darkest depths your country's honours raise.

S. R. J.

LINES ON THE LARK*.

THE lark in the morning, she rises from her nest,
And mounts in the air with the dew on her breast,
And with the jolly ploughman she whistles o'er the plain;
And at night she returns to her nest back again.

Hence learn to be at ease, and happiness you'll find;
Content is a kingdom, when placed in the mind:
Limit your wishes, nor let your passions stray,
You'll be happier to-morrow than you have been to-day.

* These lines are merely inserted here to afford an opportunity of comparing them with the Welsh translation, which occurs in a preceding page — ED.

WALES.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—The annual festival of this Society took place on Monday the 11th of last month, and was distinguished by the same traits of patriotic feeling, and convivial hilarity, that have marked the former anniversaries of the Gwyneddigion. Several *pennillion* were, according to custom, sung to the inspiring sound of the harp; and a variety of toasts, connected with the national objects of the Society, were given in the course of the evening*. Mr. Parry, editor of the "Welsh Melodies," was in the chair on the occasion, in the unavoidable absence of the President, Mr. Owen Pughe: and it is scarcely necessary to add, that nothing was omitted in the arrangements of the day, that might contribute to the harmony, whether social or musical, of this laudable meeting.

The Rev. J. Jenkins of Kerry, the Rev. Walter Davies of Manafon, the Rev. W. J. Rees of Cascob, the Rev. D. Richards of Llansilin, the Rev. T. Richards of Berriew, and the Rev. A. B. Clough of Jesus College, Oxford, have recently been elected Honorary Members of this Society, as an acknowlegement of their polite attention, as members of the Committee of the Cymmrodorion in Powys, to such of the members of the Gwyneddigion Society as were present at the late *Eisteddfod* at Wrexham.

CHURCH UNION SOCIETY IN THE DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.—The premium of Fifty Pounds, offered by this institution for the best Essay on "The necessity of a Church esta- "blishment in a Christian country, for the preservation of "Christianity among people of all ranks and denominations, and "on the means of exciting and maintaining amongst its mem- "bers a spirit of devotion together with zeal for the honour, sta- "bility, and influence of the established church," has been adjudged to to the Rev. S. C. Wilks. The laudable objects of

* The Editor has been given to understand, that, amongst the number of toasts, his humble exertions were not forgotten. He hopes, therefore, he may be allowed to seize this public opportunity of expressing his acknowlegement of the favour, which it has been his zealous aim, with whatever success, in some degree to deserve.

this Society, combining, as they do, the best interests of religion with a due reverence for our church establishment, cannot be too generally or too greatly admired. ***

MISCELLANEOUS LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.—Nothing of any importance has, for some time, occurred in the Principality, that could properly be noticed under this head, under which it is still meant, as originally purposed, to record such events only, as may possess something beyond a mere ephemeral interest*. That this rule has occasionally been transgressed is, perhaps, to be regretted; since it never formed any part of the design of this work, in its present limited size, to encroach upon the province of the newspapers, connected with Wales, any farther than to preserve a remembrance of the really important occurrences of the times, and especially of such, as might have any reference to the cultivation or promotion of Welsh literature. Some notice, however, may be deemed necessary of those religious or political events, that occasionally seem to invite the public attention; and it has always been endeavoured to make such a selection of these, as might be most generally interesting. But on the present occasion no occurrences of this nature offer themselves, if we except the customary meetings of the Bible Associations, and the recent manifestation of public opinion respecting the Queen. The latter subject, as might be expected, has had a popular influence even in Wales, yet by no means to the same extent as in other parts of the kingdom. Indeed, the "friends of the Queen," as they are called, seem to have been almost entirely confined to the southern part of the Principality, where the abandonment of the proceedings against her Majesty has been celebrated, apparently, with much enthusiasm. A few addresses have also been presented to the Queen from the same quarter. The political feeling of North Wales, however, in this respect, appears to have been different; and, indeed, a better spirit seems now to pervade the whole principality. Several addresses to his Majesty, the result, it may be hoped, of that genuine loyalty, which has ever characterised Welshmen, have at length been voted: and it is due to the county of Anglesey to observe, that it may claim the honour of having first set the example, at least to Wales, if not to the whole kingdom, of thus rallying, in the hour of emergency, around the constitution and the throne. ***

* See the Introduction to the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. I., p. 4.—ED.

LITERATURE.

WELSH DICTIONARIES.—Although the Welsh language can already boast of two or three dictionaries of considerable merit, it is somewhat remarkable, that the idea of a Celtic or Cimbric Lexicon, embodying all the kindred dialects of the Welsh, has never yet been adopted. The utility of such a compilation, by which the various branches of the ancient Cimbric, such as the Welsh, Armoric, Cornish, and Erse languages, might be brought under one view, and their analogies compared, could not fail to be productive of the greatest benefit to our researches in each of these tongues, and might even tend, in no small degree, to determine the identity of the parent language itself. Some little has, indeed, been done towards this by Mr. Llwyd in his *Archæologia Britannica;* but he does not appear to have embraced the full extent of the idea here contemplated, besides that, even upon his own principle, his labours are extremely limited. Owen's Dictionary,—unquestionably the best, with reference to the Welsh tongue itself, from the minute examination which it makes of its radical properties,—takes no notice, however, of its kindred dialects. Dr. Davies's Latin-Welsh Dictionary does indeed, occasionally, compare the Welsh words with the correspondent terms in Armoric and Cornish; but in this there is no method observed, and the attention of its learned author seems to have been chiefly directed to the Hebrew and other oriental tongues. Add to this, that his work, however valuable, is deficient in some thousand words, which are comprised in the later labours of Mr. Owen. As for the other Welsh dictionaries, whatever may be their merit, they are not to be considered as coming, in any respect, within the principle here alluded to. Nor have the Gaelic and Irish Dictionaries of Shaw and O'Brien any pretension to the character of Cimbric Lexicons. The following extract from the Introduction to Mr. Owen's Dictionary explains, although in a more extended sense, the idea, which has given birth to the foregoing remarks:—"A work of the most beneficial consequence to the cause of truth yet remains to be executed; and which is a comparison of the various languages of the world, in order to discover the affinity existing between them. This, however, ought not to be a superficial performance; but, on the contrary, the stores of every language should be explicitly brought to view and collated together, so as to display accurately their connexions and similarity of character. The result of such a work would be

of the highest value, I conceive, from what I have discovered in the Welsh tongue, and more particularly, as far as I was able, by comparing it with others; and that value of it would consist in establishing most decidedly the proposition, that all languages are derived from a common origin. In addition to this it would likewise shew, which of them has preserved the character of the common parent with the least deviation." The work, above suggested under the title of Cimbric Lexicon, would have precisely the same effect with reference to a particalar class of languages, that Mr. Owen's remarks contemplate as to languages generally.

The lovers of Welsh literature will be pleased to hear, that the publication of the CELTIC REMAINS, with respect to which some observations were offered in the last number, is likely to take place under the auspices of the learned individual then named, who has undertaken to perform this very acceptable service to his country. It is probable, however, as the task must necessarily be one of considerable labour, that it may not be completed in much less time than twelve months.

The Rev. P. B. WILLIAMS, of Llanrug, Carnarvonshire, is preparing for publication a work under the title of "A Guide to Tourists in the County of Carnarvon," which cannot fail to prove interesting to the admirers of that romantic part of North Wales.

A Welsh translation of the "Economy of Human Life" is now in the press, the work of a gentleman, who is well qualified to do ample justice to the undertaking. It will be printed on a cheap plan, so as to answer the laudable purpose of disseminating the very useful instruction, comprised in that valuable little work. The Editor cannot help profiting by this opportunity, to recommend this example to the general adoption of such of his countrymen, as may be capable of the task, and who feel an anxiety for the cultivation at once of their native tongue and of sound knowlege. For, he conceives, that these ends are to be more effectually attained by the translation of English works of acknowleged celebrity and utility, than by the publication of such crude and unedifying treatises, as have too often appeared in the Welsh tongue. For, without the least disrespect to any Welsh authors, it must be admitted, that our modern productions are not, in general, remarkable for the interest of the subjects, of which they treat.

OBITUARY.

SEPTEMBER.—3d. Thomas Smith, Esq. of Foelallt, in the county of Cardigan.—10th, Ann, wife of Thomas Le Breton, Esq. of Cardiff, a lady distinguished by a truly religious life.—13th, At Brynllithrig, near St. Asaph, the Rev. Peter Whitley, senior vicar of St. Asaph Cathedral, and rector of Cwm in the county of Flint, a gentleman generally and deservedly respected.—23d, Rev. Stephen Evans, of Llanfechan, in the county of Montgomery, for many years curate of that parish.—29th, Edward Haywood, Esq. of Crosswood, in the same county. OCTOBER.—6th, At Hereford, aged 100, Mary, relict of Edward Matthew, Esq. late of Aberavon, Glamorganshire.—*id.*, In the parish of Llangain, Carmarthenshire, Isaac James, labourer, at the advanced age of 103.—9th, At Heytesbury, in the county of Wilts, aged 47, Catherine, wife of the Rev. D. Williams, and eldest daughter of James Williams, Esq. of Chepstow,—a lady distinguished by her many domestic virtues, and her truly pious disposition, which was particularly exemplified in the patience and fortitude, with which she sustained her last long and painful illness.—13th, William Edwards, Esq. of Hendre House, near Llanrwrst.—15th, At Aberystwith, Mrs. Mary Davies, aged 65 years.—Watkin Morgan, Esq. late of Aberystwith.—21st, At Montgomery, Elizabeth, wife of Edmund Edye, Esq., solicitor of that town, much esteemed and lamented. At Penmaen, near Machynlleth, Mrs. Vaughan, wife of Lewis Vaughan, Esq.—26th, At Laugharne, after a lingering illness, Louisa, wife of Capt. W. Laugharne, R. N.—27th, Rev. William Rowlands, A. M., Rector of Cerig-druidion, in the county of Denbigh. NOVEMBER. 1st, Mrs Price, aged 60, widow of the late Daniel Price Esq. of Abergwenlas in the county of Carmarthen.—4th, At Llysnewydd in Carnarvonshire, aged 65, the lady of W. Lewes, Esq. of that place.—6th, At Monmouth, aged 74, Richard Philpotts, Esq., a gentleman highly respected, and one of the oldest inhabitants and burgesses of that town.—13th, John Morris Esq. of Pentrenent, Montgomeryshire, a gentlman generally esteemed in the various relations of life.—16, Clopton Lloyd Esq. of Garthlwyd, Moutgomeryshire.—20th, Howell Price Esq. of Berthlwyd, Carmarthenshire, one of his Masjesty's Justices of the Peace for that connty.—21st, Edw. Davies Esq. of Rhiwlas, youngest son of the late Hugh Davies Esq. Banker, Machynlleth.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

FEBRUARY, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XVI.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXIX. THE three Fleet-owners of the Isle of Britain: Geraint, the son of Erbin; Gwenwynwyn, the son of Nav; and March, the son of Meirchion: and each of the fleet-owners had six score ships, and six score mariners in each ship.

[Triad XX of the first series, and XXV of the second end with the names, without the illustration, which probably may be the comment of the copyist of the series in the text above.—Geraint ab Erbin, a prince of Devon, in the sixth century, is often mentioned by the ancient poets; and he is the hero of one of the Mabinogion tales, as one of the knights of Arthur. The red book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford, contains a history of Geraint, entitled "Ystoria Gereint fab Erbin." Among the poems of Llywarch Hen is preserved a long elegy on this hero, in which the bard speaks of him in a strain of high panegyric: and we learn from the same authority, that Geraint was slain in the battle of Llongborth, while fighting under the banners of Arthur.—The history of the other two admirals is involved in darkness; though their names sometimes occur in our old writings].

LXX. The three Front-leaders of Battle of the Isle of Britain: Trystan, the son of Tallwch; Huail, the son of Caw of Prydyn, the lord of Cwm Cawlwyd; and Cai, the son of Cynyr Ceinvarvog [Shining-beard]: and one person was supreme over those three, and that one was Bedwyr, the son of Pedrawg.

[Triad XXVI of the first series agrees with the above; but XXIII of the second series is thus—"The three Frontlet-ones of the Isle of Britain: Gwair, the son of Gwestl; and Cai, the son

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 68, 9. Tr. 68——59.

of Cynyr; and Trystan, the son of Tallwch."—All these personages are honoured by the frequent notices of the bards; and they are also among the principal heroes of the Mabinogion. Trystan is mentioned in four other Triads, and is the Sir Tristrem, in the English romance, by Thomas of Ercildown, which was edited by Sir Walter Scott a few years since.—Huail belonged, during the latter part of his life, to the congregation of Catwg, and became afterwards one of the saints of the British church. There is a church dedicated to him in Herefordshire.—Cwm Cawlwyd is presumed to be identified in *Glenco*, a place rendered notorious in English history; for *Cwm* and *Glen* are nearly synonymous terms; and *Llwyd*, added to *Caw*, means *Gray*. Prydyn is the name for Scotland, but generally exclusive of the Alban, or Highlands.]

LXXI. The three Naturalists of the Isle of Britain: Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Llecheu ab Arthur, and Rhiwallawn Wallt Banadlen: and there was nothing, of which they did not know its material essence, and its property, whether of kind, or of part, or of quality, or of compound, or of coincidence, or of tendency, or of nature, or of essence, whatever it might be.

[Triad X of the first series simply records the names; and the vsrbose illustration, in the above Triad, must be considered, as in Triad LXIX, the gloss of some transcriber. This Triad is not in the second series.—Gwalchmai, Llecheu, and Rhiwallon Broom-bush Hair have been the frequent theme of bards; and the first two fill an eminent part in the Mabinogion. Llecheu was slain in the battle of Llongborth.]

LXXII. The three Pillars of Battle of the Isle of Britain: Dunawd Fur, the son of Pabo Post Prydain; Gwallawg, the son of Lleenawg, and Cynvelyn Drwsgl: that is, they were skilled in the disposition of the order of battle, and were battle leaders superior to all others that ever were.

[Triad XI of the first series merely records the names, without the explanation; and Triad XXXI of the second series is thus—"The three Pillars of Battle of the Isle of Britain: Dunawd, the son of Pabo; and Cynvelyn Drwsgl; and Urien, the son of Cynvarch."—This Dunawd and his father had churches dedicated to them. The grave of Pabo, under a stone bearing an inscription round his effigy, is still to be seen at Llan Pabo, in Anglesey; and a copy of the monument is given by Rowlands, in his Mona Antiqua. Pabo post Prydain was, about the year 500, a chief of North Britain, where he was engaged, as commander against the

Gwyddelian Fichti. He was afterwards compelled to seek an asylum in Wales, and had possessions given him in Anglesey: here he led a holy life, and became eventually one of the British Saints.—His son Dunawd, above commemorated, is recorded in *Brut y Breninoedd*, or Chronicle of the Kings, as one of the chieftains that attended Arthur at his great feast at Caerleon, after his conquest of the island. Dunawd is also supposed, with his sons Deiniol, Cynwyl, and Gwarthan, to have founded the celebrated college of Bangor, in Flintshire, called from him Bangor Dunawd, but more commonly known by the name of Bangor Iscoed.—Some annotators have given their opinion that Gwallawg was the same person as the celebrated Galgacus; but he appears to have lived some centuries later, and is supposed to have resided in the vale of Shrewsbury.—Cynvelyn was a warrior of the sixth century, to whom the epithet of Trwsgl, or the Stumbler, is given, to distinguish him from the first Cynvelyn, or the Cunobelinus of the Roman historians.]

LXXIII. The three Bulls of Conflict of the Isle of Britain: Cynvar Cadgadwg; the son of Cynwyd Cynwydion; and Gwenddolau ab Ceidio; and Urien, the son of Cynvarch: that is, they were wont to rush on their foes like a bull, and it was not possible to avoid them.

[This Triad only occurs in the first of the other series; and that also without the explanation of their qualities. Gwenddolau, or Gwenddolen, as in some copies, was a North Briton, whose territory was within the forest of Celyddon; and he was the patron of Merddyn Wyllt, better known to the English readers by the name of Merlin.—The other personage, Urien Rheged, has been celebrated by many bards; and more particularly by Taliesin, who dedicates several of his odes to him. His original patrimony was in Cumberland, which he yielded to the growing power of the Saxons, and sought refuge with the chieftain of Morganwg, in South Wales, where he had lands given him, on which he bestowed the name of Rheged, being that of his lost possession. Towards the close of his life he became an inmate of Catwg's college at Llancarvan, the general resort of the expatriated chieftains of Cumbria during the fifth and sixth centuries. Urien fell by the hand of Llovan Llawdino, who is, therefore, styled in the Triads one of the three atrocious assassins *. According to Llywarch Hen, who wrote an elegy on the death of

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 13, p. 2.

Urien, it was by decapitation that Llovan committed this foul deed *.]

LXXIV. The three Bull Princes of the Isle of Britain: Elmur eil Cibddar; and Cynhaval, the son of Argad; and Avăon, the son of Taliesin, Chief of Bards: these three were bards; and there was nothing that they dreaded in battle and conflict, but they rushed forward, not regarding death.

[Triad XIII of the first series simply records the names, and that they were three bards, and designates Elmur as the son of Cadair, or Cadegr, instead of Cibddar. Triad XXVII of the second series has the names thus—"Adaon vab Taliesin, and Cynhaval vab Argad, and Elinwy vab Cardegyr." Adaon and Cardegyr are evident mistakes for Avaon and Cadegyr. They were distinguished among the warriors of the sixth century. Avaon is commemorated in another Triad as one of the three warriors, that continued slaughtering on their graves. And that he was, like his father, gifted with the *awen*, may be inferred from the following memorial of him:—"Hast thou heard what Avaon sang, the son of Taliesin of honest muse: the cheek cannot conceal the affliction of the heart?"]

LXXV. The three Arrogant Ones of the Isle of Britain: Sawyl Benuchel [the Lofty-headed;] Pasgen, the son of Urien; and Rhun, the son of Einiawn: and the most arrogant above every thing arrogant was their arrogance, by which means they brought anarchy into the Isle of Britain; and those, who were influenced by that anarchy, became connected with the Saxons, and they ultimately became Saxons.

[Triad XVIII of the first series merely records the names. Triad XXXIV of the second series is thus—"The three Arrogant Ones of the Isle of Britain: Gwibai, the Arrogant; Sawyl the Lofty-headed; and Rhuvawn Bevyr, the Arrogant." The name of Sawyl only, in this series, agrees with those of the Triad in the text. Gwibai is not known, otherwise than as being mentioned here. Rhuvawn occurs in other Triads, and often in the poets, and is supposed to have been contemporary with Sawyl and Pasgen, about the middle of the sixth century. A farther notice of him may be seen in the first volume of this work, p. 205. Of Sawyl, Pasgen, and Rhun nothing more is known than what is stated in this Triad.]

* It would seem, that there was a hue and cry after the murderer, from the following lines of the venerable bard.

"There is a commotion through all the country,
In search of Llovan with the destroying hand."

TRIADS OF WISDOM*.

131. The three foundations of art: reason, motive, and necessity; and from these three arises every arrangement of sciences and arts; and there is nothing which can go contrary to them.

132. The three bogs of ignorance, and whosoever shall stick therein will not know much of what he ought: pride, lust, and improvidence.

133. The three bridges over those three bogs: benevolence, generosity, and diligence†.

134. Three things that blast genius and knowlege: levity, timidity, and petulance.

135. The three incongruities of wisdom: pride with happiness; debauchery with health; and levity with discreet mirth.

136. Three things that it were impossible they should be constantly with any one person soever: strength, happiness, and discretion.

137. Three things that every person ought to talk about differently: much about what he loves, and what he obtains as a favour; little about such as do not love him, and what he meets with of disfavour; and nothing as to what he may himself do of favour to a friend, or of disfavour to a foe, or to such as may not love him.

138. There are three divine actions: succour to the feeble and poor; favour to a foe; and courageously suffering in the cause of every right.

139. Three things that ought to be nicely observed in every man: the talk concerning him; his appearance; and his own talk as to other persons and things.

140. The three efficiencies of every thing from the commencement: necessity, choice, and chance; and from one or other of them doth come and is done every thing.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

A MAN'S CHOICE THINGS‡

This was addressed by Catwg the Wise to his father Gwynlliw Vilwr, the son of Glywis, the son of Tegid, the son of Cadell Deyrnllwg.—

* Arch. of Wales, voll. iii. p. 213.

† Another copy has gentleness, generosity, and diligent exertion.

‡ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 50.

His house free from wet:
His farm compact:
His land pleasant:
His bed soft:
His wife chaste:
His food wholesome:
His drink small and brisk:
His fire bright:
His clothes comfortable:
His neighbourhood peaceful:
His servant diligent:
His maid handy:
His son sincere;
His daughter accomplished:
His friend faithful:
His companion without deceit:
His horse gentle:
His hound swift;
His hawk full of avidity:
His oxen strong:
His cows of one colour:
His sheep of kindly breed:
His swine long:
His household moral:
His home orderly:
His bard learned:
His harper fine of feeling:
His mill near:
His church far:
His lord powerful:
His king just:
His spiritual father discreet;
And his God merciful.

THE EXCELLENCIES OF A MANLY CHARACTER*.

Truisms delivered by Catwg to Taliesin.

1. To be wise in his dispute:
2. To be a lamb in his chamber:
3. To be brave in battle and conflict:
4. To be a peacock on the street:
5. To be a bard in his chair:
6. To be a teacher in his household:
7. To be a council in his nation:
8. To be an arbitrator in his vicinity:
9. To be a hermit in his church:
10. To be a legislator in his country:
11. To be conscientious in his action:
12. To be happy in his life:
13. To be diligent in his farm:
14. To be just in his dealing:
15. That whatever he doeth be to the will of God.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 60. This is only a more enlarged copy of the "Qualities of a Gentleman" inserted in the last number, p. 228. One of the former qualities, however,—"to be a lion in the field,"—is wanting in the list here translated.

ANSWER OF CATWG TO TALIESIN*.

I should be glad to know more than I do concerning thee: tell me what sort of a man thou art, said Taliesin to Catwg. In reply to him Catwg said—Thou oughtest to know better concerning me than I myself; for thou hearest as to me behind my back what never came to my ear, and to the country it belongs to judge; and it is not I, nor is it any one else, that knows the whole truth about himself.

ANCIENT LAWS.

In the sixteenth number of the CAMBRO-BRITON† a brief account was given of the institution by Hywel Dda, or Howel the Good, of the famous code of laws, which pass under his name. And, as these were compiled as early as the tenth century, they necessarily form a record of the manners and customs of that period, interesting at once to the antiquarian and the historian. Nor is it to the native of Wales only that this ancient document is of importance: the English scholar may also find it of considerable utility in the light it throws on the early jurisprudence of his own country. For it is well known, that the more ancient laws of Wales, which formed the ground-work of those enacted by Hywel, were communicated by Aserius Menevensis‡ to King Alfred at the time, when that celebrated legislator was about to lay the foundation of the English constitution. And a congeniality of principle between the Welsh and English laws in some important particulars may serve to confirm this fact, however difficult it may be, from the refined improvements, which the revolution of so many ages has produced in the latter, to trace, in all instances, this original resemblance. On every account, therefore, the Laws of Hywel, whether as a subject of curious or of useful speculation, possess particular claims on the attention of the learned, as well as of the general, reader: and it falls peculiarly within the province of this work to contribute, as much as possible, to their promulgation.

The Laws of Hywel have, indeed, as stated on a former occa-

* Arch of Wales, vol. iii. p 76.

† Page 146.—ED.

‡ For notices of Aser, presumed by some to be identified with Gerain Vardd Glas, see the former volume, pp. 284 & 329.—ED.

sion, been already translated into Latin by the learned Dr. Wotton; but, as far as the mere English reader is concerned, this version possesses no advantages over the original, even if the scarcity of the work be left out of consideration. And it is, moreover, worthy of notice, that the MS., from which Wotton's translation was made, is not the most perfect of the numerous copies still extant, and many of which are to be regarded rather as commentaries on the spirit of these laws, than as accurate transcripts of them. Indeed, as there is a variation between all the existing MSS., it is probable, that none of them preserve the actual phraseology of Hywel's ordinances, as they were originally framed; but, as almost all appear, on the other hand, to have been written while the laws were in force, full credit may be given to their authenticity, as retaining the substance, if not in all cases the precise diction, of these ancient records *.

The MS., from which the following translation has been made, is preserved among the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, and does not appear to have been consulted by Dr. Wotton, although considered to be, as far as it goes, one of the fairest and most complete extant†. The translation itself is extracted from the Cambrian Register, in the first and second volumes of which work the performance was commenced, without being afterwards brought to a close. A few verbal alterations, however, are here adopted, together with some additional notes‡ and other slight variations: and it is, at present, intended to continue the translation in the successive Numbers, and to supply the deficiency of the Cambrian Register, so as to present, as far as may be practicable, a complete version of these valuable remains, with which view, a collation of other authorities, where opportunities offer, will not be neglected. In conclusion of these prefatory remarks it may be proper to state, that this code of Laws consists of three

* A copy of these Laws was deposited in each of the Royal Palaces, those of Dyved, Powys, and Gwynedd, which provinces were, eventually, united under the dominion of Hywel.—ED.

† This is the opinion of the writer of the Translation in the Cambrian Register; and, on an inspection of the MS., it appears to be justified. There is likewise a valuable copy in the Welsh School, to which occasional reference will be made in the subsequent notes, under the initials W. S. M. The Cotton MS. is entitled "Cleopatra, B. V. Plut. xix A.;" and the copy of the Laws occupies from p. 165 to 221.—ED.

‡ The additional notes will be distinguished, as this is, by the Editor's initials. The others, not so distinguished, are transcribed *verbatim* from the Cambrian Register.—ED.

divisions, embracing, severally, 1. the Royal Prerogative and Economy of the Court: 2. the Affairs of Civil Jurisprudence: and, 3. the Criminal Law.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

THE King of Wales, Hywel the Good, son of Cadell, hath done this by the grace of God, prayer, and fasting, when Wales was in his possession according to its boundary: the sixty-four hundreds of South Wales, the eighteen hundreds of North Wales, the sixty townships of Trachyrchell, and the sixty townships of Buallt. And within that limit nobody's word went before his word; but his was superior to all *.

As bad customs and bad laws existed before his time, he thereupon summoned six men out of every commot in Wales, and brought them to him to the White House †, together with seven score crosiers, between bishops, archbishops, abbots, and good instructors, to frame wholesome laws,—to annul those, that were become corrupt before his time, and to enact good ones in their stead, and thus to give stability to his name. And, out of that number, twelve of the wisest laymen and one scholar were selected to make the laws ‡.

Thus, when they had finished framing the institutes, they imprecated the malediction of God, and of that assembly, and of Wales in general upon whosoever should violate them §.

* From the territory, here described, it may be inferred, that these Laws were framed before Hywel became possessed of the full sovereignty of Wales, which was in the year 940, on the death of Idwal Voel, Prince of Gwynedd, of which province eighteen hundreds only are above enumerated as being under the dominion of Hywel.—ED.

† We recognise this spot at the ruins of Whitland Abbey, above Tenby, on the little river *Tav* in Carmarthenshire. Some copies of the Laws say, that *Ty Gwyn* was a house for the conveniency of hunting, made of white rods.

‡ The W. S. M. is different.—It says, that four, out of the six, from each *comot*, were laymen, and the other two were scholars.

§ When the assembly had settled the Laws, which it judged proper to be established, Hywel gave them his authority, and commanded, that they should be scrupulously observed. Hywel also, and the wise men, who were with him, desired their malediction and that of all Wales upon such as transgressed the Laws; and they invoked a malediction upon the judge, who should accept a bribe to bias a decision, and upon the lord who should give it.—W. S. M.

And this book was compiled by Morgeneu, and Cyvnerth his son*. The Laws of the Court were revised first, because they were the chief of all.

LAWS OF THE COURT.

The Twenty-four Officers of the King and Queen†.

1. Master of the Household‡.
2. Domestic Chaplain.
3. Steward of the Household§.
4. Judge of the Palace.
5. Falconer.
6. Chief Groom.
7. Chief Huntsman.
8. Steward of the Household to the Queen.
9. Queen's Chaplain.
10. Domestic Bard.
11. Crier.
12. Door-keeper of the Hall.
13. Door-keeper of the Chamber.
14. Page of the Chamber.
15. Chambermaid.
16. Groom of the Rein.
17. Torch-bearer.
18. Butler.
19. Mead-brewer.
20. Officers of the Palace||.

* The following note, in Welsh, is written in the margin of the MS. "Cyvnerth, the son of Morgeneu, first wrote and arranged this book under the form and manner it bears." The note is subscribed "Jasp. Gruff. 1600," and is written in a hand comparatively modern with the rest of the book. It does not appear, who this Cyvnerth was; unless he was a son of Morgeneu, Bishop of St. David's, at the close of the tenth century.—Ed.

† The order, in which these officers are placed, differs from that both in Wotton and in the W. S. M.: and there is also a variation in some of the names, together with the addition of eleven other officers, of an inferior nature, not included above. Of the twenty-four Officers of the Household sixteen are, in the W. S. M., appropriated to the King and the rest to the Queen. The translation of two or three names, in the list above given, will be found to vary from that in the Cambrian Register.—Ed.

‡ The original is *Penteulu*, which is rendered, in the Cambrian Register, "Patron of the Family," with reference, perhaps, to the *Paterfamilias* of the Romans, though, it appears, erroneously. Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, translates *Penteulu* by the words *Œconomus* and *Dispensator:* and in Mr. Owen's Dictionary it is rendered, more accurately, "President of the Household." The version, above adopted, is, however, the common appellation, and describes an office well known to most courts. In Wales it was filled some times by the heir to the throne, and always by one of the blood royal.—Ed.

§ The original word is *Distain*, meaning one, who lays or spreads out, and is, accordingly, rendered by Wotton *Dapifer*. E. Llwyd renders it *Steward*, as above: and in that sense it is used in the Welsh Bible.—Ed.

|| It does not appear what was the particular post of these "Officers of the Palace," who are called *Swyddwyr Llys* in the original. They are not mentioned, as forming a part of the twenty-four, in the W. S. M. or in Wotton.—Ed.

21. Cook.
22. Foot-holder*.
23. Physician.
24. Groom of the Rein to the Queen.

Sundry Privileges†.

The Officers are entitled to have their woollen garments, of which they stand in need, from the King, and the linen garments from the Queen, three times in the year,—at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

The Queen shall participate in all the fixed revenue of the King‡.

The Officers of the Queen have a proportion of one third with the Officers of the King.

The three persons, that offer an insult to the King, are—he, that violates his protection,—he, that kills one of his men in his presence,—and he that obstructs his wife§.

For such an insult to the King a hundred cows shall be paid on account of every hundred of the kingdom, and a silver rod with three knobs at top, that shall reach from the ground to the King's face, when he sits in his chair, and as thick as his ring-finger, and a golden bason, which shall hold fully as much as the King drinks, of the thickness of a husbandman's nail, who shall

* *Troediawg* is the original word, which, from the description given of the office, is properly translated "foot-holder." Wotton calls it *Pedifer*. According to another part of the Laws, the duty of the *Troediawg* was to hold the King's feet in his lap from the time he sat down at the banquet until he went to sleep, during which period he was to scratch the King and guard him from all accidents. This facetious employment reminds one of the Eastern courts, where something not very dissimilar is still practised. It would also appear, that the Spanish *siesta* was anciently not unknown in Wales. The Foot-holder is not among the twenty-four in the W. S. M.—Ed.

† The order of the MS. is here followed, though it does not appear to be very methodical. Should a separate English translation of these laws ever be published, a different classification would, of course, be necessary.—Ed.

‡ The King is bound to grant to the Queen a third of his income from landed property: and thus the King's officers are to yield one third to the officers of the Queen.—W. S. M.

§ An insult may be offered to the King in three ways: when his protection is violated, by killing a person who shall have sought an asylum with him; secondly, when one party kills a man belonging to the other at an interview between two kings on their neutral boundary; and, thirdly, by misusing his wife.—W. S. M. In other copies the latter expression is explicit,—*he that seduces his wife.*

have followed husbandry for seven years,—and a golden cover, as broad as the King's face, equally thick as the bason*.

The privilege of the Lord of Dinevor is to receive as many white cows, as would reach completely, one at the tail of the other, with a bull between every score of them, from Argoel to the Palace of Dinevor†.

The death of the King is compensated at three times as much as is paid for an insult to him; that is, by its triple augmentation.

By three means the Queen may be insulted: when her protection is transgressed, or when struck out of anger, or when a thing is taken by force out of her hand. And, thereupon, satisfaction shall be made to the Queen, equal in value to the third for an insult to the King, the gold and silver excepted‡.

The Heir Apparent §.

The Heir Apparent is the most honourable next to the King and the Queen.

He is to be a brother, or a son, or a nephew, as brother's son, to the King ‖.

* Instead of the payment being part in gold it is said to be all of the latter metal in the W. S. M., thus:—A golden rod as long as himself, of the thickness of his little finger, and a golden tablet as broad as his face and as thick as a husbandman's nail.

† The "Lord of Dinevor" was one of the royal titles: the curious privilege, here mentioned, must, therefore, have been one of the prerogatives of the crown.—Ed.

‡ In the W. S. M. this is followed by—The King should have in his company thirty-six persons on horseback, the twenty-four officers, and the twelve residents by curtesy, besides his family, his select friends, his servants, his minstrels, and those, whom he maintains by his bounty; and that is called the King's retinue.

§ The original word is *Edlin*, which the Cambrian Register translates "Presumptive Heir;" there seems no good reason, however, why the more obvious designation, above adopted, should not be used, and which occurs as the version of the term in Owen's Dictionary. Dr. Davies renders it by *Hæres Regius*. The word is a derivation of *llin*, a line, and implies, literally, "one in the line of succession." Wotton, therefore, is not correct, when he calls it a Saxon word, and refers it to *Ædlinge*, signifying a Prince's son. It is quite as probable, if not more so, that the Saxon word was derived from the Welsh.—Ed.

‖ The members of the King are his sons, his nephews, and his cousins. Some say, that each of these is an *edlin*; others say, that no one is so but to whom the King shall give hope and prospect of succeeding.—W. S. M.

The protection of the Heir Apparent is to send the person out of the reach of danger.

The satisfaction for the insult and for the death of the Heir Apparent and the King are alike, except the gold and silver.*

The place of the Heir Apparent is in the hall opposite to the King on the other side of the fire.

Between the Heir† and the pillar, next to him, the Judge of the Court shall sit, and the Domestic Chaplain on the other side of him; and then the Chief Musician‡. After this there is no fixed place to any one in the hall.

The firemen and the collectors of the land revenue shall be in the lodging of the Heir Apparent.

The King is bound to defray the whole expenditure of the Heir Apparent in an honourable manner.

The lodging of the Heir Apparent and of the king's sons with him is in the hall.

It is the duty of the person, who has to provide firing, to kindle the fire, and shut the doors, when the Heir Apparent is gone to rest.

The Heir Apparent shall have a sufficient allowance on the three principal festivals.

The noble by privilege is to sit, at the King's side, on the Heir's right: every one shall sit as he pleases afterwards.§

* In another copy "except a diminution of one third." Perhaps, the gold and silver, here described, was then considered equal in value to the third part of the number of the cattle specified, as the satisfaction required for the King.

† The word, here translated "heir," is *gwrthrychyad*, which implies, literally, what is objective or apparent, an image, and is, therefore, used for an heir, as being, says Dr Davies, the image of the father. Wotton considers the word to be of the same import as *edlin*, and translates it *princeps designatus*. The difference, however, appears to be, that *edlin* is a specific, and *gwrthrychyad* a general, term.—Ed.

‡ The station of the chief of song, or, to speak more modernly, the doctor of music, was honorary; for he was not one of the twenty-four officers. And his was a distinct post from that of the domestic bard, though some of the privileges are confounded together in most copies of the Laws. [The *Pencerdd* is described as a bard that had passed the chair, and, consequently, as taking precedence, in singing, of the domestic bard.—Ed.]

§ Additions from the W. S. M.:—The *Edlin* is the third person, who may have a banquet in the court.—The attendants ought to stand in serving him in the same manner as before the King.—He ought not to be absent a night from the King.—His dogs and those of the King are of the same value.—The *Edlin* and the like near relatives shall depend upon the King, until they ob-

*Privileges of Protection.**

A privileged right of granting protection appertains to every officer.

The protection of the Queen is to send the person out of the limits of the country, without pursuit or obstruction.

The protection of the Master of the Household is to send the person out of the bounds of the commot.†

The protection of the Domestic Chaplain is as far as the nearest church.

The protection of the Steward of the Household is from the time he stands in his office until the last person shall have gone from the court to rest.

The protection of the Judge of the Palace is while the pleadings continue from the first cause until the last.

The protection of the Falconer is to the farthest range which his hawk takes to kill birds.

The protection of the Chief Groom is while the fleetest horse continues running.

The protection of the Chief Huntsman is to the farthest place that the cry of his dogs can be heard.

The protection of the Steward of the Household to the Queen is from the time he comes upon duty in the Queen's service until the last person shall have gone to rest from the apartment.

The protection of the Queen's Chaplain is as far as the next church.

The protection of the Domestic Bard is to conduct the person to the Master of the Household.

The protection of the Crier is from the first command of silence to the last.

The protection of the Door-keeper is to send the person the

tain land; and then they shall take the rank, appertaining to such land, except when they get possession of a villenage: in that case the tenure of the land shall be raised and become free.—No officer has any claim upon him in the three principal festivals for he is to have free attendance.

* This implies a right of giving an asylum to a transgressor of the laws, who seeks for refuge. In the W. S. M. the Protections are not classed together as they are here; but the Protection is put with the other privileges attached to each officer. [This right of affording protection or sanctuary was anciently known to most nations, and still prevails, to a partial extent, in some Catholic countries.—ED.]

† The *commot*, in the original *cwmmwd*, was a subdivision of a *cantref*, or hundred, comprising twelve manors and two hamlets.—ED.

length of his arm and the length of his rod towards the Porter; for he is to receive him.

The protection of the Porter is to keep the person, until the Master of the Household comes to the gate to go to his lodging; and then the refugee shall walk unmolested until the last person leaves the court.*

The protection of the Door-keeper of the Chamber is to conduct the person to the Porter.

The protection of the Page of the Chamber is to defend the person from the time of going to gather rushes until the spreading of the king's bed is finished.†

The protection of the Chambermaid is similar to that of the Page of the Chamber.

The protection of the Groom of the Rein is from the time that the smith begins to make four shoes, with their sets of nails, whilst he shoes the King's steed.

The protection of the Torch-bearer is from the lighting of the first candle until the last candle is extinquished.

The protection of the Butler is from the putting of the cup in the liquor until he finishes serving the last person.

The protection of the Mead-brewer is from the time he shall prepare to make the mead until he puts it in the barrel.‡

The protection of the Officer of the Palace is from the time he shall begin to distribute the first dish until the last person shall obtain his share.

The protection of the Cook is from the time he bakes the first joint until he shall set the last joint before the King.

The protection of the Foot-holder is to defend the person from the time he shall sit under the King's feet until he shall go to the chamber.

The protection of the Physician is from the time he shall go,

* The name of *Porthawr*, or Porter, is not in the list of officers in the beginning, but *Drysawr y Neuad*, or Doorkeeper of the Hall, seems to be put in stead of it. [There is in fact a distinction between a Porter and Doorkeeper, the office of the former having reference to the outer gate, and the latter to an inner door, as that of a hall or chamber. The difference, indeed, between *gate* and *door* in English, or between *porta* and *fores*, in Latin, fully exemplifies this distinction.—ED.]

† His protection continues from the time a person goes for a load of straw to put under the King, and whilst the bed is making and the clothes spread upon it, until he takes them off in the morning.—W. S. M.

‡ His protection continues from the time he begins to make a vat of mead till he has a covering over it.—W. S. M.

by the King's permission, to visit his patient until he shall return to the court.

The protection of the Groom of the Rein to the Queen is similar to that of the Groom of the Rein to the King.

[*To be continued.*]

BARDIC PORTRAITS.

MERDDIN.

Of all the names, connected with the early literature of Wales, there is none more remarkable than that of Merddin, whether it be with reference to his legitimate fame, or to those præternatural endownients, which the popular voice of ignorance or credulity has ascribed to his character. Under the appellation of Merlin, this ancient bard has long acquired with the world a sort of proverbial celebrity for certain necromantic qualifications, which, it is most probable, were originally inferred from that poetical enthusiasm, by which he appears to have been actuated. And it may also be, that the circumstances of his life, marked, as it was, by a singular waywardness of fortune, contributed their aid to the popular misapprehension, in which his name has been involved. And, thus, a sort of spurious and visionary renown has supplanted that genuine reputation, to which Merddin is entitled as one of the most eminent bards during an age, illustrious in the poetical annals of Wales.

Merddin ab Morvryn, or Merddin Wyllt, as he is generally called, to distinguish him from Merddin Emrys*, is reputed to have been the son of Madog Morvryn, who lived in North Britain during the sixth century: and, from the title of Caledonius, affixed to his name in some early records, it has been inferred, that he was a native of that part of the country, which bordered on the great forest of Celyddon, or Caledonia. But, wherever the precise spot of his birth may have been, it seems generally agreed, that it was in some part of the confines of Scotland†. The rank, which Merddin's family filled, does not particularly appear; but, if the authority of a Welsh poet of the fourteenth

* Merddin Emrys lived about a century earlier than Merddin Wyllt: a notice of him occurs in the former volume, p. 124.

† Some accounts, but of no apparent authority, ascribe his birth, respectively, to Dimetia, or Dyfed, and to the neighbourhood of Conway, Caernarvonshire.

century be of any weight, the bard was of the tribe of Meirchion*, a Cumbrian chieftain of eminence, and great-grandfather of the celebrated Llywarch Hen. It is discoverable, too, from a part of his own writings, that he was in possession of a considerable patrimony, and that he also acted in the capacity of a military chieftain, both which circumstances will come, more properly, under consideration in the sequel. It is likewise recorded of him, that he was, in his youth, a disciple of Meigant, who was himself a poet, and to whom one of the few surviving productions of that age is ascribed. Subsequently to his connection with Meigant, the bard appears, agreeably with the custom of that period, to have been taken under the patronage of Gwenddolau ab Ceidio, a prince of Clydesdale†, who, in one instance, evinced his regard for his *protegé*, by presenting him with an orchard, which forms the subject of the principal poem, that has descended to us under the name of Merddin‡. And in those rude times such a gift may have possessed a value, which the refinements of the present age make it difficult to appreciate, and which may, therefore, account for the impassioned strains, in which the poet records his patron's bounty, without having recourse, as some have had, to a mystical interpretation of the occurrence§.

During the whole of this period, it may reasonably be presumed, that the life of Merddin was spent in his native country: and, accordingly, we find the first important event, related of him, to be his engagement in one of those contests, so frequent in North Britain during that disturbed period, and to which allusion has already been made in the memoirs of the contemporary

* The poet, here alluded to, is Gwilym Ddu, who, in his Elegy on Trahaiarn, has the following lines:—

"Good was the fortune of the song of Gwion the Divine,
Good was Merddin *with his descent from the Tribe of Meirchion.*"

† The name of Gwenddolau occurs in a former page of this Number, in the "Triads of the Isle of Britain," where he is recorded as one of the three "bulls of conflict." The Triads also distinguish him, on another occasion, as the head of one of the three "faithful tribes," as his followers continued fighting for six weeks after he was slain.

‡ Merddin, in his Avallenau, describes this orchard as containing 147 apple-trees "on the slope of a majestic hill, branching high and wide, and crowned with lovely foliage."

§ Mr. Davies, in his "Mythology and Rites of the Druids," undertakes to prove, that "these trees were purely allegorical, and imported the various secrets of Druidism." How he has succeeded in this attempt may form the subject of some future inquiry.

bards, Aneurin and Llywarch Hen*. Merddin himself commemorates this circumstance in his *Avallenau*, or Orchard, where he says,—

"In the battle of Arderydd I wore the golden torques,'

a distinction, which proves, that he filled the rank of a chief upon that occasion. The battle of Arderydd, of which several notices have already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON†, was fought on the borders of Scotland, during the latter part of the sixth century, probably about the year 577. In this conflict, which the Triads describe as extremely sanguinary, Merddin's patron fought, on the side of the traitor Aeddan, against Rhydderch Hael, or Rhydderch the Generous, a prince of the Cumbrian Britons, and seems thus to have deserted the cause of his countrymen, to aid the increasing power of the Saxons, of whom Aeddan is recorded as a confederate‡. However, if such was the fact, Gwenddolau soon found the reward of his treachery; for he was numbered among the victims of this disastrous conflict, and with him fell also four of the brothers of Merddin, whose death the bard pathetically laments. Nor were these the only afflicting consequences he had to deplore, since it may be collected from his principal poem, that his nephew, the son of his sister Gwenddydd, who had probably espoused the cause of Rhydderch, was slain by the bard's own hand in this fatal encounter, as appears from the following passage,—

"Worse hath befallen me without hope of deliverance,
The son of Gwenddydd is slain, my hand hath done it."

And, to fill up the measure of the bard's sorrows, his patrimonial territory is described as having been also sacrificed to the triumph of Rhydderch§.

This complication of calamities seems to have operated, with an instantaneous and poignant severity, upon the ill-omened bard: he became at once inaccessible to all consolation, and, in a fit of mental distraction, flew from the habitations of men to

* See the former volume, pp. 91 and 287.

† See vol. i. p. 442., No. 13. p. 10., and No. 17. p. 218.

‡ For this reason Aeddan is described in the Triads as one of the three "Arrant Traitors" of Britain.—See vol. i. p. 441. He is also commemorated as having achieved one of the three "exterminating slaughters," in ravaging the territory of Rhydderch, above noticed.

§ Rhydderch is described in the Triads as chief of Alclwyd, supposed by some to be the present Dunbarton.

take his abode with the beasts of the forest. It was in the great wood of Caledonia that he is reported to have sought, in this extremity, the alleviation, or the indulgence, of his overwhelming distress: and the picture, which he has drawn of his sufferings, is a sufficient proof of their acuteness and their variety. It presents a strange mixture of frenzy, grief, and remorse, accompanied by such a spirit of poetical enthusiasm, as may well have afforded a pretext for imputing to him that supernatural inspiration, of which he has since had the credit. It must have been under the impression of the mingled feelings, above noticed, that he made the following exclamations in his *Avallenau*, the greatest part of which poem is of the same plaintive tenour:—

"For myself, I am a wild horrible screamer;—
I am pierced with anguish, and have no raiment to cover me."

"Gwenddydd does not love me, she never greets me,
I am detested by the chiefs of Rhydderch;
I have ruined his son and his daughter*,
Death relieves all, why does he not visit me?"

In addition to this internal evidence of the event, now under consideration, from the productions of Merddin himself, we have also the testimony of other writers, and of which that of Geoffrey of Monmouth, in a long Latin poem, written in the twelfth century, entitled the "Life of Merddin," is the most remarkable†. This poem, which is addressed to Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, commences with the following lines:—

"Vatidici vatis rabiem, musamque jocosam
Merlini cantare paro: tu corrige carmen,
Gloria pontificum, calamos moderando Roberte."

The poem then proceeds to detail the divisions, that had taken place among the Cumbrian chiefs, and more particularly the disastrous fight of Arderydd; and, after dwelling upon the losses sustained by Merddin on that occasion, his flight to the woods and his mode of life there are depicted in strong colours. He is described as making herbs, roots, and berries his only sustenance, and as having, in a word, exchanged the habits of a human be-

* The precise meaning of this allusion cannot be discovered, on which account no use has been made of it in this memoir.

† This poem, which has never appeared in print, may be found amongst the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum, "Vespasian, E. 4." p. 113. to p. 139.

ing for those of a savage. This part of the poem concludes with the following passage:

"Fit sylvester homo, quasi sylvis deditus esset,
Inde per æstatem totam, nullique repertus,
Oblitusque sui, cognatorumque suorum,
Delituit sylvis, obductus more ferino."

It was from the events of this period of his life, that the bard acquired the name of *Wyllt*, or Wild, an appellation, which may have contributed, with the circumstance previously noticed, to the romantic and ambiguous light, in which his character has been viewed.

It cannot be ascertained how long the bard continued an inhabitant of the Forest of Caledonia; but it must, in all probability, have been for a considerable period, as it is related of him, that he was frequently visited there by his sister Gwenddydd, and also, that the greatest portion of his poetical effusions were composed in that dreary retreat. The next important memorial of him is his removal to Wales, whither, it is most likely, the growing power of the Saxons had driven him in common with so many more of his countrymen. And, here, it cannot be a matter of surprise to learn, that he should have sought an acquaintance with the renowned Taliesin, at that time the most eminent of the Welsh bards. Accordingly we find, among the productions ascribed to that poet, a Dialogue between him and Merddin*, which, by whomsoever written, is to be regarded as an evidence of that intimacy, which a congeniality of talent and feeling must have rendered so natural. Geoffrey of Monmouth also, in the Latin poem already quoted, bears testimony to the fact, as in the following lines, in the first of which Merddin is supposed to address his sister Gwenddydd:—

"O dilecta soror, Telyesinoque venire
Præcipe, namque loqui desidero plurima secum.
* * * * * * *
Venerat intereà Merlinum visere vatem
Tunc Telyesinus, qui discere missus ab illo
Quid ventus nimbusve foret, nam mixtus uterque;
Tunc simul instabant, et nubila conficiebant."

And the Triads, as if to offer an additional proof of the friendship of the two poets, associate them with Merddin Emrys as forming the three Christian bards of the Isle of Britain.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 48.

From a concurrence of the most credible accounts it appears, that the remainder of Merddin's life, after his arrival in Wales, was spent there, and that he drew his last breath in the Isle of Enlli, or, as it is more commonly called, Bardsey. This island was, in that age, the general retreat of bards and religious devotees, of whom, at different times, about twenty thousand are traditionally reported to have been buried within it. There, too, it is affirmed upon good authority, were laid the remains of Merddin ab Morvryn, who, although a native of another country, may, both from his language and descent, be claimed by Cymry, as forming one of the brightest constellations in their poetical galaxy. He died about the conclusion of the sixth century, having previously, as is supposed, united the reputation of a saint with that of a bard.

The fame of Merddin, as a poet, has been, for the most part, misrepresented even by those, who have professed to understand his productions: by some it has been exaggerated, and by others estimated much below its actual merit. There are six pieces preserved, under his name, in the Welsh Archaiology, of which the following are the titles in English:—Ode to Yscolan—Merddin's Oracles from his Grave—Invocation to Pigs—Dialogue between Merddin and his Sister—The Apple-Trees or Orchard—and The Impulses*. Of these one or two, from the inferiority of their poetical merit and other circumstances, do not appear to be justly ascribable to Merddin; but there seems no real ground for rejecting, as Mr. Turner has done, all but the *Avallenau*, or Orchard. The *Hoianau*, or Invocation to Pigs, and the Ode to Yscolan have an equal claim to be considered as genuine; and it is not improbable, that the Dialogue between Taliesin and Merddin, above noticed, and published in the Archaiology among the works of the former poet, belongs in reality to the latter. Most of the poems, here particularized, abound, as may be expected from the early age in which they were composed, in unintelligible and mystical allusions, the latter borrowed, perhaps, in a great degree from the Druidical institution. Yet there are, on the other hand, many historical notices, both with respect to the age, in which the poet lived, and to the times immediately preceding; and some of which are narrated with an air of prophetic enthusiasm, not uncommon to the poets of other countries, but which, in Merddin's case, assisted to produce the popular

* These poems are published in the first volume of the Archaiology, p. 132. to p. 154. and at p. 527.

delusion respecting him, which has been already adverted to. However, there was no more reason for this than there is for ascribing the same qualities to Horace, because he spoke prophetically of the destruction of Troy in his Ode, commencing—

"Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus."

In the same spirit Merddin, alluding to the Battle of Camlan, fought, perhaps, just before, says in his *Avallenau*,—

"My prophetic song shall announce the return
Of Medrawd and Arthur, monarch of the warlike host;
Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan;
Two days shall the battle last,
And seven only shall escape from the slaughter."

Arch. of Wales, vol. i. *p.* 153.

As examples of the poetical beauty of some of Merddin's productions, the following passages, also from the *Avallenau*, may be selected even under all the disadvantage of a literal English version:—

"Sweet apple-tree, of vigorous growth and of verdant foliage,
Spreading are thy branches, lovely is thy form;
Ere the desolations of murderous war caused me to rage with grief,
How beautiful was the sight of thy mantle of lively green!
Yet shall my prophetic strains announce the day,
When my wrongs shall be avenged by a mighty legion,
The valiant armies of Pengwern*, fierce in conflict, glowing with the animation of mead."

Ib. vol. i. *p.* 151.

The following is the concluding stanza of the same poem, which is thought to have contained, originally, as many stanzas as there were trees in Merddin's Orchard, the number of which is mentioned in a preceding note.

"Sweet apple-tree, loaded with the most delicious fruit,
Growing in the solitary wilds of the woods of Celyddon,
All seek thee for the sake of thy produce, but in vain;
When Cadwaladr comes, in league with the lord of Rheon,
And Cynan† comes, to oppose the career of the Saxons,

* The ancient name for Shrewsbury, which was, in the time of Merddin, the seat of the Princes of Powys.—See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 290.

† We have no other notice of any chieftain of the name of Cadwaladr, as contemporary with Merddin; but the name of Cynan occurs, in the "Chronicle of the Kings," as king of Britain about 544, at which time Merddin was living.

Then shall the Cymry be again victorious, led by their noble and majestic chieftain,
Then shall every one repossess his own,
Then shall the sounder of the horn of gladness proclaim the song of peace, and halcyon days."

Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 153.

Ere this article is brought to a close it may not be uninteresting to collect a few of the notices, that occur of Merddin in the early bards and other writers, and which are of particular value in proving the degree of reputation he enjoyed during times, when the opportunities of estimating it must have been more favourable than at present, whether from the more abundant remains of his works, or from such other obvious causes, as must have rendered them less obscure than they have since become.

The Latin poem of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was consecrated Bishop of Llandav in 1152, has been already cited: and it may here be observed generally, that it dwells, in many instances, on the merit of Merddin as among the most celebrated poets of his day.

To him succeeds, in chronological order, Giraldus Cambrensis, a learned writer in Latin, who lived from 1145 to 1215, and who, in one of his works has the following passage:—"The fame of Merddin, surnamed Caledonius or Sylvester, has hitherto been very distinguished. The memory of his prophecies has been retained among the British bards, whom they call poets, verbally by many, and in writing by a few."

Davydd Benvras, a bard, who flourished during the same period as Giraldus, thus commences his sublime Ode to Llywelyn *,

"Creator of that glorious light,
Which sheds around its vivid rays,
And the pale moon, which rules the night,
O, deign to animate my lays!
O, may my verse like Merddin's flow,
And with poetic visions glow!"

Iorwerth Vychan, who wrote about the close of the thirteenth century, has the following passage:—

"More precious, with the splendid bards, every long day,
Than when Merddin, of profound learning, sang of Gwenddydd."

* A translation of this Ode may be seen in the former volume, p. 470.

Rhisierdyn, a poet contemporary with the last, evinces the respect, in which he held the productions of Merddin, by the following line:—

"I will preserve, in honoured authority, the memorials of Merddin."

And, lastly, Sevnyn, a bard of the succeeding century, thus commemorates the reputation, in which the Caledonian poet was held in his time.

"May I possess the faculty of amusing speech,
Copious as the highly gifted effusions of Merddin's imagination."

It may be fairly presumed from these quotations, and which, if space permitted, might be considerably augmented, that the works of Merddin were formerly much esteemed for their poetical merit, without reference to that mystical character, which has since been imputed to them, in common with the productions of other ancient bards. That many of these venerable remains contain allusions to the obsolete and obscure mysteries of the Druids it would be vain to deny; but it belongs to the writer, who entertains a due respect for our ancient literature, to rescue it from those imputations, which would confound its varied merits in one mass of unintelligible mysticism, and which would have the still more injurious effect of erecting the ideal temple of fable upon the ruins of the fair fabric of history*. And, with a view to this, it must not be forgotten, that Merddin, like his bardic cotemporaries, lays claim to the character of an historian as well as to that of a poet.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE WORD "ANT" AND ITS SYNONYMES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

IN my wandering, which you, Sir, were so indulgent as to ad-

* It was intended to close this imperfect notice of Merddin with an examination of the opinions here alluded to, and which are entitled to respect from the degree of learning and ability, with which they have been enforced. However, want of room has made it necessary to postpone this design until some future occasion, when, perhaps, it may be deemed advisable to enter into a regular investigation of the mystical and mythological character, ascribed to our ancient poems.

mit an account of into the CAMBRO-BRITON for this month, an ant hill attracted my attention, the perpetual motion of which produced also an emotion in me, so as to cause an extension of my progress; and the result is now offered to your editorial inspection, under a presumption that it may appear as an appropriate continuation of my erratic journal.

On the names of the ANT.

This little insect has been, proverbially, exhibited to shame the sluggard, as being a pattern of industry, or, to illustrate my present purpose, what may be abstractedly termed motion: and it is a curious coincidence, that the several appellations given to it in the Welsh, and perhaps in most languages, are words significant of such a moving principle. The terms *ant*, *pismire*, and *emmet*, in a language so formed as the English is, present to the mind no abstract meaning whatever; therefore they may fairly be claimed as Welsh words, should they be demonstrated as appropriately bearing a descriptive sense in that language; and more especially so, when it can be proved, notwithstanding the contrary *dictum*, pronounced, under a total ignorance of that language, by a Johnson and a Tooke, that about one half of what may be considered the original stock of English words are derived from it *.

ANT.—This is to be identified with the Welsh ANT, *they go, they will go*, the root of which is A, *going*, or *present* motion; as, A EI DI? *going wilt thou go?* A ANT HWY? *going will they go?* AV PAN ANT, *I will go when they go.* Than this elementary word, taken as a noun, there cannot be a more fit name for the emmet †.

* There is, no doubt, much truth in this observation; and it is, consequently, certain, that Johnson's Dictionary, however great and well-merited its celebrity, would have been rendered still more valuable, had its learned author possessed even a moderate knowlege of the Welsh tongue. For it is truly extraordinary, into what extravagancies he, in common with other lexicographers, has fallen from his ignorance on this point. The same remark applies also to the erudite works of Vossius, Spelman, Junius, and all other etymological writers, who, in their blind and exclusive attachment to certain languages, seem to have forgotten, that such a one as the Cimbric, at one time the language of Europe, ever had an existence. An etymological work, upon the plan suggested in the last Number (p. 238), under the title of a "Cimbric Lexicon," is a great *desideratum* in the philological literature of Europe.—ED.

† Junius derives "ant" from the Saxon *æmett*, first contracted to *æmt*, and

EMMET.—We may boldly challenge this as being the Welsh word YMMOD, motion, which, prior to the introduction of the y into our alphabet, was written *emmod;* and it therefore requires no farther explanation.

PISMIRE.—This is a compound word, from the Welsh *peues*, earth, and *myr*, motions, or ants, and exactly corresponding with *morgrug*, a tump of motion, or ant hill, which is our common aggregate plural for ants*.

FORMICA.—Etymology has assigned the Greek μυρμηξ as the original of this name: but, by the strict rules of literal mutation, the soft sound of m ought to be v, and not f; nevertheless, irregular changes of this kind are common in the Latin. The poverty of several modern languages is seen in the adoption of this term, for want of an original one †.

afterwards to *ant*. The Dutch name is *ahnt*, and the German *amiese*, both of them, apparently, from the same root, whatever it be. Without subscribing implicitly to that above suggested by Geirion, its ingenuity may be admitted; and it cannot fail to be observed, how well it agrees with the proverbial activity of this industrious insect. Yet, if "aut" be really a contraction of *æmett*, Geirion's hypothesis must fail as far as that word is concerned, however correct it may be with respect to the subsequent names. And there seems much probability in the conjecture respecting "emmet," of the etymology of which word English writers give no satisfactory account, any farther than that it is of Saxon origin.—ED.

* The Dutch term is *pismiere*, from which, perhaps, the English name has its immediate derivation.—ED.

† The word *formica* furnishes a singular illustration of the wild theories, in which etymologists too often indulge. Servius tells us very gravely, that this insect was so called, "*quòd ferat micas farris*," and he quotes, as a proof, the following passage from the Æneid of Virgil:—

> Ac veluti ingentem *formicæ farris* acervum
> Cùm populant.

Vossius, in his Etymological Dictionary, cites this vagary, and appears to assent to it, while he doubts the presumed, and only probable, derivation from the Greek μυρμηξ, because, forsooth, the Latin word, in its commencement and termination, assumes a form somewhat different, as if numberless instances of similar changes were not to be found. The etymology of Servius, above cited, brings to mind one of the same nature, which occurs in the work of a profound German doctor on the nature of dead bodies, published in 1709, wherein the erudite author derives the word *cadaver* from the three Latin words *ca*ro *da*ta *ver*mibus, of which, he says, *cadaver*, by retaining the first syllables only, is an abridgment. Servius's etymology of *formica* is not more probable, and is much less ingenious.—ED.

The root of μυρμηξ may most probably be μυρ, which, by good authority, is said to be an old name for the sea in the Greek, as it still is in the Welsh, *myr* being the aggregate plural of *mor;* and the reason of its being applied to the sea will appear most applicable, by identifying it with the Welsh appellative. In the Greek, too, μυρμηξ was dialectically turned to βυρμηξ, by which change was probably expressed the soft sound of m, the v not being a sound in that language; as in Welsh we say *tros y mor*, over the sea, *tros vor*, over sea, or over a sea *.

The primitive word, from which are derived the most general Welsh names for the ANT, is MOR, abstractedly implying *motion;* and it is the common appellative for the sea, and, in its plural form, for ants, and, sometimes also, for time: and it is so used, because motion is the distinguishing characteristic of those things. By inflection of the vowel *mor* becomes *myr*, which is an aggregate plural: and it is in the plural form that the Welsh names for the ant is generally used, with the exception of *dyban*, *dybanan* †, and *crugiad*. To denote a single ant, the terminations *yn*, *en*, and *an* are affixed to such plurals, and by which are respectively expressed the genders of masculine, feminine, and neuter; and the plural names, which may be so modified, are the following:—

Morion, myrion, morgrug, bywion, mywion.

They form the singular, as before mentioned, thus:—

Morionyn	Myrionyn	Morgrugyn	Bywionyn	Mywionyn.
Morionen	Myrionen	Morgrugen	Bywionen	Mywionen.
Morionan	Myrionan	Morgrugan	Bywionan	Mywionan.

* The Greek lexicons derive μυρμηξ only from μυρμος,—a word, according to Hesychius, of the same signification,—without giving us the root of the two names, which appears to be here happily supplied by Geirion. And it cannot be questioned, that many of the primitive roots, still retained in Welsh, and of which *mor* is an example, once existed in the Greek also, but were gradually lost in the progressive refinements, which that polished tongue underwent. Μυρμηξ, which is the Æolic dialect, was varied, by the Doric, into μυρμαξ, as we find it used by Theocritus in his 9th Idyl: and it is sometimes written βυρμαξ, which affords one instance, among many, of the initial mutations still common to the Welsh language.—ED.

† *Dybanan*, a derivative of *dyban*, an ant, signifies a mechanic or artist, and agrees well with the peculiar qualities of the insect under consideration, than whose instinctive ingenuity there is nothing in the whole range of natural history more truly wonderful. The instances, related of it in Huber's admirable treatise, almost exceed belief.—ED.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you have, here exhibited, upwards of twenty names and variations of names, all characteristic of that little emblem of activity, the ant, not only as an instance of the copiousness of the Welsh, but also as preserving the parent words illustrative of its appellations in other languages both ancient and modern.

Jan. 8th, 1821. GEIRION.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. X.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I shall now notice the remainder of the airs contained in the old book, which I named in my last.

"Farewell Abel Solomon" and "Moses Solomon."—The names of these airs bear nothing analogous to Wales; yet the melodies are truly Welsh, particularly the first, which is a most elegant and beautiful composition, commencing in the *minor* key of A, then changing (like *Morfa Rhuddlan*) to the relative *major*, and finishing in the *minor*. This tune is particularly well adapted to mournful songs. "Moses Solomon" is an energetic air, but too extended in its compass for any voice; yet the Pennillion-singers would contrive to follow the harp, sustaining notes, and chaunting on the 5th of the key, while the harper pursued, *ad libitum*, his varied path.

"Burstoy."—Here I am again at a loss for a definition of the name of this tune; most likely it belonged, originally, to some house. The air is in 3-4 time, and in the style of *Lwyn Onn*, but by no means so agreeable, nor so well calculated for singing.

"Triban," or *the Triplet*.—It is rather a paradox to call a tune, written in common time, or four crotchets in a bar,—a Triplet;—but so it is here. The character of this air is majestic —and not tripping—something in the style of "Sweet Richard*."

"Sawdl y Fuwch."—*The Cow's Heel*.—Jones gives this tune quite differently in his collection; in fact, there is scarcely any similarity between them, and the only way I can account for it is, that the cows were of a different breed! I give the preference, however, to Mr. Jones's edition.

* See No. 16 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, for Mr. Parry's description of this air.—ED.

"Breuddwyd Davydd Rhys,"—*Davydd Rhys's Dream.*—This is a most delightful dream, (not inferior to Moore's "Love's young Dream,") and extremely well adapted to an amorous ditty.

"Rogero."—I am once more at fault. Who master Rogero was I cannot imagine; I can only find one of that name in W. O. Pughe's Cambrian Biography, namely, "Syr Roger Ofeiriad, a Poet and Divine, who flourished between 1560 and 1600." The melody is not much known, I believe; nor does it partake much of our characteristic simplicity.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Newman Street, Jan. 15th, 1821. JOHN PARRY.

MABINOGION.

FREQUENT allusions have been made in the course of this work to the MABINOGION, or Juvenile Romances, which are, unquestionably, among the most curious, as well as the most ancient, remains of Welsh Literature. The origin of fictitious history has, of late years, undergone much able discussion;* and it has been satisfactorily ascertained, that this species of writing had its origin in a state of society long antecedent to that, in which the chastening influence of civilization had its natural effect on the operations of the human intellect. Romantic fiction, indeed, to speak more accurately, had its source in the heart, and was rather the offspring of natural feeling than of studied reflection. Hence, in the most remote ages, and in countries most widely dissevered, these sportive sallies of feeling and imagination have been found to prevail. But it was, chiefly, among the solitudes of hills, dells, and forests that the Genius of Romance found her most congenial abode: here it was she conjured, around her, her brilliant visions, and peopled the neighbouring wilds with a thousand fantastic creations. The woods of America†, the Scottish highlands, and the mountains of Wales have alike borne testimony to the truth of this observation.‡

* In this respect Mr. Dunlop's work holds, perhaps, the first rank: there is also a very interesting article on the subject in the 41st Number of the Quarterly Review.

† The national tales of Peru, which form the foundation of Vega's work, are well known.

‡ This species of fiction was, indeed, common to the Celtic nations; and from whom, it has been supposed, the romances of the middle ages were ori-

In most countries, however, the Goddess of Fiction wore, in her infancy, the garb of the Muses: in Wales alone she seems to have assumed a more sober attire. But it has before been remarked, that in this respect the early literature of the Cymry differs, apparently, from that of all other nations*: their poetry is history, and their prose is romance†. None of the writers, by whom the subject of romantic fiction has been discussed, have been aware of this peculiarity; and few, if any, have known of the existence of those ancient tales, which have descended to us under the title prefixed to this article, although in antiquity, as well as in the characteristic merit of this species of composition, they may vie with most others, that have acquired so well merited a celebrity.

In the thirteenth Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON a short but interesting account of these tales, by Mr. Owen Pughe, was extracted from Mr. Gunn's edition of Nennius, and to which it is only necessary to add here, that they exist, for the most part, in MSS. of ancient date, and some have been traditionally retained in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. The subsequent tale is translated from the Red Book of Hergest, in Jesus College, Oxford, where several more of these interesting remains are preserved. Mr. Owen Pughe, as intimated on a former occasion, is preparing for the press a complete edition of the MABINOGION with illustratory remarks: and in the mean time the following specimen is offered, because, as having already appeared in the Cambrian Register‡, it cannot be considered to interfere with Mr. Pughe's patriotic design. In the translation here given, however, will be found an occasional variance of diction from that previously published.

ginally derived. A Cornish tale of this description is preserved in the *Archæologia Britannica*.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 216.

† The word *Romance*, as is well known, is derived from the language of that name, which was formed, on the overthrow of the Roman empire, by a union of the Latin with the Teutonic dialects of the Goths and Francs. True, as well as fictitious, history was originally written in the *Romance* tongue, but, in process of time, the latter only. The *Romance* was the parent of the Italian, French, and Spanish tongues, and was the language, in which the famous songs of the Troubadours were written. On this account, perhaps, it happened, that, for some time afterwards, every poem was called a *Romance*. The language has become extinct about seven centuries; and, with the exception of the songs of the Troubadours, there are scarcely any remains of it.

‡ Vol. i. p. 177.—The scarcity of this volume may be received as a sufficient apology for occasionally reprinting some of the articles it comprises.

THE TALE OF PWYLL*.

Pwyll, Prince of Dyved, was lord of the seven provinces of Dyved. Once upon a time he was at Arbefth, one of his chief palaces, when he formed the resolution to go out a-hunting; and the part of his territory, on which he intended to sport, was the valley of Cuch. Accordingly, he set out the same night from Arberth, and arrived at the head of the grove of Diarwya, where he remained for that night. The next morning, at break of day, he rose, and went to the valley of Cuch to turn out his dogs beneath the wood. He sounded his horn, and began to enter upon the chase, following his dogs and separating from his companions. And, as he was listening to the cry of his pack, he could distinctly hear the cry of another pack, different from that of his own, and which was coming in an opposite direction. He could also discern an opening in the wood towards a level plain; and, as his pack was entering the skirt of the opening, he perceived a stag before the other pack, and about the middle of the glade the pack in the rear coming up and throwing the stag on the ground. Upon this he fixed his attention on the colour of the pack without recollecting to look at the stag; and of all the hounds in the world, he had ever seen, he never saw any like them in colour. Their colour was a shining clear white, with red ears: and the whiteness of the dogs and the redness of their ears were equally conspicuous.

After this he came up to the dogs, and, driving the pack away, which had killed the stag, he enticed his own pack on. And, as he was doing this, he observed a knight coming after the pack, on a large dapple grey horse, with a bugle horn round his neck and a hunting dress of dark brown woollen cloth. The knight, upon this, came up to him, and addressed him in this manner. Ha, prince, said he, I know not who thou art, and will not, therefore, bid thee welcome. What, then, replied the other, thou art, perhaps, of a rank, to which I might not aspire. Truly, rejoined he, it is not the privilege of my rank, that deters me from addressing thee. Then, prince, said Pwyll, what is the

* Pwyll means, in Welsh, prudence. The name occurs as the hero of two or three other tales, and is, occasionally, to be found in the Welsh pedigrees, particularly in Pembrokeshire. He is also recorded as the son of Meirig, king of Dyved or Dimetia, during the former part of the sixth century: his life, as far as we know any thing of it, is, therefore, a mixture of fable and history.

cause? Between God and me, replied the other, thy own ignorance and thy own impoliteness. What impoliteness, prince, resumed Pwyll, hast thou seen in me? I have never witnessed a greater want of politeness in any one, answered the other, than to send away the hounds, that had killed the stag, and set thy own pack on him. That, said he, was a want of politeness; and, though I may not take my revenge on thee, between God and me, said he, I will cause thee to be disgraced more than the value of a hundred stags. Ah, prince, replied Pwyll, if I have done thee an injury, I will purchase thy friendship. In what manner, said the other, wilt thou purchase it? According to thy rank, answered Pwyll, but I know not who thou art. I am, rejoined the other, a king wearing a crown in the country, from which I come. My lord, said Pwyll, I salute thee, then: and what country dost thou come from? From Annwn*, said the other; I am the Silver-tongued King† of Annwn. My lord, said Pwyll, in what way shall I obtain thy friendship?

This is the way thou mayst obtain it, said the other; there is a person, whose dominion is opposite mine, that makes war continually on me, and this is Summershire‡, a king of Annwn. By freeing me from his attacks, which thou canst easily do, thou shalt obtain my friendship. Then will I do with pleasure what thou desirest, answered Pwyll; only inform me, how I may accomplish my purpose. I will, replied the other; this, then, is the way: I will form a strong alliance with thee;—and thus I will

* Mr. Davies, in his "Celtic Researches," p. 175, considers *Annwn* to "imply, figuratively, the condition of the dead or the infernal regions, which comprehended the *Elysium* and the *Tartarus* of antiquity." And, in support of this opinion, he quotes the proverb, "Nid eir i annwn ond unwaith" —There will be but one journey to hell,—and, likewise, the common expressions, *Cwn Annwn*, hell-hounds, and *Plant Annwn*, children of the deep, certain wandering spirits. Mr. Owen Pughe, on the other hand, gives it as his opinion, in the Cambrian Biography (p. 289), that the words, as used in this tale, refer to "some part of the torrid zone, of which the Britons had preserved some faint tradition from an early period;" and he farther considers it to be "the place, to which Gavran and his men went in the beginning of the sixth century," as recorded in the Triads.—See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 124. *Annwn* means, literally, a bottomless gulf, and Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, explains it also to mean the *Antipodes*. The Irish are said to have, anciently, called their country by the name of *Annun*, or *Annan*.

† The name, here translated "Silver-tongued King," is in the original *Arawn*.

‡ The original word is *Havgan*, of which Summershire is a literal translation.

do it. I will place thee in my stead in Annwn, and thou shalt bear my form and likeness, so that neither page of the chamber, nor officer, nor any other attendant shall know but thou art I. And this, said he, shall continue until the end of the year from to-morrow; as we shall then meet again in this place. So, said Pwyll, since I am to be there until the expiration of the year, by what mark shall I know the person, of whom thou speakest? A year from this night, replied the other, there is an appointment between him and me on the course; and be thou there in my person. The first blow thou givest him he shall not outlive; and, if he ask thee for another, give it not, how much soever he may entreat it; for, were I to give him a second blow, he would contend with me as well as ever the following morning. So, said Pwyll, what shall I do as to my own country? I will cause, said the king with the silver tongue, that no one in thy dominion, man or woman, shall know but that I am thou; and I will take thy place. Joyfully, then, replied Pwyll, will I proceed. Without obstruction, rejoined the other, shall be thy journey: nothing shall oppose thee until thy arrival in my country, and I will forward thee on thy way.

He, accordingly, accompanied Pwyll till he saw the court and inhabited region around it. This, said he, is the court and the country to be in thy possession; enter the palace, there is no one in it, that will suspect thee; and, according as thou shalt see the service of the court, thou wilt become acquainted with its customs. Pwyll then approached the palace, and in it he could perceive dormitories, and saloons, and chambers, all in the fairest order, that had ever been seen: and he repaired to the saloon to undress. There came boys and young men to assist him; and all, according to their duty, made their obeisance to him. Two knights came also to take off his hunting dress: and the saloon was put in order. He, afterwards, saw a family with attendants: the most splendid and most decorous retinue approaching, that had ever been witnessed, and with them the queen, the fairest woman possible, clothed in a golden dress of shining silk. Upon this they all went to wash themselves, and repaired to the tables, where they sat down in the following order:—the queen was on one side of him, and his lord in waiting upon the other. And he began to converse with the queen; and he found her the most unembarassed and most lady-like both in discourse and behaviour of any woman he had ever known. They then partook of the

repast, and enjoyed songs and festivity: and of all the courts Pwyll had ever seen this was most bountifully supplied with viands and liquors, and with vessels of gold and other princely ornaments.

* * * * * * *

The year passed away in hunting, songs, festivity, games, and friendly conversation until the night fixed for the combat. Every one, through the whole kingdom, recollected the appointment for that night. And Pwyll came to the place assigned, accompanied by the select men of his dominions; and, when he had arrived, a knight rose and spoke thus:—Good people, he exclaimed, listen attentively to the cause of these two kings, between whom this meeting takes place. The cause is between them both individually, each having a claim of territory on the other. You may all, therefore, remain unconcerned, and leave the decision to themselves.—Upon this the two kings approached one another in the middle of the course and encountered: and upon the first onset he, that was a substitute for the silver-tongued king, struck the middle of Summershine's shield, so as to split it in two, and broke through the armour, thereby bringing Summershine off his horse to the ground, save his arm and spear, and having received a mortal wound. Ah, prince, said Summershine, why didst thou seek my death? I urged no claim upon thee: nor do I know of any cause, why thou shouldst slay me. But, for God's sake, said he, since thou hast begun, complete thy task. No, prince, replied the other, there may now be a possibility of repentance for what I have done: let who will kill thee, I will not. My good and faithful people, said Summershire, bear me hence: my death is decreed,—no longer have I the means of supporting you.—You too, my good people, said the substitute for the king with the silver tongue, take your reward*; and know, who ought hereafter to be my subjects. Our liege, exclaimed the people, we ought all to be so; for thou art now the sole king over Annwn. Well, said he, it is right to receive him, that comes submissively; but whosoever comes not humbly must be compelled by force of arms.

Upon this, Pwyll began to receive the homage of the people, and to subdue the country: and by the following day, at noon,

* The word in the original, here rendered by "reward," is *cyfarws*, which, Llwyd says, denotes properly a favour bestowed on some public or solemn occasion; and it seems to be above used in that sense. In the Laws of Hywel it has the meaning of "yearly wages," and is translated *merces* by Wotton.

both kingdoms were in his possession. And, thereupon, he departed according to his agreement, and came to the valley of Cuch. When he arrived there, the silver-tongued king was ready to receive him: and much joy did each feel on the occasion. Well, said the king with the silver tongue, God reward thee; I have experienced thy friendship. Yes, replied Pwyll, when thou returnest to thy dominions, thou wilt see what I have done for thy sake. For what thou hast done for me, rejoined the other, may God reward thee!

Thereupon, the king with the silver tongue restored to Pwyll, prince of Dyved, his form and likeness, and also resumed his own; he then set off towards his palace in Annwn, and enjoyed great delight in revisiting his people and family; for he thought the time long since he had seen them. They, on the contrary, had not known of his absence, and were not more surprised at his return now than formerly.

* * * * * * * * *

Pwyll, prince of Dyved, came also to his dominion and country, and entered into inquiries of the good people of his realm respecting his government of them during that year compared with former times. Never, liege, they said, was thy wisdom so conspicuous, never hast thou shewn thyself so amiable a youth, at no time hast thou been so liberal in the diffusion of thy riches; thy government has never been better than during this year. Between God and me, said he, if any thanks are due from you, it is to the person, that was with you; for thus the matter has been. And Pwyll then explained the whole to them. Truly, liege, they replied, we owe thanks to God, that thou hast acquired such an alliance, and that we have had such a government for that year,—a continuation of which, we hope, thou wilt not deny us. Knowingly I will not, as God is my witness, was the reply of Pwyll.

From that time forward the two kings began to strengthen the alliance between them; each sending the other horses, greyhounds, hawks, and such other presents as, they thought, would be mutually pleasing. And, in consequence of his residence that year in Annwn, and of his governing so prosperously, and uniting both kingdoms in one by a single day's exertion of courage and warlike skill, the name of Pwyll, prince of Dyved, was lost; and he was, thenceforward, styled Pwyll *Pen Annwn*, or head of the world unknown*.

* The passages in this tale, above supplied by asterisks, are omitted, as

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE WELSH.*

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Agreeably with a promise, made at the conclusion of my former communication on this subject, inserted in the ninth Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON†, I proceed to transcribe from Mr. Jones's entertaining and singular work some of the tales, with which he illustrates the actions and qualities of the different sorts of spirits. He has classed them under different heads, and the first, which I copy, are those relating to

GHOSTS, GOBLINS, DEMONS, &c.

A Mr. Henry Llewelyn, having been sent to Samuel Davies, of Ystrad Defodoc parish, in Glamorganshire, to fetch a load of books, viz. Bibles, Testaments, Watts's Psalms, Hymns, and Songs for Children, said, coming home by night towards Mynydd-ustwyn, having just passed by Clwyd yr Helygen ale-house ‡, and being in a dry fair part of the lane, the mare, which he rode, stood still, and, like the ass of the ungodly Balaam, would go no farther, but kept drawing back. Presently he could see a living thing, round like a bowl, rolling from the right hand to the left, and crossing the lane, moving sometimes slow and sometimes very swift,—yea, swifter than a bird could fly, though it had neither wings nor feet,—altering also its size. It appeared three times, less one time than another, seemed least when near him, and appeared to roll towards the mare's belly. The mare would then want to go forward, but he stopped her, to see more carefully what manner of thing it was. He staid, as he thought, about three minutes, to look at it; but, fearing to see a worse sight, he thought it high time to speak to it, and said,—"What seekest

not absolutely essential to its interest, as well as for other reasons, which need not be explained.

* The "Superstitions," recorded in this article, if authentic, are not very creditable to the intelligence of our lower classes in Wales:—but it is some satisfaction to think, that none of them are of recent date.—ED.

† Vol. i. p. 349.

‡ Near Clwyd yr Helygen, in times past, and near the place where the apparition was seen, the Lord's day was greatly profaned. It may be also, that the adversary was wroth at the good books, and the bringer of them; for he well knew what burden the mare carried.

"thou, thou foul thing? In the name of the Lord Jesus, go "away!" And by speaking this it vanished, and sunk into the ground near the mare's feet. It appeared to be of a *reddish ash colour.*

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Baddy, who lived in Denbigh town, and was a dissenting minister in that place, went into his study one night, and, while he was reading or writing, he heard some one behind him laughing and grinning at him, which made him stop a little,—as well indeed it might. It came again, and then he wrote, on a piece of paper, that devil-wounding scripture, 1st John, 3d,—"For this was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil,"—and held it backwards from him, when the laughing ceased for ever: for it was a melancholy word to a scoffing devil, and enough to damp him. It would have damped him yet more, if he had shewn him James 2, 19—"The devils believe and tremble." But he had enough for one time.

Mary M——, living near Crumlin Bridge, and standing on the bridge one evening, heard a weak voice, like that of a person in distress, going up the river, saying,—"O Duw pa beth y wnaf fi —O Duw pa beth y wnaf fi* ?" At first she thought it was a human voice of one in distress; but, while she *was considering to think* what the voice was like, a great terror seized her suddenly, so that she thought her hair moved, and she could neither stir backward or forward from the place where she stood; but, seeing her cousin standing in the yard belonging to the house near the bridge, she with great difficulty called unto her, who had also heard the lamentable voice,—and she came to her. When Mary M. reached the house she fainted. The voice, which she heard, was most probably that of some disembodied spirit, who had lived and died in sin, and felt the wrath of God for it: which will make all impenitent sinners cry at last.

GYPSIES AND WITCHES.

ONCE on a time two gypsies came to the house of Lewis Thomas of Llanharan, in Glamorganshire, when he was not at home, and, seeing his wife by herself, began to be bold and very importunate for this and that, which they wanted; but she, having a disliking to these sort of people, commanded them to be gone,

* O God, what shall I do? O God, what shall I do?

which they refused to do, till she took down a cudgel and threatened to beat them, (for she was a strong bold woman,) at which they went away muttering and promising revenge. Some night after, they heard something like a bowl rolling above stairs, from the upper end of the chamber to the middle, stopping awhile, then rolling down to the foot of the stairs. Upon this, Lewis Thomas said to his wife,—"I believe the old gypsy be come to give thee a visit, dame." Next morning, when the good woman arose, she spied on the floor the print of a bare foot without a toe, and dipped in soot!—and gone from the foot of the stair towards the door! The next day, when they went to churn, the cream soon began to froth as if it were turning to butter, but it did not,—though they churned much and lustily. They, at length, poured it into a vessel; whence, after it had staid some time, came a thick slimy cream above, and underneath it was water coloured with a little milk. They boiled the cream, *having a notion it would torment the witch*,—and they were no more disturbed that way.

About the end of the 16th century there lived in the valley of Sirtowy, in Glamorganshire, one David Ziles, or Giles, an honest, substantial freeholder. His house was often troubled by night with witches, who were very mischievous, destroying the milk, beer, &c. &c. In process of time one Hopkin David, a quaker, and by trade a turner, came there to work. One night, when he was there, the witches made a disturbance, and seemed to him as if they were meddling with his tools. He rose from bed, and went down stairs: there he saw them like so many *cats*, and, knowing what they were, spake to them, and asked one "Who art thou, and what is thy name?" To which she answered,—"Elor Sir Gaer" (Carmarthenshire Ellen). He then asked another "Who art thou?" the answer was—"Mawd anghyfion" (unrighteous Mawd). And the other answered,—"Isbel anonest" (unjust Isabel), to which he boldly replied,—"Unjust is thy work in meddling with my tools, thou evil one." He severely reproved and threatened them. As they confessed themselves, and knew they were in danger of punishment, they did not trouble the house afterwards. This good the honest quaker did to a worthy and innocent family.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your's, &c.

T. R.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ENGLYNION,

A GANT CYNDDELW I OWAIN CYVEILIOG*.

Gwirawd Owain, draw dra Digoll Vynydd,
Mor vynych ei harvoll:
O wîn cyvyrgain, nid cyvyrgoll,
O vedd; o vuelin oll.

Gwirawd a'm daerawd, a'm daw gan rebydd,
A'm rhybuch o'i wen-llaw;
Peniadur câd, cêd wallaw;
Pen côr; pencerdd wyv iddaw.

Gwirawd á ddygyr o ddigawn atan,
Gwîn o bân, rân radlawn:
Yn llys, llês glyw, llyw Lleisiawn,
Yn llaw llew câd cyrn llâd llawn.

Gwirawd Owain llary, llawen yd roddir
Yn y tir tu Havren,
A thraul hygar gw hagen;
A thraw y daw a Dygen.

Gwirawd Owain llary, llachar ei dervysg
Ar derfyn ei esgar,
Balch y daw yn llaw lluchvar,
Meddw ei thoryv, medd ei thoniar,

Gwirawd a 'n gwrthvyn, gwrth syr a lleuad,
Gan rwyv rad rudd vyhyr;
Am Hirvryn hirvraisg eryr,
Am Havren hyvryd gwên gwyr.

Ar law Owain hael, hawl dilin gwrvalch,
Y mae gorvlwch eurin;
Anrhydedd gwymp arwedd gwîn;
Anreg brivdeg breienin.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 234. An English translation will be found in a subsequent page.—ED.

Udd yssym heddiw ar geir;
Nis arvaidd llew a dan lloer,
Gwaew crwm yn nydd trwm, trwy fwyr
Gwân fysg, yn eurwysg yn aer.

AWDL GYNTAV GAN HORACE*.

"*Mœcenas atavis edite regibus,*" *&c.*

Mœcenas! hîl o deyrnawl ryw,
Vy nglwys ogoniant ac vy llyw!
Derbyniant rhai ddivyrwch lle
Tros yrva gyrir cerbyd rhe;
Ger âl i droi gan lychlyd rôd
Ac ennill camp, eu mwyav clôd—
Yr hwn, os trwy gyfredin lev
I'r pènav urdd derchavir ev;
Yr un, os yn ei heiniar-dy
Yd Lybia pentyredig sy,
Os ev â hofa dir ei dad
Aredig, pob breninawl lad
Nis huda hynt tra eigion ddwyn
Val morwr, er o gafael mwyn—
Y maelier, ped â 'r fyrnig wynt
Y tònau yn ymryson ynt,
Gwladaidd bryd molianna ev
Ar esmwyth hedd ei anwyl drev;
Ar vrys cyvana long, er hyn;
Can nid eill oddev angeu ryn—
Gwîn hên yn yved boddlawn bydd
Dyn arall, neu yn diva dydd,
Gorweddawl ar gysgodig vàn,
Neu ger y darddell loew lân.
I lawer yw gwersylliad llu
Yn ddyddan, ac udganawl ru,
A drud odorun rhyvel ereh
Yn adgas byth gan vamawl serch—
Ymbrova heliwr arwedd hin,
Nad yw am gydwedd gu yn vlin,

* English readers should be informed, that this is a translation of the first Ode of Horace; and the Welsh scholar will not require to be apprised of its merit.—Ed.

Pa un ai ci á genyw hydd,
Ai rhwyd gan vaedd rhwygedig sydd—
I ti plêth eiddew, tal doeth ael,
Yr anvarwoldeb vydd yn cael;
Gwasgodiad ac yr oergled goed,
Y tylwyth teg gan ysgawn droed
Yn llàmu, ac ellyllon llwyn,
A'm neillduant i o werin vwyn,
Duwiesau cerdd na roddent vall
I'r pibau ac i'r tannau pall;
Ond, gyda beirdd os enwir vi,
Vy mhèn hyd ser á geisia vri. PRYDEINIAD.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING LINES FROM CYNDDELW* TO OWAIN CYVEILIOG†.

Nunc est bibendum.—HOR.

Yonder, Digoll's hill beside,
Owain's frequent horn‡ goes round,
As, in never ebbing tide,
Sparkling wine and mead abound.

* Cynddelw was among the most noted of the Welsh poets of the twelfth century, during the latter half of which period he is said to have flourished. He was, as appears from this poem, chief bard to Owain Cyveiliog; and his former fame may be inferred from the appellation of Cynddelw Brydydd Mawr, or Cynddelw the Great Bard, by which he was generally distinguished. There are about forty of his pieces preserved in the Welsh Archaiology, and most of them of considerable length. The one here translated is among the shortest, and seems to have been composed on the occasion of some of those Bacchanalian festivities, not infrequent, as may be collected from other testimony, with the Princes of Powys, and particularly Owain Cyveiliog.

† Owain Cyveiliog was Prince of Powys during the close of the twelfth century: and he was not only a prince but a poet, as well as a general patron of the bards. A fine effusion of his muse, under the title of *Hirlas*, or the Drinking Horn, is printed in the Archaiology, and versions of which, both in Latin and English, have already appeared. This poem confirms the conclusion, which may be drawn from the lines of Cynddelw, here translated, that Owain was one of the most convivial and hospitable of the Welsh princes. He died in the year 1197.

‡ The *Hirlas*, or drinking horn, was generally tipped with silver or gold:

Hither flows the precious stream,
Gift of his fair hand to me:
He at board and field supreme,
I his chief of minstrelsy*.

Bounteous still shall he bestow
Goblets crown'd with mantling wine:
Lleision's warrior lord! I know,
Teeming bowls will e'er be thine.

Gentle Owain, gladly still
Swell thy cups near Havren's† side;
Soul of mildness, liberal will,
Still I see thy bounty glide.

Gentle Owain, though thy ire
On the foe like lightning speed,
Mead-horns thy brave host inspire,
Thy full horns of generous mead.

Lo, the chieftain's sparkling store
Circles 'neath the moonlight beam!
Proud though Hirvryn's‡ eagles soar,
Prouder we near Havren's stream.

Lo, it comes! the golden flask,
Borne by Owain's bounteous hand;
Splendid is the bearer's task,
Richer boon no kings command.

But, see him now ascend his car;
What foe, so lion-like, so bold,
Shall dare, amid the thick'ning war,
To strike, with fruitless lance, his mail of gold?

the one, here alluded to, appears to have been ornamented with the latter metal as well from an expression towards the close of these lines, as from the following in the poem of Owain Cyveiliog himself, adverted to in the preceding note:—

"Dywallaw di 'r corn argynvelyn."
Pour out the horn with the glistening yellow top.

* The original is *Pencerdd*, of whose office an account may be seen, in the Laws of Hywel Dda, in a preceding part of this Number.

† The Severn. ‡ The name of a mountain.

THE CANORION SONG.

A TRANSLATION OF "ERDDIGAN Y CANORION," IN THE LAST NUMBER.

——————————— *tristia vitæ*
Solamur cantu.—

1

If to this great city, from meads far away,
Nor linnet*, nor lark, nor sweet nightingale stray,
But voices,—so wild and so tuneless their sound,—
Through street, lane, and alley are heard all around,
How pleasant, CANORION†, to see this kind band
Meet to cherish the strains of our old native land:
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

2

Let the wealthy take care of their gold and their gain,
Let the great still contend with our troubles in vain,
Let our parties still wrangle and clamour away,
While our state-menders brawl yet more loudly than they;
But we, blithe CANORION, our minds all at ease,
In harmony taste of life's joys as we please:
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

3

Ye minstrels, ye bards, ye of learning profound,
Come join us, where mirth and good humour abound,
For one age of sorrow two ages we gain,
While our melody vies with the lark's merry strain;
How sweet to remember the customs of yore,
And, like our forefathers, those customs adore:
With our glass, harp, and song, then, content let us be,
While our hearts are all jocund, united, and free.

* The original is cuckoo, a bird, which seems always to have been in great favour with the Welsh bards, though it is not very easy to discover for what reason, since it cannot have been for its musical qualifications. This partiality for the cuckoo reminds one of the Irishman in Joe Miller, who had all his life mistaken the owl for the nightingale.

† Literally, SINGERS. An account of the establishment of this Society appeared in Number 15. p. 141.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—It appears from an advertisement on the wrapper of this Number, that an alteration has taken place in the subject proposed for the Prize Poem of this institution. Instead of a translation of Gray's "Bard," as originally intended*, the subject will now be the re-establishment of the Cymmrodorion: and the writer of the best Ode will receive a silver medal on the 22nd of May next, the Society's Anniversary. The project of an *Eisteddfod*, at the same time, as alluded to on a former occasion, appears to be relinquished, in consequence of the near approach of that, which is to take place at Carnarvon, and with the interest of which a previous meeting in London might possibly interfere.

According to a new regulation, the General Meetings of this institution will, in future, take place quarterly, instead of monthly, and the Meetings of the Council, instead of taking place, as before, every week, will be held, on the first Saturday in every month only.

James Evans, Esq. has recently been appointed Secretary to this institution on the resignation of Mr. Parry. ***

CYMMRODORION IN GWYNEDD.—A meeting of the Committee of Management of this society took place at Carnarvon on the 29th of Decemher last, when it was resolved, that an *Eisteddfod* should be held, at Carnarvon, in the ensuing autumn, and that prizes and premiums should be given for the best productions on following subjects:

The Englyn.—"In memory of the birth of the first Prince of Wales of English blood (Edward 2nd) at Carnarvon Castle."

The Awdl.—"Minstrelsy."

The Cywydd.—"The accession of the Family of Tudor to the throne of Great Britain."

First English Essay.—"On the existence of the art of alphabetical writing among the Celts; and on the form and number of their characters."

Second English Essay.—"On the ancient orders of Bard, Druid, and Ovate."

* See No. 15, p. 139.

The advertisement on the wrapper of this Number will explain the other particulars. It is but justice to add to this account, that the Joint-Secretaries, J. Goddard, Esq. and the Rev. J. Jones, evince an indefatigable zeal in promoting the patriotic objects of this institution, and in which they appear to be very ably supported by the nobility and gentry of that portion of the Principality.

Mr. Parry, editor of "Welsh Melodies," and the Editor of the CAMBRO-BRITON have been elected honorary members of this Society. The former gentleman is to conduct the musical department at the ensuing EISTEDDFOD: and from the able and unremitted exertions, which he made last year at Wrexham, there is every reason to anticipate the most beneficial result from his co-operation on the present occasion. And it may also be hoped, that the national spirit, which now seems to pervade every part of the Principality, aided by the patriotic activity of the gentlemen in Gwynedd, will cause the Carnarvon *Eisteddfod* to rival in interest either of the similar meetings, that have preceded it. ***

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—The following is a list of the Officers of this Society for the present year.

Llywydd (*President*) Mr. Thomas Jones, *Bardd Cloff*.
Rhaglaw (*Vice-President*) Mr. John Phillips.
Trysorydd (*Treasurer*) Mr. Edward Jones.
Cofiadur (*Secretary*) Mr. Owen Williams.
Bardd (*Bard*) Rev. Edward Hughes.
Llyfrwr (*Librarian*) Mr. James Davies.

Cynghor (*Council.*)

Mr. Edward Edwards. Mr. Hugh Edwards.
Mr. E. R. Thomas. Mr. Griffith Roberts.
Mr. Henry Jones.

The new appointment of Secretary and Treasurer took place on the resignation of Mr. Thomas Roberts and Mr. Thomas Edwards, by whom the duties of their respective offices had been so long and so creditably discharged.

CYMREIGYDDION IN LIVERPOOL.—The annual festival of this society took place at the Castle Inn on the 1st of last month. The chair was filled by Mr. O. Williams; and a numerous and respectable company attended on the occasion. The national accompaniment of the harp, to which, as usual, several *Pennillion*

were sung, enlivened the festivities of the evening; and the influence of the *Awen* was strongly evinced in several extemporary effusions of much merit. A learned address in Welsh from the Rev. John Richards of Anglesey, Critic to the Society, was read in the course of the evening; and, as on the former anniversary, the Rev. gentleman's erudition called forth the well merited applause of the meeting. In a word, the spirit, displayed by the members of this infant society, is highly creditable to the natives of Wales, resident in Liverpool, and is well worthy of imitation in other large English towns, where a similar observance of our national customs would not only help to unite our countrymen in a brotherly league amongst themselves, but would also

"—— bind them to their native mountains more,"

and thus contribute to the expansion of that patriotic flame, which has, at length, been so happily kindled in Wales. ***

LITERATURE.

CYFRINACH Y BEIRDD.—It is well known to those, who have any acquaintance with our ancient MSS., that there exists, under the preceding title, a treatise, of considerable antiquity, on Welsh poetry, and, more particularly, on its prosody. Proposals have recently been made for publishing this work from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Edward Williams, the celebrated Bard of Glamorgan; the expenses of the publication to be paid by subscription, and the work to be put to press as soon as a sufficient sum is subscribed for that purpose. If the MS. of this treatise, in the possession of Mr. Williams, be similar to that under the same title in the Hengwrt collection, it consists of various tracts on grammar, rhetoric, and prosody, and cannot fail, therefore, to prove a rich treat to the Welsh scholar, and particularly to the votaries of the *Awen*. For, it is somewhat remarkable, considering the predilections of the Welsh for poetical productions, that no regular dissertation on the peculiarities of our national muse has yet appeared, with the exception, indeed, of the learned work of Dr. J. D. Rhys, which, however, does not come up to the full idea here contemplated. At all events, an English treatise on this subject is still a *desideratum*, and one which the publication, now proposed, is not meant to supply. Yet the materials, in which it will necessarily abound, must furnish a valuable accession to this branch of our national literature, and of which, it may be hoped, some future writer will avail himself, to illustrate, in a full and satisfactory manner, the particular cha-

racter of Welsh poetry*. For, at present, the *phenomena* it presents, as compared with the principles of the poetry of other countries, are entirely unknown beyond the boundaries of Wales; and even within them a perfect knowlege prevails only to a very limited extent. For these reasons it is extremely desirable, that the project, here noticed, should meet with every encouragement.

The Hengwrt copy of "Cyfrinach y Beirdd" was transcribed from a MS. of Gutyn Owain by the celebrated antiquary Mr. Robert Vaughan, and by whom it was enriched with several elaborate annotations, as well as some important additions, which might, possibly, be of service in the publication now contemplated. At least, the Hengwrt MS. ought to be previously consulted.

The proposals, alluded to in this article, originated at a sort of bardic festival, held, in the early part of last month, at the hospitable residence of the Rev. J. Jenkins of Kerry, whose truly patriotic ardour, and liberal exertions, in the cause of Welsh literature, so justly entitle him to be regarded as the Ivor Hael of the present day.

OBITUARY.

NOVEMBER.—22d, Mr. Owen Rees, of Haverfordwest.—27th, At Cardigan, aged 24, William Morgan Williams, Esq., of Trefach, Pembrokeshire.—29th, At Hieres, in the South of France, aged 43, William Shipley, Esq., eldest son of the Very Rev. Dean of St. Asaph, being accidentally killed by the gun of a peasant, who accompanied him on a shooting excursion, and which occasioned his immediate death.—*ib.*, At his residence in North Wales, Lord Viscount Kirkwall, heir presumptive to the earldom of Orkney, in his 42d year.—30th, At Dan-y-coed, Cardiganshire, aged 81, the Rev. Phillip Maurice, who had, for 45 years, been a diligent minister of the Independent Churches of Ty-'n-y-gwndwn and Ebenezer.—*ib.*, Thomas Jones, Esq. of Llandissilio, in the county of Denbigh.—DECEMBER.—2d, In London, Edward Corbet, Esq., of Ynyysymaengwyn, in the county of Merioneth, a gentleman, who had been long distinguished by his politeness and hospitality.—6th, At Neath, after an illness of two years, Mrs.

* In a letter from Mr. Edward Williams in the third volume of the Cambrian Register, p. 377, the venerable bard expresses his intention to write "a little treatise on the versification of Welsh poetry from the earliest ages, of which we have any remins, to the present day." He would do an essential service to his country by completing this patriotic design. The letter, here cited, was written in 1810.

Catherine Morgan.—13th, Miss A. Morgans, aged 22, of Penywern, near Aberystwith.—14th, At St. Ishmael's Vicarage, Carmarthenshire, William, second son of the Rev. John Griffiths, Vicar of that parish.—*ib.*, Mr. Briscoe, Sen., of Penley, Flintshire, aged 79.—At Pwllheli, aged 49, Mr. Lewis Humphreys, Tide Surveyor of that port.—20th, Richard Willding, Esq., of Llanrhaidr Hall, Denbighshire, aged 78, generally and deservedly esteemed for his amiable character and many private virtues.—24th, Thomas Meredith, Esq., of Brecon, aged 79.—25th, Mr. Edward Jones, of Denbigh, father of the Rev. Master of Ruthin School.—At Hereford, aged 78, the Rev. Samuel Beavan, Rector of New Church, Radnorshire—William Jones, Esq., of Groes, near Denbigh.—*ib.*, Robert Thompson, Esq., aged 55, of Tintern Abbey, in the county of Monmouth, a gentleman, whose integrity, honour, and charitable disposition had procured him the general respect of the country.—26th, Mr. Vaughan, of Gungrog, Montgomeryshire, aged 65.—30th, At Hakin, near Milford, Robert Robertson, Esq., Captain and Paymaster of the Pembrokeshire Militia.—31st, At Ludlow, Charles Rogers, Esq., of Stannage Park, in the county of Radnor, a gentleman distinguished by the possession of many moral and christian virtues.

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

DECEMBER.—At Mold, Flintshire, Mrs. Mary Hughes, aged 96.—At Croes Hywel, Denbighshire, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, aged 102.—At Perthill, near Aberystwith, Mrs. Williams, aged 96.—24th, Mrs. Catherine Francis, of Tre Hywel, Pembrokeshire, aged 93; she had been a member of the Baptist connexion about 60 years.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 17. P. 210. l. 26. *for* "Chwl" *read* Chwi.—l. 32. *for* "lfafar *read* llafar.

——— P. 211. l 7. *for* "adaw" *read* anaw.—last line of the Notes, *for* "Ænid," *read* Æneid.

——— P. 217. l. 2. *dele* the first "have."

——— P, 221, l. 16. *for* "Cretanau" *read* Coetanau.—l. 21. *for* "Gruffydd Cynan" *read* Gruffydd ab Cynan.

——— P. 222. last line, *for* "mince" *read* mincer.

——— P. 232. l. 227. *for* "ddoll" *read* ddol.

In this Number.—P. 253. l. 11. *for* "firemen" *read* freemen.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

MARCH, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XVII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXXVI. THE three Strong Crutched Ones of the Isle of Britain: Rhineri, the son of Tangwn; and Tinwaed Vaglog [the Crutched;] and Pryderi, the son of Doler, of Deivr and Brynaich.

[Triad XXI of the first series agrees with the above in one reading, excepting that Pryderi and Doler are called Pryder and Dolor; but in another reading the three are thus named:—Rhiveri, Dinawc, and Pryder: and the Triad is not in the second series.—The exploits, by which these cripples became distinguished, so as to have their names recorded, are not known.]

LXXVII. The three Grave-slaughtering Ones of the Isle of Britain: Selyv, the son of Cynan Garwyn; and Aväon, the son Taliesin; and Gwallawg, the son of Llenawg: that is, they were called grave-slaughtering ones, for having avenged their wrongs from their graves.

[Triads LXV of the first and XXX of the second series agree with the above text.—But we are left in the dark as to what the wrongs therein mentioned were, or how they were avenged. The names of Aväon and Gwallawg have before appeared in former Triads †; and the history of Selyv ab Cynan is not now known.]

LXXVIII. The three Golden Corpses of the Isle of Britain: Madawg, the son of Brwyn; Ceugant Beilliawg; and Rhuvawn the Splendid, the son of Gwyddno Garanhir: that is, they were so called because their weight of gold was given for having them delivered from the hands of those who slew them.

[Triad LXVIII of the first series and XXXIX of the second only record the names, without the explanation why they were so de-

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 60, 61. Tr. 75——81.

† See No. 16, pp. 242 and 244.

nominated: and in the first series the second name is Ceugan, or Cyngain, Peilliawt.—The histories of Madawg and Ceugant are lost; and the name of Rhuvawn, or Rhuawn, has appeared in a former Triad*, where he is called the son of Dewrarth Wledig, and not of Gwyddno.]

LXXIX. The three Froward Ones of the Isle of Britain; Eiddilig the Dwarf; and Trystan, the son of Tallwch: and Gweirwerydd the Great: and there was nothing that could divert them from their purposes.

[Triad LXXXVIII of the first series records only the names, without the illustration, thus—Eiddilig Gôr, and Gwair Gwryd Vawr, and Trystan. This Triad is not in the second series.—The name of Eiddilig Gôr has appeared before, in Triad LIV; and more will be made known of him in a succeeding Triad, as one of the three magicians of Britain. Some acccount of Trystan also has been already given in a former Triad†. Gweirwerydd, here mentioned, was the son of the celebrated Cynvelyn, or Cunobelinus.]

INSTITUTIONAL TRIADS‡.

1. The three first Institutional Bards of Britain were Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron§.

2. The three reasons, why the Bards are entitled "Bards according to the rights and institutes of the Bards of the Isle of Britain:"—first, because Bardism originated in Britain; secondly, because pure Bardism was never well understood in any other country; thirdly, because pure Bardism can never be maintained but by means of the Institutes and Conventional Voice of the Bards of the Isle of Britain. For these reasons Bards, of what-

* Vol. 1, p. 204.

† No. 18, p. 241.

‡ These Triads are copied, with a few occasional variations of diction, from the small collection at the end of Mr. Edward Williams's "Lyric and Pastoral Poems," published in 1794. Mr. Williams gives the originals also, but does not state upon what authority: it may be presumed, however, that he would not have ventured to make them public, without being convinced of their genuineness, as memorials of the singular system of Bardism, or, as it is more generally called, Druidism, which anciently prevailed in this island. It should be mentioned, that the leading maxims only of the Bardic Institution are supposed to be comprised in these Triads.—ED.

§ These three persons are recorded also in the Historical Triads, as the "three primary Bards of the Isle of Britain." See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 16, p. 145.—ED.

ever country they may be, are entitled "Bards according to the rights and institutes of the Bards of the Isle of Britain."

3. The three memorials of the Bards of the Isle of Britain: memorial of song, memorial of Bardic Voice Conventional, and the memorial of established usage.

4. The three sorts of Bards of the Isle of Britain: Primitive Bards, instituted before Christianity,—and, since Christianity, the Bards of Beli, and the Bards Dissentient.

5. The three Orders of Primitive Bards: the Presiding Bard, or Primitive Bard positive, according to the rights, voice, and usage of the Bardic Conventions, whose office it is to superintend and regulate; the Ovate, according to poetical genius, exertion, and contingency, whose function it is to act from the impulse of poetical inspiration; and the Druid, according to the reason, nature, and necessity of things, whose office it is to instruct.

6. The three primary privileges of the Bards of the Isle of Britain:—maintenance wherever they go,—that no naked weapon be borne in their presence,—and that their testimony be preferred to that of all others.

7. The three ultimate objects of Bardism:—to reform morals and customs,—to secure peace,—and to praise every thing good and excellent.

8. The three things forbidden to a Bard:—immorality, satire, and the bearing of arms *.

9. The three modes of instruction used by the Bards of the Isle of Britain: the instruction of voice, song, and usage, by means of convention.

10. The three delights of the Bards of the Isle of Britain: the prosperity of science, the reformation of manners, and the triumph of peace over devastation and pillage.

11. The three splendid honours of the Bards of the Isle of Britain: the triumph of learning over ignorance,—the triumph of reason over irrationality,—and the triumph of peace over depredation and plunder.

12. The three attributes of the Bards of the Isle of Britain: to make truth manifest and to diffuse the knowlege of it,—to perpetuate the praise of all that is good and excellent,—and to prevail with peace over disorder and violence.

13. The three necessary, but reluctant, duties, of the Bards of

* The words in the original are "dwyn anfawl, dwyn anfoes, a dwyn arfau."—Ed.

the Isle of Britain: secresy for the sake of peace and the public good,—invective lamentation demanded by justice,—and the unsheathing of the sword against the lawless and the depredatory.

14. Three things that cannot be controverted: the usage, song, and voice of the Bardic convention.

15. Three things, that the Bards ought most to maintain: the Welsh language*, primitive Bardism, and the remembrance of all, that is good and excellent.

16. Three things, without which no one can be a Bard: a poetical genius,—a knowlege of the Bardic mysteries,—and good manners.

17. The three prohibitory ordinances of the bard:—to avoid sloth as being a man of exertion; to avoid contention as being a man of peace; and to avoid folly as being a man of discretion.

18. Three nations, that corrupted what they retained of British Basdism, by mixing with it heterogeneous principles, and whereby they lost it: the Irish, the Cymry of Armorica, and the Germans†.

TRIADS OF WISDOM‡.

141. The three priorities of the understanding: affection, principle, and object.

142. The three priorities of power: intention, exertion, and order.

143. The three priorities of knowlege: sensation, understanding, and will.

144. The three priorities of derived existence: substance, quality, and motion.

145. The three priorities of being, which are the three necessities of Deity: that is to say, strength, knowlege, and love; and from the union of the three are being and existence.

146. The three necessities of the being of God: essence, life, and motion; and from these are all substance, life, and motion, derived by inchoation; that is, from God and his essences are all things.

* Mr. Edw. Williams here uses the expression "Cimbric language," which may, originally, have been the proper translation of Cymraeg; the modern acceptation of the word, however, is as above given.—Ed.

† The original names are "Gwyddelod, Cymry Llydaw, and Ellmyn." Gwyddelod is applicable to the Scotch as well as the Irish.—Ed.

‡ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii, p. 214.

147. The three necessities of life: activity, consciousness, and motion.

148. Three things that ought to be rightly understood in every art: divisions, subdivisions, and indivisibilities; and without understanding and knowing them rightly there can be neither learning nor arrangement as to any art whatever.

149. From three things shall prosperity and blessing be obtained: the respect of a lord proprietor, the respect of a worshipper or priest of faith, and the respect of a bard regularly initiated.

150. From three things shall the blessing of God be obtained: the blessing of father and mother, the blessing of the sick and infirm, and the blessing of a necessitous stranger.

151. The three universalities of knowlege, and there can be no true knowledge where they are not possessed: peace, truth, and order; and these three produce equity; and thence sciences instead of impostures.

152. The three foundations of wisdom: youth to learn, memory to preserve what is learned, and understanding to practise rightly the sciences that have been learned, and the arranging of them for the benefit and honour of such as shall know them *.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

THE BARDIC DISCOURSE OF CATWG†.

Do good once, thou wilt do it the second time from shame, and the third time from good will, and the fourth time from love; and after there come love for it, thou wilt ever do it; for there can be no end to habitual love: there is nothing that will not perish excepting love.

Whoever acquires a good word once will wish to preserve and maintain it; if he gets it the second time, he will rejoice on

* To this collection of the "Triads of Wisdom" is subjoined the following notice:—

"*Thus end so many of the Triads of Wisdom as I obtained from the book of Thomas Lewis of Llechau.*" "THOMAS AB IVAN, *of Tre Bryn*, 1680."

The Archaiology contains three other copies of Triads under the same title, as well as several collections under different denominations, some of which are of considerable antiquity. It is intended to make selections from these.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 90.

account thereof; if he gets it the third time, he will love it; and, from loving it, he will strengthen himself in whatever deserves it: and, strong from love, he is strong eternally.

Shouldest thou desire to divert a person from his fault, bestow on him a good word again and again; for a man will be better by being commended, he will become worse by being censured. He, that loves what pleases him in one thing, will seek it in another; he, that obtains what pleases him in any thing, whatever it be, will keep it as long as possible: for a man will seek what may please him; because life is nothing without pleasure; and to every one what pleases him is congenial.

He that is called discreet will endeavour to be discreet; and, if he endeavour, he will succeed; and by succeeding he will desire, and by desiring he will love; and by loving he will become fortified therein.

He that is judged discreet will endeavour to be discreet; from endeavouring comes fruition; from fruition hope; from hope a re-endeavouring; from a re-endeavouring comes knowlege; from knowlege general success: and there will be no want of power and success, where they are approached by hope, knowlege, and exertion.

Wherever it may be desired to instil good, let the person be commended; commendation will rouse consideration; consideration will produce knowlege; knowlege will cause love; love will cause exertion; exertion will cause success; success will bring joy; joy will approach towards a re-possession; re-possession will recur to the paths of possession: and in the same sense as this is the old proverbial saying.—

There can be no good without power:
There can be no power without impulse:
There can be no impulse but from love:
There is no love without praise:
There is no praise but from God.

Praise will accomplish three things; that is to say,—

Make hope powerful;
The sense inventive;
And the labour easy.

From this let it be observed how a teacher should proceed towards his object, in the teaching and showing of goodly sciences, of all truth, and excellence, and of every kind and appearance of goodness: that is, he ought —

1. To shew the kind and quality:
2. To commend goodness:
3. To excite love:
4. To fortify hope:
5. To make the advantage manifest:
6. To devise the means:
7. To enrich the understanding:
8. To support knowlege:
9. To demonstrate what is just and unjust;
10. To lead consideration:
11. To ease labour:
12. To strengthen truth:
13. To expose deceit:
14. To comprehend his sufficiency and means in these things:
15. And that what he may impose on another be in every way agreeable.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[*Continued from page* 256.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

*Satisfaction for Insult, &c.**.

THE satisfaction for the insult and murder of the Domestic Chaplain, Steward of the Household, Judge of the Palace, Falconer, Chief Groom, Domestic Bard†, Page of the Chamber are the same, and so is their heriot‡; and their daughters are of equal rank.

In satisfaction for their insult shall be paid nine cows and nine score of money§.

In satisfaction for their murder shall be paid nine hundred and nine cows, with three advancements.

A pound is the heriot of each of them.

* The provisions under this head, which follow one another very immethodically in the original MS, are here arranged according to the order of the list of Officers in the last Number. In the W. S. M. they are attached to the explanation of the particular offices.—ED.

† In the original the word is *Pencerdd*, which seems to be a mistake for *Bardd Teulu*, as the *Pencerdd*, or Chief of Song, was not one of the twenty-four Officers.—ED.

‡ The word, here translated *heriot*, is *ebediw*, which implied a pecuniary fine payable to the lord from the property of a vassal, on his death.—ED.

§ Nine score of silver; the sum of so many pence is implied.

A pound is the maiden fee* of their daughters, three pounds their covert fee†, and their jointure‡ seven pounds.

As to the satisfaction for insult of every one of the other Officers, except the Master of the Household, (who, though reckoned amongst the Officers, is not of the same rank,) their satisfaction shall be six cows, and six score pence §.

In satisfaction for their murder shall be paid six score and six cows, with six advancements.

For their heriot shall be paid six score pence ||.

The maiden fee of their daughters is six score pence, their covert fee a pound and a half, and their jointure three pounds.

Whoever kills a man, let him pay the satisfaction for his insult first, and then for his murder.

There shall not be an advancement upon the satisfaction for insult of any one.

Lodgings of the Officers ¶.

The lodging of the Master of the Household shall be in the

* The original is *gobyr*, a reward, otherwise called *amobyr* and *amobrwy*. This fee was paid to the lord on the marriage of a maid, on account of his being the legal conservator of her chastity, and not in lieu of any right he had to take it away, as some have idly advanced. [Such is the note in the Cambrian Register, and, as the *amobr*, or maiden fee, was payable to the father of the girl as well as to the lord, the opinion, expressed in it, is most probably correct. In Scotland, however, the feudal claims of the sovereign anciently extended even to the virginity of his female vassals; and it has been supposed, that, before the conversion of the Britons to Christianity, a similar custom was common throughout the island. In the time of Hywel, however, the fact may have been as above surmised: and it is stated, that the vestiges of this ancient practice are to be traced in the manors of Buallt and Dinevor, where a fine is still payable to the lords by the tenants, on the marriage of their daughters. In Scotland, too, a pecuniary tribute, in commutation for the feudal right above alluded to, is yet in force, and is called *marcheta mulierum*.—Ed.]

† *Cowyll*, the original word, means a covering or veil; but here it is a customary gift conferred by a husband on a wife, the morning after marriage, and seems to be the same as the *morgengabe* of the Germans.

‡ The Welsh word is *agweddi*, which means, literally, consociation, formed, in all probability, from *gwedd*, a yoke.—Ed.

§ In the original "six score of silver."

|| The same.

¶ There is no separate chapter for the lodgings in the W. S. M., but they are included in the other arrangements of each particular office. [The same alteration in the arrangement of the regulations under this head has been made, as was alluded to in the first note.—Ed.]

largest house in the town; for around him shall be the lodgings of all the family, so that they may be ready on every exigency of the King.

The lodging of the Domestic Chaplain and the scholars with him shall be in the Chapter-house.

The lodging of the Steward of the Household and the Officers with him is in the house next to the palace.

The lodging of the Judge of the Palace shall be in the King's chamber or in the hall; and the pillow, whereon the King shall sit through the day, shall be under his head at night.

The lodging of the Falconer is in the King's barn; for the hawks have an aversion to smoke.

The lodging of the Chief Groom shall be in the house next to the barn, and the grooms with him; for he distributes the rations of provender.

The lodging of the Chief Huntsman and all the huntsmen with him is in the kiln-house.

The lodging of the Queen's Chaplain is in the sexton's house*.

The Domestic Bard and the Physician shall reside in the lodging of the Master of the Household.

The lodging of the Door-keeper of the Hall and of the Door-keeper of the Chamber is the Porter's house.

The bed of the Page of the Chamber and of the Chambermaid shall be in the King's apartment.

Master of the Household†.

The Master of the Household shall have an allowance in his lodging: three dishes and three horns of liquor from the palace.

* In the Cambrian Register the translation is "clerk's house"; but the original words, "ty y clochydd," seem more properly to refer to the sexton, unless the two situations were united.—Ed.

† The following arrangement of places precedes the description of the different offices in the W. S. M.—There are fourteen officers in the court; four of them below the nave, and ten above. The King is the first, who ought to sit next to the pillars; next to him is the chancellor; then the (noble) guest; then the heir apparent; then the head falconer; the foot-holder on the opposite side of the dish to the King; then the physician close to the pillar, on the opposite side of the fire; next to the other pillars is the place of the domestic chaplain to say grace at meat; then the crier occupies the pillar above him; next to him the judge of the palace; next to him the chief bard; and the smith of the court on the end of the form, before the knees of the chap-

He shall have a present * every year, namely three pounds, from the King. Of the spoil the Master of the Household †, if he be with the household at the time, shall have the portions of two, and he shall choose his beast out of the King's third.

If any shall commit trespass below the Pillars ‡, and the Master of the Household shall detect him, he shall have a third of the fine and compensation of such person. If he shall also seize him above the Pillars before the Steward of the Household, he shall have a third.

The Master of the Household must be a son, or a nephew, or a brother §.

A horn of mead shall be presented to him by the Queen at every banquet.

If the King suffer any one of the family to remain down below

lain. The master of the household should sit at the lower end of the hall with his left hand towards the front door, having whomsoever he pleases of the family with him, and the rest on the other side of the door; the domestic bard sits on the other hand of the master of the household; then the chief groom, having the pillars between him and the King; and next the chief huntsman, having the pillar between him and the chaplain.

* The original word is *cyfarws*, with respect to which see a note in the last Number, p. 274.—Ed.

† [The following note on this word, which occurs in the Cambrian Register, may appear somewhat at variance with the one inserted in the last Number, p. 250. However, the discrepancies between the two are not, perhaps, irreconcileable.—Ed.]—*Penteulu* is, literally, the head of the family. He seems to have been considered as a president, or prefect, of the court; therefore, some writers have called him Mayor of the Palace. Politically considered, he was much the same in consequence as the person called, in Scotland, Chief of the Clan. According to the ancient constitution of Wales, the whole community was divided into families; and each family had a *Penteulu*, to whom every individual to the ninth degree of consanguinity was attached. A correct register of relationship to the ninth degree was absolutely necessary to every person; for it was in reality his title-deed, by which he held his property and his rank in the country. Hence the origin of the Welsh pedigrees, at first a matter of necessity, and which, in latter times, came to be deemed a point of honour.

‡ The pillars divided the hall into two sections; the upper one being allotted to persons of the first rank, and the lower to the inferior officers.

§ Or a person of a rank eligible to be the Patron of the Family [Master of the Household]. The son of a freeholder cannot be a Patron of the Family, because it is necessary, that his rank should be derived from the King, which is not the case with a freeholder. Therefore the people of North Wales consider the Patron of the Family amongst the twenty-four Officers merely, and below the Steward of the Household.—W. S. M.

the fire-place, let the Master of the Household invite such person to himself.

The Master of the Household shall sit at the top of the hall, and the family around him: let him take the elder on his right hand, and, upon his left, whom he thinks proper.

He shall be furnished with a horse in attendance from the king; and the horse shall have two rations of provender*.

Domestic Chaplain.

Whoever shall insult, or shall prosecute a claim against, the Chaplain, let him first submit to the law of the Council†: let him pay, in satisfaction for insult, twelve cows. The Chaplain shall have a third of what is awarded him, and the two remaining shares go to the King.

The Domestic Chaplain is entitled to the garment in which the King shall do penance at Lent, and that in time for Easter.

The Domestic Chaplain shall have the offering of the house-

* Additions from the W. S. M.—The price on the Master of the Household is one third of that of the King. The satisfaction for his insult is one third of that for the King without the gold. He ought to give the harp into the hands of the bard on the three great festivals. He is to have the next dish after the King in point of honour at court. He claims the King's garment at the three great festivals. He has his horses, dogs, hawks, and arms from the King. His dogs and hawks are of the same value as those of the King. He has twenty pence out of every pound received by the King from causes respecting land. He has twenty pence from every person of the family the first year he rides on horseback. When there is a call for the family to go to ravage a country or on any other enterprize, he may select whom he pleases, and he must be obeyed. He has a right to support the honour of the hall, though the King be not there, and the officers are to attend on him like the King. No one of the family has a right to dispose of any garment without his leave. He is to precede the family at all times; and nothing should be done without his advice. He is to have a song from the Domestic Bard when he chooses. The King shall appoint him a circuit, when the family separate at Christmas into the three classes of the old, the middle aged, and the young. He shall be with each of these alternately. To whatever class he attaches himself on the circuit, he must be attended by officers, and a porter, cook, and purveyor of victuals. When the circuit is at an end, he returns to the King, and dwells with him to the end of the year, without going any where except on mere errands.

† The original is *senedd*, translated in the Cambrian Register a *senate*:—it does not appear, however, that a senate, in the popular sense of the term, was ever known to Wales. What the particular nature of the council, here alluded to was, it may not now be very easy to ascertain.—Ed.

hold, and the offering of such as shall accept an offering from the King at the three principal festivals. He shall have the Queen's offering at all times.

He shall have a dish of meat, as an allowance from the palace, and a horn of mead and a horse in attendance from the King, and the third of all the King's tithes.

And the Domestic Chaplain is one of the three indispensable persons with the King: he is one of the three persons, who shall support the honour of the court in the King's absence *.

Steward of the Household.

The Steward of the Household is entitled to the garment of the Master of the Household at each of the three principal festivals; and the Domestic Bard shall have the garment of the Steward of the Household; and the Porter shall have the garment of the Domestic Bard.

The Steward of the Household shall have the skin of a stag from the huntsman, from the middle of February to the middle of May, whenever he may demand it.

From the time, that the Steward of the Household shall enter into the palace, every thing with respect to meat and drink shall be according to his orders.

He shall shew every one his proper place in the hall.

To him belongs the arrangement of the lodgings.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King: and the horse shall have two rations of provender.

His land is free.

He shall have a beast out of every spoil from the family.

The Steward of the Household is entitled to the maiden fee of every land-steward †.

He shall have twenty-four pence from every victualling officer, when an office is conferred on them.

To him belongs the distribution of the feast-money ‡.

* The other two, as we find from the sequel, were the Steward of the Household and the Judge of the Palace.—Ed.

† *Maer y Biswail*, the original term, is, literally, the steward of the cow dung, steward of the cow lair, or steward of the clod. He was, probably, the land-steward, or bailiff. [For some account of this officer's duties see Cambro-Briton, No. 16. p. 153. in the note.—Ed.]

‡ Money given by guests, vales, or gift-money. [Dr. Davies considers the original words, *arian y gwestfau*, to apply to the money, which the people

To him belongs the approving of the liquors of the palace.

To the Steward of the Household belongs the third part of the fine and compensation of the purveyors of meat and drink,—namely, the butler, cook, and victualling officers of the palace.

From the time, when the Steward of the Household, standing in the court, shall proclaim the protection of God, and the protection of the King and Queen, and of their nobles, let no one violate their peace nor their protection, whether in the court or out of the court; and whoever shall break it shall have no protection, neither in court nor out of it, except in the church and church-yard.

The Steward of the Household shall be the general distributor to the twenty-four officers of the court.

He shall receive two shares of the feast-money, and two shares of the skins of the cattle, that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen.

Out of every office of the court, when conferred by the King, the Steward of the Household is entitled to a fee, except the principal offices.

He shall have the skin of a stag from the Chief Huntsman in Autumn, and out of it shall be made cases to keep the cups and horns of the king. This shall be before the skins are divided between the King and the huntsmen.

The Steward of the Household receives two shares of the grooms' silver *.

The Steward of the Household is to set a dish before the King, and one above him, and another below him, on the three principal festivals.

The Steward of the Household shall have the length of his finger of the ale from off the lees, and of the bragot † as far as the middle joint, and of the mead the length of the extreme joint.

If any one shall commit trespass at the entrance of the hall, and the Steward of the Household shall apprehend him according to law, he shall have the third of the fine and compensation. If he shall take him below the pillars, before the Master of the Household, he shall have a third.

paid the prince in commutation for the entertainment, they were bound to afford to him and his retinue while on a journey. Wotton, too, understands the term in a similar sense.—Ed.]

* Probably, vales, or presents from visitors.

† A drink composed of the wort of ale and mead spiced.—Ed.

The Steward of the Household is to take care of the King's share of the spoil; and, if a division shall be made, let him take an ox or a cow.

The Steward of the Household is, on every occasion, to swear instead of the king.

The Steward of the Household is one of the three persons, who shall support the dignity of the court in the King's absence *.

Judge of the Palace.

The privilege of the Judge of the Palace exempts him, when he obtains a horse from the King, from paying the Chief Groom's money.

The Judge of the Palace shall take one man's share of the mortuary money.

He shall administer justice gratuitously in every judgment, which shall appertain to the court.

It belongs to him to distinguish the privileges and duties of all the officers of the court.

He shall have twenty-four pence from the person, whose privilege and duty he shall explain.

When the Justiciary† receives a law-fee, the Judge of the Palace shall have two shares.

The share of two men shall be given to the Judge of the Palace from what the family shall make‡, before he comes from his lodging.

* Additions from the W. S. M.—The Steward of the Household shall have ten pence out of every pound coming to the King from causes respecting landed property. He ought to serve six persons with meat and a seventh with liquor, namely, the king, and his elder, his guest, his heir, his falconer, and foot-holder with meat, and his chief groom with liquor. He ought to divide the supper money, that is to say, twenty-four pence for every banquet, where mead is introduced: the distribution is thus,—sixteen pence to the King's officers, and eight to the Queen's officers. Out of the sixteen pence to the King's officers eight go between the Steward of the Household and the cooks, two shares to the first and one to each of the others; then four pence to the pages of the chambers, two to the doorkeeper of the hall, one to the doorkeeper of the chamber, and one to the torch-bearer. The eight pence must be divided amongst the Queen's officers thus:—four to the steward and the cooks, two shares to the former; then one to the page of the chamber, one to the handmaid, one to the door-keeper, and one to the torch-bearer.

† The original word here is *Brawdwr*, by which a different office seems to be meant from that of Judge of the Palace, which is in the Welsh *Ygnad Llys*.—Ed.

‡ The capture of any spoil seems to be implied.

If any one shall controvert the Judge of the Palace, let them both deposit their pledge in the hands of the King; and, if the Judge of the Palace should be foiled, his word shall never be taken in judgment again; if the other should be foiled, then let him pay the satisfaction for the insult to the Judge of the Palace, and the price of his own tongue to the King.

The Judge is entitled to have four pence in law from every cause of the value of four pence.

The Judge shall receive twenty-four pence, when the boundary of land is settled.

If a person shall go to law without licence, let him pay three cows for commutation of trespass; and, if the King should be present, let him pay double.

No one ought to act as a judge, if he knows not the three canons of law, and the legal value of every animal.

The Judge of the Palace shall have a linen veil* from the Queen at all times.

His horse shall be in the same stable with the King's horse: he shall have two rations of the provender. The Groom of the Rein shall bring to the Judge of the Palace his horse, properly dressed, to attend in readiness whenever he pleases.

He shall have his land freely.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King.

When his office is secured to him he shall receive certain jewels for amusement†,—a throw-board‡ from the King, and a gold

* *Llenlliain* is the word in the original, which means, literally, a covering or veiling linen. Some have rendered the word a sheet. There is, however, no particular reason for a sheet being mentioned as due to the Judge more than to any other person; but it is likely enough, that he might wear a veil whilst he presided.

† The Welsh term is *Ofer-dlysau*, which may, perhaps, be more properly translated *trinkets* or *toys*, though the propriety of the gifts, as applicable to a Judge, is not very apparent, unless, indeed, for the purpose of relaxing his mind from the severer duties of his office.—Ed.

‡ *Tawlbwrdd o asgwrn morvil*, a throw-board of the bone of a sea animal. W. S. M. Perhaps it should be rendered back-gammon board, from the term *throw-board* being given to it.

[Wotton thinks that this game was played with men, *latrunculi*, as at chess, and, therefore, that *chessboard* must be the more proper translation; but in fact, neither that nor back-gammon-board may be strictly applicable. Back-gammon, however, appears from its etymology,—*bach*, little, and *cammawn*, a battle,—to have been a Welsh game; and most probably the English borrowed it from Wales. Wotton is also of this opinion, and he says, that, were

ring from the Queen; and let him never part with these jewels, neither on sale, nor by way of gift.

The Judge of the Palace shall accept from the Bard, when he gains his chair, his bugle horn, and his gold ring, and the cushion, that is laid in his chair.

Twenty-four pence shall the Judge receive out of every action for insult and theft, but that from no one, who shall escape clear from those charges.

One of the three indispensable persons with the King is the Judge of the Palace; and he is one of the three persons, that support the dignity of the court in the king's absence*.

[*To be continued.*]

EXCERPTA.

THE following letter on the affinity between the Hebrew and Welsh tongues proceeds, it will be seen, from the same pen as those, which have been previously selected under this head; and the Welsh Scholar will require no farther sanction to recommend it to his attention. The many points of resemblance between the languages in question have been noticed by several learned writers, as well those, who have treated expressly of the Welsh tongue, as others, under whose investigation it has accidentally fallen; and this not merely in a coincidence of particular words, but in a general agreement of idiom and structure. Dr. Davies, in the valuable prefaces both to his dictionary and grammar, dwells particularly on the manifest congruity, as he calls it, between the Welsh and Oriental languages, and farther observes,

it not for the *latrunculi*, he should consider this game to be implied by the word in the text.—Iolo Goch, a celebrated bard, who flourished at the close of the fourteenth century, in a poem, addressed to Sir Hywel y Fwyall, has the following lines:—

"Gwyr beilch yn chwareu ger barth
Tawlbwrdd a *secr* uwch talbarth,"

wherein *tawlbwrdd* and *secr* may be rendered *throw-board* and *check*, the former word appearing to be a dialectical change of *tavl-bwrdd*, the proper term for a *throw-board*. As for the word, *secr*, it may be applied to a *chequerd-board*; and, if so, Iolo may have used it to describe the game of *drafts*.—ED.]

* Additions from the W. S. M.—The Judge of the Palace ought to have the great gate of the court opened to him by the Porter when he enters and when he goes out. He shall have twenty-four pence from every judge examined by him, and the like, when he sits to decide with other judges.

that the former possesses the means of expressing, with singular felicity, the peculiar phraseology of the Hebrew. And the verbal analogy of the two languages has been sufficiently proved as well by Rowlands in his "Mona Antiqua," where he has collected more than three hundred instances, as by some English writers, among whom the learned Holloway, in his "Originals," deserves particular notice for the rapturous strain, in which, although unacquainted with the Welsh tongue, he adverts to this striking affinity *. To the mere classical scholar, whose philological learning is limited to the languages of Greece and Rome, it may appear somewhat bold to claim this distinction for the Welsh, which the ignorance and prejudice of ages on this particular point have conspired to sink in a sort of vulgar obscurity. But the truth appears to be, that, however valuable, as it undoubtedly is in a general view, the knowlege of Greek or Latin may be, it affords but a feeble aid to the inquiries of the philologist, when compared with that, which he derives from a cultivation of those more primitive and more elementary languages, whose fountains are lost in the venerable gloom of antiquity. Of this character is the Hebrew, as admitted by universal consent; and, if a correspondence of particular features and of general properties be of any value in establishing a comparison, a similar claim must be conceded to the ancient speech of the Cymry.

It is still in contemplation, as intimated in an early number of this work†, to offer some observations on the subject here noticed, without entering into that minute examination of it, which, to be satisfactorily accomplished, would occupy a distinct volume; and in the mean time, the following letter, although confined to one branch of the inquiry, cannot fail to be interesting. The mere modern Welsh scholar will, perhaps, find some difficulty in adapting the instances, selected by Meirion, to his conception of the language; but he is not, therefore, to conclude, that those instances are not fully justified by the genius and character of the Welsh tongue.

* The learned author, here alluded to, has, in the course of his two volumes, collected about thirty instances of this resemblance; and to which the writer of this note has added, from the same work, above forty more, and most of them unnoticed by Mr. Rowland in his *Mona Antiqua*. It is more than probable, therefore, that a careful collation of the two languages would produce far stronger proofs of this verbal correspondence than has resulted from any experiment hitherto made.

† Vol. i. p. 83.

AFFINITY BETWEEN WELSH AND HEBREW.

"To the *Editor* of the *Monthly Magazine**."

"SIR,—In the last paper, which I took the liberty of addressing to you, upon the structure of the Welsh tongue†, it was mentioned, that it had an affinity with certain other languages therein specified: I shall now lay before you a few particulars, in order to give some idea of its connection with the Hebrew.

"In the following comparison I have adhered mostly to the corresponding forms of expression; for it would exceed your limits to shew the identity between simple words, as they are so numerous; and this mode, too, if tolerably well selected, gives a much better illustration of the subject.

"BAN (*Welsh*) what is raised, reared, or conspicuous; raised, exalted, high.—*Banau*, heights, conspicuous things, or heads; *Beni*, raised, or reared ones.—*Hebrew*‡, BEN, a son; BENI ELIM, sons of powers, i. e. mighty ones; *Welsh*, BENI ELYV, reared ones of powers.

"BANAU (*Welsh*) to raise, to rear, to erect, to make lofty or conspicuous.—*Banu*, to rear, to make lofty; to become high.—*Hebrew*, BANAH, to build; ABANAH, 'I may obtain children,'—'I may be built.'—*Welsh*, A-BANWY, that I may rear; Y-BANWY, I may be raised.

"BEICHIAW (*Welsh*) to cry, to roar, to wail.—*Hebrew*, BECHAH, to weep.

"CAN (*Welsh*) with, or in possession:—CANIAW, to possess.—*Hebrew*, CANAH, to possess.

"CHWAI (*Welsh*) animal motion, activity;—quick, brisk.—*Hebrew*, CHAI, life;—EL CHAI, God of life; *Welsh*, EL CHWAI, intellectual power of the quick.

"CHWEIAW (*Welsh*) to be brisk or quick; to make quick.—*Hebrew*, CHAIAH, to live; MECHAIEH METHIM, thou dost animate the dead ones; *Welsh*, MYCHWELI METHION, thou dost quicken those that have failed.

* Vol. ii. p. 609.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 17. p. 198.—ED.

‡ The Hebrew characters, which are adopted in the Monthly Magazine, are omitted here, as, from being understood only by the Hebrew scholar, they would be of no use towards that popular illustration of the subject, which is here contemplated.—ED.

"*Sentences Compared.*"

"*Hebrew.*—Byllang adonai—eth cal nêoth Iangcob.

"*Welsh.*—By-llwng adon-ydd holl neuodd Iago.

"The Lord has swallowed up—all the tabernacles of Jacob.

"*Hebrew.* 1. Baruch attah eiâ eloeinu melech hangolam.

"*Welsh.* 2. *Barwch wytti iâ el-eini maelog y-hwyl-ma.*

"1. Blessed art thou, O Lord, our God, King of the world.

"2. *Seat of increase art thou, Supreme, our intellectual power, possessor of the space of revolution.*—Literal.

"*Hebrew.* 1. Dareci sheol bethah ioredoth elchaderi mäeth.

"*Welsh.* 2. *Dyracei sâl buth-hi ea-warededd iil caderiau mêth.*

"1. The road of the grave her house, going down to the chambers of death.

"2. *That leads to vileness is her abode, going the descent to the seats of failing.*—Literal.

"*Hebrew.* 1. Derech bethah iitsengad.

"*Welsh.* 2. *Dyrac buth-hi ai-i-sengyd.*

"1. The road of her house he would tread.

"2. *The avenue of her dwelling he would go to tread.*—Literal.

"*Hebrew.* 1. Tithbârach tsoreinu.

"*Welsh.* 2. *Ti-haedd-barwch saer-ei-ni.*

"1. 'Be thou blessed, our former.'

"2. *Thou take to thyself the state of increase, our former.*—Literal.

"*Hebrew.* 1. Mageni ngal elöim.

"*Welsh.* 2. *Meigen-i hwyl elyv.*

"1. My shield is from God.

"2. *My protection is from the intelligences.*—Literal.

"*Hebrew.*—Me hua ze malec hacâvodh Jehovah tsebâoth hua malec hacâvodh.—Selah!

"*Welsh.*—*Py yw-o sy maeloc y-cavad* I-A-YW-VO *savwyod yw-o maeloc y-cavad.*—Sela.

"1. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.—Selah.

"2. *Who is he, that is possessor of attainment?* I THAT AM HIM *of hosts, he is the possessor of attainment.*—BEHOLD.—Literal.

"The following are some more Welsh words, similar in sound to the name, JEHOVAH.

" *Wyvi*, I am.—*A-vu-yw-a-vo*, that was, is, that shall be.—*Wyv-a-wyv*, I am that I am.—*Wyv-i-o*, I am him.—*Ia-yw-ve*, Supreme is he.—*Ia-yw-vo*, Supreme is him.—*E-yw-vo*, he is him.—*Eve-yw-vo*, he is him.—*E-yw-a-vu*, he is that was.—*Ie-yw-ve*, that is is he. &c. &c.

" Many remarks might be made to give a clearer view of the above comparisons, but I must conclude for the present."

" Your's, &c., MEIRION."

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SWANSEA, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Pray for the Sowle of Sir Hugh Johnns, Knight, and Dame Mawde his wife, which said Hugh was made Knight at the Holy Sepulcre of oure Lord, thu Ihu Crist, in the City of Jerusalem, the xiiij day of August, the yere of oure Lord Gode mt. ccccxl; and the said Sir Hugh had cotynuyd in the Wears ther long time before by the space of fyve yere, that is to say, Amynst the Turkis and Sarsyns in the ——— of Troy, Greece, and Turky, under John, that time Emproure of Constantyenople, and after that was Knight Marchall of Ffrance under John, Duke of Somset, by the Space of ffyve yere, And in likewise aftyr that was Knight Marchall of England, under the good John Duke of Norfolke, which John gyave unto him the manor of Landymor, to hyme and to his heyre for evr more, upon whose Soullis thu hav mercy.

IEUAN DDU O LAN TAWE.

LLANGWSTENYN, CARNARVONSHIRE.

In Llangwstenyn Church, near Conway, are some fragments of elegantly painted glass. The first figure is our Saviour, the second St. George and the dragon, the third Justice with her balance, in one end of which is represented a sinner, and in the other his sins, and the Devil underneath pulling down the latter, to make it preponderate. In the south window of the chancel of the same church are the following: in the centre Sanctus Petrus with his keys, on his right Nicolaus, on his left Sancta Catherina, and underneath *Orate pro animabus*, &c.

CONWAY CHURCH.

1, In Hookes's Chapel, on the south side, is the following inscription,—

Johannes Hookes, Arm: hunc tumulum fieri fecit in memoriam celeberrimi viri, Hugonis Hookes, Arm: patris sui, qui obiit 27. die Julii, A. D. 1600.

And on the same side are the following Latin lines,—

Impiger errantes oculos converte viator,
Funera lamentis spargere nostra piis;
Hic tua res agitur, mortalia funera cursu
Volvere precipiti pulvere disce meo.

2. In the same Church is the following inscription,—

Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hookes of Conway, Gent., who was the 41st child of his father William Hookes, Esq. by Alice, his wife, and the father of 27 children,—who died the 20th March, 1637. P. B. W.

The following inscriptions are extracted from among several others in the Harleian Collection of MSS. in the British Museum, and are stated to have been copied by Hugh Thomas in the year 1700:—

LLANVRONACH CHURCH-YARD.

Here lieth the body of Thomas ap John, ap Thomas, ap Rosier, ap John, ap Ievan, ap Philip, ap Howel Gam, paternally deseended of Brychan, Lord of Brecknock, who married Chrisly, daughter to Jenkin ap Ievan, ap David, of Neath, paternally descended of Iestin, Prince of Glamorgan. They had issue, children living, 8, viz.—John, Jenkin, Roger, Ievan, Llison, Margaret, Alice, and Joan. He died the 9th day of Oct. A. D. 1616*.

LLANSAINTFFREAD CHURCH.

1. Heare lieth the body of David Watkin, late of Shethrock, who died the 22d of Nov. 1618, aged 88, and left issue 3, viz.—William, who married Elinor, daughter to Rd. Herbert, Esquier, Gwladis, married to Thos. Madock, one of the Lords of Sheth-

* The following note is in the hand-writing of Mr. Hugh Thomas.—"This parish is called Llanvronach from the parish church, which is dedicated to St. Brenac, (whose feast is solemnized the 7th of April,) and, therefore, more properly Llanbrenac, or Llan Brenacus,—whose feast, happening commonly at Lent or Easter, is never observed by the Roman Church, from whence the parish wake came to be wholly neglected. The Latins call him Bernacus."

rock, and Edward, an infant of 9 years old.—This David, his father, and grandfather, lived in St. Bride's 300 years.—Pro. 24th Chap.—"Be not glad when thine enemie falleth, but consider to me this day, to thee to-morrow, and why*."

As I was so are yee,
As I am you shall bee,
That I had that I gave,
That I gave that I have;
Thus I end all my cost,
That I left that I lost.

2. In memory of Games Jones, late of Gray's Inn, Esq. and Recorder of Brecknock, who died in the 31st year of his age, May the 18th, 1681.

Stay, Passenger, and know who lies beneath this stone,
One, who was no man's foe, no, not his owne,
Who lived as Adam did before he fell,
But that no Rib of his conspired with hell;
Who arts, and manners, townes, and men survey'd†,
But beyond vertue and himself ne'er stray'd;
So far above our scantling, that we knew
What he was then no more than what he's now;
The craggy fortress of the knotty law,
Like Cæsar, he did conquer as he saw;
Learning and parts, which seldom met elsewhere,
E'en with the strictest ties were married here;
And yet his parts ne'er grew so nicely high,
As with them him, that gave them, to defy,
Nor was his curious learning e'er employ'd
In making of its own character voyd.
He dyed too soon, but not too young, who in his owne could shew
The age of sixteen hundred yeares ago,
In short, here lyes a brother, friend, and son,
(Of vertues a community in one)
Of each the best—now, Passenger, begone.

* There is, most probably, some error of the transcriber in this last sentence, which is not very intelligible; the only verse in the 24th chapter of Proverbs, to which it applies, is the 17th, as follows.—"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."—Ed.

† This is stolen from Horace.—Ed.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XI.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—"Plygaid y Bedol,"—*The Bend of the Horse-shoe.*—This air is given in two ways in my old collection—and both different from the one in Jones's book. The style is lively, but not very melodious, and far inferior to "Plygaid y beddfach," *the Bend of the Little Horse-shoe*, which is a very beautiful air, and is frequently performed by the Welsh Harpers.

"Gorddinam" is an Air, which I have never met with before,—very plaintive, and containing some scientific modulations, but adapted only for songs on serious subjects.

"Gramwndws Galia" is another stranger to me; but it is purely Welsh, partaking both of *Dafydd y Gareg Wen and Morfa Rhuddlan*,—and, like the preceding melody, very well calculated for mournful subjects.

"Farewell Philip Ystwyth"—*Nimble Philip's Farewell.* This is the air, which Owen Davies performed at the Wrexham *Eisteddfod*, and, like a silly loon, without variations, so that, although the melody was admired for its elegance and sweetness, the lack of a few brilliant passages caused it to pass without much notice. The first part commences precisely like *Pen Rhaw*, and the second for four bars like the 2nd strain of *Merch Megen*, but the third part is an original composition, which would not discredit a Handel.

"Erddigan Gwenlliant"—*The Song of Gwenlliant.* Gwenlliant was the daughter of Gruffydd ab Cynan, and wife of Gruffydd ab Rhys, Prince of South Wales. After the death of her husband, in 1137, she led her own troops to battle and was killed. (vide W.O. Pughe's Cam. Biog. p. 158.) If this melody have any reference to the above distinguished heroine, it must be very ancient;—it certainly has a bold martial character, and would make a good march. The arrangement of it reminds me of Handel's choruses:—it is a *fugue* all through—by *fugue* is meant, that the bass takes up the subject, or melody, after the treble, &c.

"Meillionen."—*The Trefoil.*—This beautiful Air was a great favourite with the late Sir W. W. Wynn, and is, consequently, well known in Wales as "Sir Watkin's Delight."—It used to be danced in the dancing days of the Cymry, particularly as a horn-

pipe;—but, when played slow, it is an elegant flowing melody. —The "Heroes of Cymru," which appeared in No. 14 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 89, was adapted to this Air, and sung at the Wrexham *Eisteddfod.* There are some beautiful variations to *Meilliynen* by the late Mr. Parry.

"Mael Syms."—This Air is given in two ways:—it is in the style of *Gorddinam*, and very little known, I believe; at least I never recollect to have heard it played.

I have now noticed the whole of the tunes contained in my "Old Book."—In my next I shall commence with those Airs, which I intend to introduce in my "Second Volume of Welsh Melodies with English Words." I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Newman Street, Feb. 12, 1821. JOHN PARRY.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. X.

WELSH PROSODY.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Observing some strictures, in the CAMBRO-BRITON for this month*, upon the Welsh system of versification, as established about the middle of the fourteenth century, I was much surprised at an account, in the introduction to the Nibelungen Romances, the Mabinogion of the Teutonic Nations, page 17, exactly describing a similar system, commencing at the same period; and I presume, Mr. Editor, on considering the following extract, you will agree with me, that the coincidence is highly curious:—

"A system of the most singular kind gradually overspread the whole country" of Germany, "blasting every exertion of genius, and banishing all the playful and wild products of imagination. —Poetry became severe study, and was almost confined to the horde of mechanics, who measured lines by the yard, constituted guilds, with masters, treasurers, and other officers, and in their metrical court passed judgment upon any member who did not conform to their established rules and regulations. Versifiers (for poets there were none, or but a very inconsiderable number amongst them,) had to pass through the degrees of apprentice and journeyman, before they received the envied title of master."

* See No. 17, p. 207-8.—ED.

The account farther says,—"This endured for nearly three and half centuries from about the middle of the fourteenth century."

Jan. 9th, 1821. HANESAI.

The readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will feel indebted to the writer, who has communicated the following Legend, which, however curious in itself, acquires an additional interest from its resemblance in one particular with a similar tradition current in Scotland, wherein certain beasts, brought from a lake, as in this tale, play much the same part as is here described. The Meddygon Myddvai, or Physicians of Myddvai, whose history is connected with this Legend, lived in the commencement of the thirteenth century, and their descendants are said to have practised at Myddvai within the last century. A MS. treatise of their "Practice," written about the year 1300, is preserved in the Welsh School; and the Red Book of Hergest contains a copy under the title of *Llyvyr y Meddyginiaethau*. There is, likewise, a fragment of the work in the Hengwrt Library, as well as other imperfect copies in different parts of Wales. Mr. Lewis Morris relates, that the last of this medical family, who lived in his time, was above his profession, and gave up the practice. This was about sixty years ago.

THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAI.

"Meddyg nis gwnai modd y gwnaeth
Myddfai, o chai ddyn meddfaith."—*Dafydd ab Gwilym.*

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A man, who lived in the farm house, called Esgairllaethdy, in the Parish of Myddavi, in Carmarthenshire, having bought some lambs in a neighbouring fair, led them to graze near *Llyn y Van Vach* on the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited the lambs, three most beautiful female figures presented themselves to him from the lake and often made excursions on the boundaries of it. For some time he pursued and endeavoured to catch them, but always failed; for the enchanting nymphs ran before him, and, when they had reached the lake, they tauntingly exclaimed,—

Cras dy fara
Anhawdd ein dala,

which, with a little circumlocution, means, "for thee, who eatest baked bread, it is difficult to catch us."

One day some moist bread from the Lake came to shore. The farmer devoured it with great avidity, and on the following day he was successful in his pursuit, and caught the fair damsels. After a little conversation with them, he commanded courage sufficient to make proposals of marriage to one of them. She consented to accept them, on the condition that he would distinguish her from her two sisters on the following day. This was a new and a very great difficulty to the young farmer; for the fair nymphs were so similar in form and features, that he could scarcely perceive any difference between them. He observed, however, a trifling singularity in the strapping of her sandal, by which he recognized her the following day. Some, indeed, who relate this legend, say, that this lady of the lake hinted in a private conversation with her swain, that upon the day of trial she would place herself between her two sisters, and that she would turn her right foot a little to the right, and that by this means he distinguished her from her sisters. Whatever were the means, the end was secured: he selected her, and she immediately left the lake and accompanied him to his farm. Before she quitted, she summoned to attend her from the lake seven cows, two oxen, and one bull.

This lady engaged to live with him until such time as he would strike her three times without cause. For some years they lived together in comfort, and she bore him three sons, who were the celebrated Meddygon Myddvai.

One day, when preparing for a fair in the neighbourhood, he desired her to go to the field for his horse, she said she would: but, being rather dilatory, he said to her humourously "dôs, dôs, dôs," i. e. "go, go, go," and he slightly touched her arm *three times* with his glove.

As she now deemed the terms of her marriage broken, she immediately departed, and summoned with her her seven cows, her two oxen, and the bull. The oxen were at that very time ploughing in the field, but they immediately obeyed her call, and took the plough with them. The furrow from the field, in which they were ploughing, to the margin of the lake, is to be seen in several parts of that country to the present day.

After her departure, she once met her two sons in a *Cwm**, now called *Cwm Meddygon*, and delivered to each of them a bag

* A dale or valley: hence the English word *Combe*, as in *Wycombe*, *Ilfracombe*, &c.—Ed.

containing some articles, which are unknown, but which are supposed to have been some discoveries in medicine.

The Meddygon Myddvai were Rhiwallon and his sons, Cadwgan, Gruffydd, and Einion. They were the chief physicians of their age, and they wrote about A. D. 1230. A copy of their works is in the Welsh School Library, in Gray's Inn Lane.

Trehomer. SIENCYN AB TYDVIL.

CRITICISM.

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ; or STUDIES in ANCIENT BRITISH HISTORY, containing various Disquisitions on the national and religious Antiquities of GREAT BRITAIN, in two Volumes. By JOHN HUGHES. LONDON. 1819.

THE first volume of Horæ Britannicæ has already been noticed at some length*; and it now remains to redeem the pledge, offered on the former occasion, with respect to the remainder of this national publication. The second volume, as before intimated, is devoted to an investigation of the "Antiquities of the British Churches," a subject, which necessarily opens a wide field for the speculations of the historian and the divine; and, connected, as it so closely is, with the sacred cause of our holy religion, it presents to the Christian mind that most gratifying and sublime of all scenes, the gradual but resistless march of the Sun of Truth over the dark and trackless wilds of error and superstition. In tracing the progressive diffusion over the isle of Britain of this celestial light, from its first faint dawn to the meridian blaze, in which it finally settled, Mr. Hughes has evinced considerable ability, as well in the testimony he has embodied, as in the reasoning he has employed towards adapting it to the main object of his inquiry. In a word, the present volume has every appearance of having occupied a greater proportion of the author's care and of having been written more *con amore*, if the expression may here be used, than the former, however valuable that may be considered for its popular illustration of many obscure passages of our ancient history, which had not before been brought under the same view. But, even on the score of novelty, the volume, now under consideration, possesses higher claims than the one preceeding it, since, to adopt the writer's own words in his Preface,

* No. 15. p. 122.

"it has the honour of being the first thing of the kind, as a history of the British churches, treated in any thing of a popular shape, for the use of English readers in general;" and to this he adds, that, "while historical truth has been the great object of his attention, it is also the design of the present work to convey information in a form, that may recommend it to those readers, who would soon be wearied with mere dry investigations."

The point, at which this inquiry would naturally commence, is the first introduction of Christianity into this island, and wherein the question so often agitated, and which still remains *sub judice*, —whether St. Paul himself was or not the founder of the Christian church in Britain,—is necessarily involved. This subject has already been partially noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON*, but without any reference to the several authorities, which Mr. Hughes has here collated. These may be classed into foreign and native: the former embracing the names of Tertullian, Origen, Arnobius, St. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Eusebius, St. Jerom, and Clement, the latter comprising the Triads, Gildas, Dr. Stillingfleet, Dr. Lardner, and the present Bishop of St. David's. The various testimony and conflicting opinions, here brought together, are carefully and impartially weighed; and the conclusion, at which Mr. Hughes arrives,—that the gospel was preached in Britain during the time of the Apostles though not by St. Paul,—appears to be the safest, that could be drawn from the premises, notwithstanding the opinion of one of the most learned prelates of the present day, that "with respect to St. Paul's journey to Britain, we possess as substantial evidence as any historical fact can require†." Thus it is that Mr. Hughes expresses himself on the occasion:—

"As I have adduced some arguments in favour of the hypothesis that St. Paul went as far as Spain, and even Britain, preaching the Gospel, after his first imprisonment at Rome, it was proper to state the objections to that hypothesis: objections which, to me, appear to have some weight in them. I should be disposed to coincide with the learned prelates, who maintain that the apostle Paul was the apostle of Britain, if the evidence on that side did not appear obscured with serious and weighty objections. But, if St. Paul himself

* Vol. 1. p. 282.

† These are the words of the Bishop of St. David's in his treatise, entitled "Christ and not St. Peter, the Rock of the Christian Church, &c." p. 11., a work not quoted by Mr. Hughes.

never was in Britain, we have no reason to believe that any other apostle visited this island. That the Gospel was preached here in the age of the apostles we admit upon undeniable evidence, arising from various concurrent testimonies; to strengthen which, we have something further to adduce in addition to what has been already advanced. While the apostle was at Rome, we may reasonably conclude that, when he did not find it practicable to undertake his western journey, he made provision for the extension of the Gospel into the western parts of Europe; and may well account for what some of the ancients affirmed, that St. Paul travelled as far as the islands of the ocean to plant the Gospel."—P. 18.

From this part of the subject Mr. Hughes passes to an examination of Bran's captivity at Rome, and the presumed introduction of the Christian faith by him and his family, as recorded in the Triads, translated in the former volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON*, and with which the general current of reasoning and history seems to coincide. And, as St. Paul himself was most probably at Rome during the same period, he may, as Mr. Hughes justly observes, have sought an interview with some part of Bran's family, for the purpose of effecting their conversion, and may thus have been the chief means, although not the immediate instrument, of planting the Gospel in this island. Dr. Stillingfleet, in his *Origines Britannicæ*, expresses a similar opinion, without having been aware of our ancient records, though, indeed, he even thinks, as Dr. Burgess has since, that the Apostle accompanied the British captives on their return home. However, there is sufficient ground for fixing upon this as the æra, in which the great truths of Christianity were first instilled into the natives of Britain, whatever difficulty there may be in tracing their dissemination through subsequent ages.

Connected with the inquiry respecting the family of Bran are some particulars noticed, at page 27, respecting Claudia, a British lady, who forms the subject of one of Martial's epigrams, and whom Abp. Usher and Bp. Godwin consider to be the same as the Claudia mentioned by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy†. The following translation of Martial's Epigram by the late Rev. Peter Roberts, with the accompanying remarks by Mr. Hughes, will be interesting to the Welsh reader:—

* Pages 169 and 282. Bran was the father of the famous Caractacus, or Caradog, and, although not named by Tacitus, most probably accompanied his son to Rome, as stated in the Welsh records.

† Ch. 4. v. 21.

"If Claudia 's of the woad-stained British race,
Whence is that lovely form, that heavenly face?
Why does the Roman and the Grecian dame
Dispute her birth, and urge a jealous claim?
Thus blest, ye gods, still bless the happy pair,
And make their offspring your peculiar care;
Her love, his only; mutual be their will,
And may her sons her latest wish fulfil.

"Some have thought that the very name of this lady indicates her British origin; and they argue that her name, in the language of her country, would be *Gladys Ruffyth*. But was this lady then the same with the Claudia of St. Paul, as our antiquaries have argued? But it is objected to this that Martial flourished in the reign of Trajan; to obviate which, it may be said, that the poet, in his youthful days, composed that fine epigram on Linus and Claudia. On the same ground we shall not object to Claudia being the daughter of Caractacus. After the decision of the learned Usher in this case, it would not be decorous to dispute the point; and it follows that *Claudia* was the first native Briton who embraced Christianity; that by her means the rest of her family were converted; and that these, in company with certain other disciples of St. Paul, were the instruments of planting *the Tree of Life* in Britain."—P. 28.

As it would be impracticable, within the limits of these pages, to follow our author minutely through all his details, or even to notice, in general terms, all the fruits of his able researches, the reader must be satisfied with the selection of a few passages of the most prominent interest.

The history of Lucius, or Lleirwg, which was briefly related in the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, is here detailed, with some particularity, from the accounts in Bede and the British Chronicle; but the authority of Nennius, such as it is, appears to have been overlooked. At no great distance from this we have a short memoir of Alban, reported to be the first British martyr, and to which truth and fiction appear to have a divided claim. According to this, Alban, though a native of Britain, was of Roman extraction, and suffered martyrdom for refusing to deliver up to the Roman magistrates a Christian teacher, who had sought an asylum under his roof, and who had succeeded in converting Alban himself from the errors of Paganism. For this the illustrious proselyte, for Alban was of a noble family, was summoned before the Prætor, and was condemned to die, after having first undergone the torture. The following is the legendary account of his execution, which Mr. Hughes has extracted from "Bede and his authorities:"—

"The place of execution was out of the town, and the river must be crossed in order to come to it. But the crowd of people, it seems, who flocked to be spectators of the execution, was so great, and the ardour of the martyr to seal the truth with his blood so intense, that the bridge being too confined for the vast multitude to pass, he lifted up his eyes to heaven; and, in answer to his prayers, the waters divided, and an open passage was made for the multitude to go over.

"This miracle, the account adds, so affected the executioner, that, throwing aside his sword, which he held ready drawn, he fell at the martyr's feet, requesting that he might either die in his stead, or suffer with him. By the time they reached the summit of the hill where the execution was to take place, the martyr being athirst, a fountain sprang up, in answer to his prayers, to refresh him, and then sunk back into the earth. Alban soon received the stroke of death, and his noble spirit was crowned with immortality and glory. The soldier, who refused to perform the executioner's part, was himself condemned to death, and he, who executed the sentence, was struck with blindness."—P. 58.

From page 64 to 68 we have a summary review of the state of Britain during the fourth century with reference to its manufactures and agriculture, and, afterwards, a more copious examination of the state of the British Church during the same period; from which the reader may derive much interesting information. But the account of the Pelagian Heresy, which had its birth about this time, is among the most laboured parts of Mr. Hughes's production. It occupies more than forty pages, commencing at page 85, and embraces all the important particulars relating to this memorable schism, with the character and general circumstance of which the theological reader must be sufficiently acquainted. But, as Pelagius, otherwise Morgan, was by birth a Briton *, it has been surmised, that his defection from the orthodox doctrine of the Church was occasioned by his intermixture of Druidical or Bardic tenets with those of Christianity: and, as this part of the subject is less known, it may not be uninteresting to transcribe Mr. Hughes's view of it, which is evidently taken with a judicious degree of caution :—

* There have been different opinions as to the native country of Pelagius: St. Jerom calls him a Scot, "Scotorum stolidissimum," and others trace his birth to Wales; but it is generally admitted, that he was a native of some part of Britain. Pelagius, the English reader should be informed, is considered as a literal translation of the Welsh name Morgan, or Morgant, as it is written in the "Cambrian Biography."

"Pelagius, or Morgan," he says, "being a Briton, some late writers * have attempted to account for his peculiar tenets from his having mingled with his religion certain metaphysical subtilties of the lore of the Druids. From the philosophy of those ancient sages of our country it appears, that they entertained very high notions of the powers of the human mind; but whether these speculations were the original philosophy of the heathen Druids in remote ages, or the refinements of a rather later period, may admit of some debate. They were considered by ancient authors, it is certain, as being possessed of a kind of philosophy, which contained the rude lineaments of certain doctrines held by Pythagoras, the same as form part of the dogmata of the Hindu Brahmins. From the tenaciousness of the old Britons of every thing connected with the remote traditions of the country, and the unbounded influence the Druid priests and bards had over them, the speculative reveries of that order of men would continue to interest the curious, and its superstitions be venerated among a Semi-Christian populace, long after the formal abolition of heathen idolatry. The generality of the people were but very partially instructed, even in the forms of Christianity, in the age of Pelagius."—P. 122.

After a few other observations he proceeds as follows :—

"That the Pelagian sentiments may possibly have gained admission the more readily in Gaul and Britain, from their affinity to certain tenets of Druidism, cannot be controverted. But there are considerations, which incline me to hesitate whether Pelagus imbibed his doctrinal errors from the Druidic or Bardic lore. I would beg the reader's attention to the following particulars:

"1. Morgan left his native country when a young man; and he lived some time at Rome in great repute before he was charged with unsound doctrine.

"2. We are told that the errors, propagated by himself and Celestius, were previously taught by Ruffinus.

"3. These errors were considered as built upon certain speculations contained in the writings of Origen; and Pelagius, in his confession of faith, appears anxious to free himself from the Origenian doctrine of the pre-existence of souls.

"4. Several things which entered into the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy, such as the pre-existence of souls, &c. were much the same as what the Druids held. And it may be asked, if Pelagius had imbibed his notions from old British metaphysics, why not stay in Britain or in Gaul to propagate them; or why did he never return to his native island?"—P. 123.

* "See Mr. Owen's Cambrian Biography, article *Morgan*, and a sketch of the history of religion among the ancient Britons, drawn up by Mr. William Richards, in the Theological Repository for 1807."

The following extract contains a brief, and, perhaps, accurate, narrative of the inroads of the Picts and Scots into North Britain during the fourth century, and which were followed in succeeding ages, as we learn from the Cumbrian bards, by such sickening scenes of bloodshed and devastation :—

"The banditti, that infested the Roman province, are generally known under the name of Picts and Scots. The former were the inhabitants of North Britain, and particularly on the Eastern coast; the latter were originally from Ireland, and had settled on the western shores of Caledonia, and must be distinguished from the primitive inhabitants of that country. The coast of Wales was greatly annoyed by the Irish tribes, who committed frequent depredations, and sometimes settled, in considerable force, in different parts of the country, until the martial spirit of the Cymry was roused, and by joint exertions the foe was expelled.

"As the Scots are supposed to have settled in Argyle about the year 320, this will account for the union between them and the Picts in their incursions upon the province. The first incursion of any considerable moment that we read of happened about the year 360. In an attempt upon the province at that time they were speedily routed by the approach of the Roman forces, by whom they were compelled to make a hasty retreat, but not before they had obtained considerable plunder from the inhabitants *.

"In the year 364 South-Britain was exposed to a furious incursion from the marauders of the North, under the name of the Picts, the Scots, and the Attacotti. The Picts are now mentioned as consisting of two nations, the Deucaledonians and the Vecturones; and as to the Attacotti, they were a wild race of Highland people from the country bordering on Loch Lomond, of whom St. Jerom gives a dismal account, informing us that he had seen some of those people, in the imperial army, in his youthful days, and that the common report respecting them was, that human flesh was deemed by them their most delicious repast."—P. 131.

A variety of notices occur from page 150 to 162 respecting

"* The Picts are the Gwydhel-Fichti of the old Welsh writers, and are sometimes called *Brithwyr*; and it appears pretty evident from several passages in ancient writers, that they were called *Picti* by the Romans, as a people that still continued in that uncivilized state, in which they found all the Britons; and thus their name as well as habits distinguished them from the provincial Britons. Usher, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, following Bede, have contended for the Scandinavian origin of the Picts; while Camden, Whitaker, Henry, Smollett, and M'Pherson regard them as the genuine natives of Caledonia. There were districts of South Britain, that were ready enough to coalesce in any attempt to oppose the Roman power."

Garmon and Bleiddan, more commonly called Germanus and Lupus, the two Gallican bishops, sent over to this country in the fifth century to stem the torrent of the Pelagian Heresy, which, according to Bede, had just before been imported hither by Agricola, also a bishop of the Gallican Church. The successful labours of these apostolic missionaries, including their miraculous triumph over the Saxons and Picts in the Alleluian Victory, gained near Mold, are detailed at some length; but there is, unfortunately, no space for transcribing the passage, and the event, last alluded to, has, besides, been circumstantially related in the former volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON*, with the addition of some particulars, omitted by Mr. Hughes.

We have next a view of the ancient Monastic institutions of Britain, or, more properly speaking, of Wales, which, during the early ages of Christianity, seems to have been the general resort of religious devotees, who found, perhaps, among its mountains and vallies, the only secure retreat from the barbarous hordes, by whom, as above noticed, other parts of the island were, in those turbulent times, so wofully ravaged. Mr. Hughes enumerates, from the "Genealogy of the Saints," several monasteries or *Bangors*, as they were called in Welsh, together with their founders: and, perhaps, the list may be rendered more interesting by being brought under the reader's view in a less diffuse form than it appears in the work before us, and by being preceded by a few illustrations, which are to be collected from other sources†.

The word *Bangor*, written also in old MSS. *Banchor*, which was at one time the general denomination of a monastery or college, is clearly derivable from the old Welsh word *Ban*, high or superior, and *Cor*, a circle or choir; for which reason the expression of *Magnum Monasterium*, applied by Nennius to a particular monastery in Flintshire, and generally considered to confer on it a pre-eminent rank, becomes, in some degree, equivocal, since it is no more than a literal version of the Welsh term. It was about the close of the fifth century, during the ministry, most probably, of Garmon and Bleiddan, that the name of *Bangor* came first into use; for it was at this period, that religious establishments, by the instigation of these two bishops, first assumed jurisdiction over particular districts, adopting, at the same

* See page 139, and also 262, in the note.

† Among these the writer is particularly indebted to a valuable note on the subject, by Mr. W. Owen Pughe, in Mr. Gunn's late edition of Nennius.

time, the institution of *Gwyndai* or Chapter Houses. Previous to this epoch in the history of the British Church, a Christian community was called, simply, *Cor*, a word that is still retained, without the epithet *Ban*, in the names of several places in Wales: and hence too the expression of *Cor Gawr*, or the Great Choir, applied to Stonehenge, which has been ignorantly translated *Chorea Gigantum*, or the Giants' Dance. With respect to the compound term *Bangor*, it is found to prevail, in a similar acceptation, in other countries. A place, near Belleisle, in Brittany, bears this name; and there is, in the Province of Ulster, in Ireland, a religious foundation called *Beannchor*, dedicated to St. Patrick. In Scotland also are two parishes, called *Banchory*, which is, no doubt, of the same original import as the Welsh word.

The following list of the monastic or collegiate establishments in Wales, that were formerly distinguished by the epithets above alluded to, with the names of their presumed founders*, will be seen to vary in some instances from that published by Mr. Hughes; and it also supplies a few particulars, which have escaped his notice.

Bangor Asav, (St. Asaph, Flintshire,) a College, founded by Asav about the year 543.

Cor Beuno, (Clynog Vawr, Carnarvonshire,) a College, founded by St. Beuno about 616.

Bangor Cadvan, (Bardsey, Carnarvonshire,) an Abbey, founded by Cadvan, an Armorican, in the beginning of the sixth century, or, according to some authorities, by Dyvrig, or St. Dubricius, Bishop of Llandav, about the same period.

Bangor Catwg, (Llancarvan Glamorganshire,) a Monastery, founded by Garmon in the fifth century, and of which Catwg was the first Principal.

Cor Cybi†, (Holyhead, Anglesea,) a Monastery and College, founded by Cybi about the close of the sixth century.

Bangor Deiniol, (Bangor, Carnarvonshire,) a College, founded by Deiniol in the year 525, or, according to some authorities, by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, during the same period.

Bangor Dunawd, called also *Bangor Iscoed*, and *Bangor Vawr yn Maelor*, (Bangor, Flintshire,) a Monastery, founded by Dunawd ab Pabo, in conjunction with his sons, Deiniol, Cynwyl,

* Most of these founders have their names enrolled in the Genealogy of British Saints.

† Generally, but erroneously, called *Caer Gybi*.

and Gwarthan, in the beginning of the sixth century. This famous Monastery never flourished after the massacre of its members in the Battle of Chester, fought A. D. 603 *.

Cor Dyvrig, (Caerllion, Monmouthshire,) a Cistertian Abbey, founded probably by Dyvrig, or St. Dubricius, above mentioned, who was the first Bishop of Llandav.

Bangor Padarn, (Llanbadarn Vawr, Carnarvonshire,) a Monastery, founded by Padarn, a native of Brittany, early in the sixth century.

Cor Penmon, called also *Cor Seiriol*, (Priestholme, Anglesea,) a Benedictine Priory, founded by Seiriol in the beginning of the sixth century.

Cor Tathan, (Caerwent, Monmouthshire,) a College, founded by Tathan during the same period.

Bangor Teilo, (Llandav, Glamorganshire,) a College, founded by Teilo in the fifth century.

Cor Tewdws, called also *Bangor Illtyd*, (Llantwit Major, Glamorganshire,) a College and Monastery, founded by the Emperor Theodosius in the fourth century, and restored by Illtyd, or St. Iltutus, in the following century.

Bangor y Ty Gwyn, (Whitland Abbey, Carmarthenshire,) a Cistertian Abbey, founded by Pawl Hen, or St. Paulinus, about the year 480.

It is now time to return to Mr. Hughes, who at the conclusion of the chapter, which contains his remarks on our ancient monasteries, enters briefly into the inquiry, whether, in the early ages of Christianity, our ancestors possessed a translation of the sacred volume in their own tongue. And upon this point he seems to have arrived at the only conclusion, which can now safely be drawn. But the reader will be better satisfied, perhaps, with his own words.

"In adverting to the learning of the British Christians," he says, "there is a subject, with respect to which it would yield a pleasing gratification to pious and literary characters to obtain some information: had our ancestors any translation of the Sacred Writings in their own vernacular tongue? The conclusion of our enquiries here turn out unfavourable to our wishes. While the Romans occupied Britain, the Latin tongue was used not only in public transactions, but was the language of conversation in the towns, and most frequently used in the churches. There were but few pastors, probably, in the remote and mountainous districts; and the gospel, it is to be feared, was not generally preached to the poor. Hence, the

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, No. 17. p. 218. in the notes.

departure of the Romans proved a great and deplorable loss to the interests of piety and learning in the towns, while many parts of the country were in a state of barbarism. There were but few nations, who had the Scriptures translated into their own vernacular language. The clergy either understood the language of Rome, if not also that of Greece, or acquired it in order to be able to interpret portions of Scripture, in the churches, to the people. There were lessons from both the Old and New Testament read; but these were most probably in the Latin tongue, as it was in the Gallican churches. 'The morning service of the Gallican churches,' says Stillingfleet, 'consisted chiefly in lessons, hymns, and psalms, of St. Jerom's translation, with Gloria Patri at the end of every psalm; the Latin tongue being yet the common language of the Roman provinces *.'

"The knowledge of letters was then a rare acquirement, except among a few designed for offices in the church or state. The priests' lips kept knowledge. It was reserved for happier times, when the art of printing and the Reformation threw the gates of knowledge open to mankind, to put the community in possession of copies of the Sacred Volume. When Britain entirely ceased to be a part of the Roman empire, and the natives were deprived of their territories, except the western parts of the kingdom, it would be requisite to translate the liturgy and the lessons, as we might be inclined to think, into the dialect of the country. We want that information, on which to ground our belief, that the Cambro-Britons were so far favoured; and Bede seems to intimate, that the Latin was the sacred language for the four nations of Britain: the Britons, the Anglo-Saxons, the Picts, and the Scots. Of the Latin tongue, he says, *Quæ meditatione Scripturarum cæteris omnibus est facta communis*, which implies, that that was the language used in the church, and in the public reading of the Scriptures. The neglect of giving the barbarous nations the Sacred Volume in the vulgar dialect of each country brought on a long and dark night of error."—P. 170,

The chapter, immediately succeeding this extract, is devoted to an examination of "the distressed state of Britain from the commencement, to the middle, of the fifth century," and the picture, the author presents of it, is sufficiently gloomy. It was during this ill-omened period, that the Britons, forsaken by the Romans, fell an easy prey to their less civilized and more hardy neighbours, the Scots and Picts, who appear to have poured upon them with all the ruinous and irresistible force of an inundation, until, in a moment of despair and pusillanimity, the harassed Britons invoked the aid of the Saxons, who completed by treachery what the ferocity of their former enemies had commenced. On

"* Origines Britannicæ, p. 223."

the "three devastations" of the Northern marauders, as recorded by Gildas, Mr. Hughes offers some judicious remarks, which cannot, for want of room, be here transcribed.

The perfidious massacre of Stonehenge, which brings to a close the tragical events of this period, is briefly related in the following passage, and which, for the present, must also conclude our extracts from the second volume of Horæ Britannicæ, which, the reader cannot fail to observe, possesses strong claims on his attention, as combining with much useful observation many interesting particulars respecting that obscure portion of our history, over which the clouds of ignorance and superstition have thrown their invidious shade.

"Hengist," Mr. Hughes observes, "landed with a powerful force under his command; but, having had proofs of the valour of the Britons, and knowing how formidable they might prove, he had recourse to an infernal stroke of policy. He pretended, in a message dispatched to the King, that his return was connected with no hostile design; that, being ignorant of the death of Vortimer, his intention was to come to the aid of his father-in-law, and to establish him on the throne, and that, seeing he was once more raised to that dignity, he was entirely at his disposal, and would retain or dismiss any number of his forces, according to his desire.

"The weak and perfidious monarch admitted of the specious plea, and, moreover, consented to the proposal, that a national congress of the chiefs of the island should be convened, in order to concert the terms upon which a treaty of amity and alliance should be formed between the two nations. The Britons, on the first of May, were accustomed to hold a grand festival, in a place suitable for a general assemblage. Such a situation they had on Salisbury plain, where the performance of certain sacred rites was celebrated, in conjunction with every kind of festivity*.

"The British chiefs, trusting to the sacredness of the occasion, and the honour of treaties, came unarmed; while the Saxon had enjoined his adherents to conceal their weapons, that, at a signal to be given in the season of joy and festivity, every man should act his part with cool and undaunted resolution. At an hour, when the Britons were lost to every thought but that of pleasure, in the midst of the mead-horns, Hengist exclaimed, in the language of their country, *Draw your Daggers*. A dreadful carnage ensued, in which four hundred and sixty British chieftains are stated to have fallen at the feet of the perfidious Saxons. One nobleman, Eidol, the Earl of Gloucester, is said to have performed feats of the most heroic valour; he slew no less than seventy Saxons with a truncheon!" P. 188.

*** [*To be concluded in the next Number.*]

"* The situation was a grand heathen temple, and a place of national convention, which latter purpose it still served."

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXVII.

Mi wyf yn caru dau'r un enw,
Sion wr ieuanc, Sion wr gweddw:
Och a fi! nad yw yn gyfraith,
I briodi dau ar unwaith.

LXXVIII.

Nid yw rhy yn dda mewn unmodd,
Meddai doethion yr hen oesoedd;
Fford ganolig rhwng dau ormod,—
Dyna'r ffordd, sy'n glodfawr hynod.

LXXIX.

Aelwyd serch sydd rhwng fy nwyfron,
Tanwydd cariad ydyw'r galon,
A'r tân hwnw byth ni dderfydd,
Tra parhâo dim o'r tanwydd.

A ffyddlondeb yw meginau;
Sydd yn chwythu'r tân i gynnau;
A, maint y gwres, nid rhyfedd gweled
Y dwr yn berwi dros fy llygaid.

LXXX.

Mi ddymunais fil o weithiau,
Fod fy mron o wydr golau,
Fal y gallai 'r fun gael gweled,
Fod y galon mewn caethiwed.

LXXXI.

Llawen wyf, a llawen fydda',
Tra bwyf ar y ddaiar yma;
A llawenydd sydd i'm cadw,
Tra bwyf byw, ni byddaf marw.

LXXXII.

Ni bu ferch erioed gan laned,
Ni bu ferch erioed gan wyned,
Ni bu neb o ferched dynion
Nes na hon i dori 'nghalon.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILION.

LXXVII.

Two I love, whose names agree,
Harry young, and widower Harry;
Hard my fate, no law should be,
Both at once for me to marry.

LXXVIII.

'Tis true, as ancient sages say,
Too much is wrong in either way:
The middle path, 'tween both extremes,
Alone with praise and honour teems.

LXXIX.

Love's burning hearth my breast contains,
My heart's the coal, that feeds the fire,
And, truly, while that coal remains,
The blaze within will ne'er expire.

The bellows is fidelity,
That causes still the flame to rise;
What mighty wonder then to see
The water boiling from my eyes.

LXXX.

Oft have I, to peace inclining,
Wish'd my breast like glass were shining,
That I might, by frequent peeping,
See, my heart was in safe keeping.

LXXXI.

Merry now, and merry ever,
While upon this earth I'll be;
Mirth keeps me alive, and never,
While I live, shall death find me.

LXXXII.

Ne'er was maid so fair to view,
Ne'er was maid so lovely too,
Of all maids (ah cruel smart!)
None so near to break my heart.

SONNET*,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. COBBOLD†, OF THE CLIFF, NEAR IPSWICH;

On her Painting a Half-length Picture of the Writer's Mother from a Miniature Likeness.

Blest be the hand that Heaven has taught to trace
So well each feature in that dearest face,
So well her form to filial fondness gives:—
'Tis inspiration, and the canvass lives!

Blest be the bright, the intellectual, ray,
That bade the pencil even the *mind* pourtray,
Place in her hand Religion's hallow'd choice‡,
And precepts pure in Britain's infant voice.

Blest, truly blest, be Nature's kindest heart,
That thus, in union with the powers of art,
Has saved from Fate, and Time, a copy fair—
Giv'n to my wishes—all that Heaven could spare!

O Cobbold! while the grateful glow is mine,
A parent's smile celestial shall be thine!

Chester. LLWYD.

A BONE FOR THE BARDS TO PICK.

Tell me, bards, if any may,
Why in trammels you delight;
Why, as genius leads the way,
Still you falter in your flight?

* The reader will be pleased with this effusion by the well known author of "Beaumaris Bay" and "Translations from the British," who merits the gratitude of his countrymen for the patriotic zeal, with which he has devoted the happy strains of his muse to the interests of our national literature.—ED.

† Accident in 1800 threw in my way in London a living likeness of my deceased and excellent parent, who, at my request, very kindly sat to the late Mr. Pugh of Ruthin, the miniature painter. But, on my afterwards regretting, in the company of the ingenious and accomplished Mrs. Cobbold, that it was a miniature only, she immediately, with a warmth, that evinced genius, parental feeling, and benevolence, said, "will you give me leave to enlarge it and preserve the likeness?" That she has admirably succeeded I am most happy to say, and the gift is of inestimable value.—LLWYD.

‡ A Bible in the Welsh language, for she knew no other; and Mrs. Cobbold's pencil has most successfully rivalled the typographic art on the open title page of the New Testament.—LLWYD.

Tell me, bards, why should your muse
Love to hear her tinkling strains;
Why, in willing bondage, choose
Still to hug her clanking chains?

QUIZ.

THE MINSTREL BOY*.

Through Cambria's sweet vallies I stray,
Regardless where chance bids me roam:
A cottage my shelter to day,
To-morrow a castle my home.
No cares disturb my peaceful breast,
I rise at early dawn with joy,
And calmly sink at evening rest,
A happy, merry, Minstrel Boy.

Soft ditties I sing to the fair,
And strains of renown to the bold:
My roundelays banish despair,
And cheer both the young and the old.
No cares, &c.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—The following is a description of the devices adopted, for the Medal of this society, from drawings presented to the Council by Mr. Flaxman and Capt. Jones, as tributes of their respect for the objects of the Cambrian Institution.

The Obverse of the Medal, which is from the design of the first mentioned gentleman, is emblematic of the Bardic or Druidical System in its pristine state, and represents a Bard in the prime of life standing by the ancient Druidical circle, opening towards the rising sun, with the following inscription on the exergue.—"Cymdeithas y Cymmrodorion yn Llundain—Adsefydlid Mai 22. 1820." viz.—The Cambrian Institution in London —Re-established May 22. 1820.—The drawing for the Reverse, by Capt. Jones, represents an aged Bard at the moment of being

* These are the words of a pleasing Ballad, composed by MR. PARRY, and dodicated to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—ED.

reinspired by a ray of wisdom from above, and which is meant to commemorate the exertions of the metropolitan and provincial associations for preserving the ancient lore of the Cymry. The motto, underneath the figure, is "Cared Doeth yr Encilion," i, e. Let the wise cherish things passing into oblivion. The space of the exergue is left for the names of those individuals, to whom medals shall, from time to time, be awarded. The inscriptions are to be in the old Bardic characters, as harmonizing more happily with the figures than those of the Roman alphabet.

CAMBRIAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On the 21st of December a meeting of Baptist Ministers, and others of the same religious persuasion, took place at Newport, in the county of Monmouth, to consider the propriety of forming a Missionary Institution for the purpose of propagating the Gospel amongst the descendants of the Welsh settled in Brittany. And at another meeting, held by adjournment at the same place on the 18th of January last, at which J. Jenkins, Esq., of Caerleon, presided, several Resolutions, tending to the attainment of this desirable object, were adopted, and of which the following will sufficiently explain the motives and aim of the Society.

1. That it appears eligible to this meeting, that an effort be made to introduce the Gospel into Brittany, in France, where the inhabitants are enveloped in gross darkness.—Brittany is computed at about 150 miles in length and about 112 in breadth; and the number of inhabitants, who are the descendants of the Ancient Britons or Welsh, is calculated at least to be about *five hundred thousand.*

2. That a Society be now formed for this purpose, and designated the CAMBRIAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

3. That the Baptist Churches in Wales be respectfully apprised of the formation and design of the Society, and that their co-operation be requested to further its intentions.

To this it may be added, that a subscription of half a guinea or more constitutes a member of the Society, and one of five guineas or more a member for life. A Committee, consisting of about fifty members, is appointed to conduct the business of the Society, and there is every reason to anticipate, that this laudable and Christian enterprise will be attended with the desired success.

BARDIC CONGRESS AT KERRY.—An occasion occurred in the last Number for taking an incidental notice of this meeting,

which took place on the 8th of January, and continued until the 12th inclusive. It was, as before stated, at the hospitable abode of Mr. Jenkins, Rector of Kerry, that the social Congress was held; and the object of the liberal host, in convening his bardic friends on this occasion, seems to have been both to encourage the inspirations of the *awen*, and to promote the publication of a few useful works connected with our national literature. One of them is the Celtic Remains, already noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON*, and brief notices of two others will be found in a subsequent page: in the mean time it may be interesting to the Welsh reader to dwell, for a moment, on this patriotic revival of the *arferion yr hen oesoedd*.

The party, which met at Kerry on this occasion, comprised, besides the worthy host, the Rev. Walter Davies, Rev. W. J. Rees, Rev. D. Richards, Rev. T. Richards, Mr. Robert Davies, (Robert Nantglyn,) Mr. John Howells, (Ioan ab Hywel,) Mr. Aneurin Owen, and Mr. Taliesin Williams, the two latter being the sons of those distinguished veterans in the ranks of Welsh *literati*, Mr. Owen Pughe, and Mr. Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan. Some of the individuals, here named, are well known as successful votaries of the Welsh muse; and all are more or less connected with the cause of our national lore. Their present assemblage, therefore, must naturally have been characterized by that congenial "flow of soul," which, in former times, was wont to distinguish the more numerous, but not more zealous, Congresses of Rhaglan, of Bewpyr, and of Maesaleg, while it afforded a proof, that, in Wales at least, neither changes of times nor of customs prevent those, who are

"Smit with the sacred love of song,"

from uniting in that brotherly league, which, in promoting the amicable contests of the Muse, gives to genius at once its most powerful impulse and its happiest zest.

The effusions of the *awen* at this meeting redound, in no small degree, to the credit of their respective authors; but, as they are merely of a local or personal character, they do not appear to be precisely calculated for publication. And, indeed, if any wish on this subject had been indulged, its gratification would have been restrained out of respect to the delicate reluctance, felt by Mr. Jenkins, to obtrude on the public those testimonies to his patriotic worth, which, however well earned, had their birth in the un-

* See No. 16. p. 191, and No. 17. p. 239.

reserved hours of social intercourse. The general notice, here taken of the Congress at Kerry, appeared to be due to the interesting occasion; to have proceeded into the details might have been displeasing to the feelings of a gentleman, of whom it may truly be said, with reference to his exertions for the benefit of his native country, that he is one of those, who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

NEW SHERIFFS.—The following is the list for the thirteen Welsh counties for the present year.

Anglesey	J. Webster, Esq. Deri.
Brecon	E. Jones, Esq. Battle-End.
Cardigan	J. V. Lloyd, Esq. Briring.
Carmarthen ..	W. R. H. Powell, Esq. Maesgwyn.
Carnarvon ..	J. Huddart, Esq. Brynker.
Denbigh	J. Madocks, Esq. Vroniw.
Flint	J. Douglas, Esq. Gyrne.
Glamorgan ..	W. Forman, Esq. Penydaran.
Merioneth....	J. Mytton, Esq. Plas-y-ddinas.
Monmouth ..	C. Morgan, Esq. Tredegar.
Montgomery..	V. Vickers, Esq. Criggion.
Pembroke....	J. Harris, Esq. Llanunwn.
Radnor	R. Peel, Esq. Cwmelan.

LITERATURE.

CYFRINACH Y BEIRDD.—The project of publishing the MS. under this title, which was noticed in the last Number, originated, as there mentioned, at the Bardic Meeting at Kerry: and the Editor has since been favoured with a more particular account of the MS. in question, of which the following is a literal transcript.

"'Cyfrinach y Beirdd,' which it is proposed to publish, is a Welsh treatise found in MS. by Mr. Edward Williams of Flimston, Glamorganshire, (*Iolo Morganwg*), and supposed to be, at the time, the only one of the kind existing*. It contains the canons of Welsh poetry and criticism, according to the Institutes of the Chair of Glamorgan, collected by Llewelyn Sion, of Llangewydd, in the year 1560, from the works of Meurig Davydd,

* If this supposition had reference only to the Bardic Institutes of Glamorgan, it may have been correct; but a MS. under the same title, as stated in the last Number, exists in the Hengwrt library, which, however, may relate more immediately to the canons of poetry observed in North Wales.—ED.

Lewis Morganwg, and other more ancient writers. The same treatise was afterwards enlarged by Edward Davydd, of Margam, and confirmed at a Gorsedd, held at Bewpyr, under the patronage of Sir Richard Bassett, in the year 1681. The style and language of 'Cyfrinach y Beirdd' are lucid and elegant; and it displays a critical acumen highly creditable to the bards."

Should this publication take place, it is also in contemplation, as the admirers of Welsh poetry will rejoice to hear, that it shall be accompanied by the Rev. Walter Davies's English "Essay on the distinct characters and comparative advantages of the Bardic Institutions of Carmarthen and Glamorgan," which gained one of the prizes at the Carmarthen *Eisteddfod* the year before last, and which, by illustrating the subject of the MS., will necessarily add considerably to its value.

Remains of the Bards of Dyved.—Another of the literary fruits of the Congress at Kerry is a proposal, by Mr. John Howells, to publish the Remains of the Bards of Dyved, including the Welsh productions of the Rev. Evan Evans, known to the readers of Welsh poetry by the name of Prydydd Hir. The work will be published by subscription, and Mr. Howells intends to have it ready by the next *Eisteddfod* at Carmarthen, though it is to be hoped, that, with prompt and adequate encouragement, it might be brought forth much earlier. For, provided there is to be an *Eisteddfod* in Gwent, more than two years would elapse before another takes place at Carmarthen.

Einioes Dyn.—The Welsh version of the "Economy of Human Life,' of which the project was noticed in No. 17 of the Cambro-Briton, has just appeared under the preceding title; and it, in every way, justifies the commendatory terms, in which it was anticipated on the occasion alluded to. The following extract contains the translation of the first two chapters.

YSTYRIAETH.

Myvyria ynnot dy hun, O ddyn! ac ystyria pa y dyben y gwnelwyd dydi.

Synia dy alluoedd, dy anghenion, a dy berthynasau; yna y dirnadi ddyledswyddau buchedd, ac hyforddir di yn dy holl helyntiau. Na ddôs i lavaru neu i wneuthur cyn y pwysych dy eiriau, ac yr holych dueddiad bob cam à gymmerych di; yna y cilia gwarth oddiwrthyt, a bydd cywilydd yn ddyeithrad yn dy annedd: nis govwya ediveirwch di, nac ar dy rudd yr arosa cystudd.

Dyn anystyriawl ni frwyna ei davawd; eve á lavara yn anturiawl, ac yn folineb ei eiriau ei hun dyrysedig yw.

Mal yr hwn à rêd ar vrys, ac à neidia tros gae á gwympo i bwll ar y tu arall, nad yw yn ei weled; velly yw y dyn à ymvwrio yn ddisymmwth i weithred bynag, cyn y synio eve ei chanlyniadau.

Am hyny gwrandawa ar lais ystyriaeth; ei geiriau sydd eiriau doethineb, ac arweiniant ei llwybrau dydi i wirionedd a diogelwch.

GWYLDER.

Pwy wyt ti, O ddyn! yr hwn à hyderi ar dy ddoethineb dy hun? Neu, paham yr ymfrosti yn dy haeddiannau dy hun? Y cam cyntav tua bod yn ddoeth yw gwybod mai anwybodus ydwyt; ac, os na vyni dy gyvriv yn ddissynwyr yn nhyb ereill, llysa yr ynvydrwydd o vod doeth yn dy olwg dy hun.

Mal yr hardda gwisg ddiaddurn wraig brydverth yn oreu, velly ymddygiad gweddus yw pènav tegwch doethineb.

Ymadrawdd dyn gwyl á rodda oleuder i wirionedd, a gwarineb ei eiriau à wareda ei gyveiliorn.

Ni hydera eve ar ei ddoethineb ei hun; eve á bwysa gynghorion câr, a derbynia y lles oddiwrthynt.

Eve á dröa ei glust oddiwrth ei vawl ei hun, ac nis coelia; eve yw olav yn gweled ei gywirdeb ei hun.

Etto, mal llengel chwanegiad yw i degwch, velly ei rinweddau ynt addurnedig trwy y cysgawd à vwria ei wylder arnynt.

Ond, gwela y dyn frostiawl, a sylla y dyn rhyvygus; eve á ymwisga mewn dillad gwychion, eve á rodia yn yr heolydd, eve á amdremia a cheisia sylw.

Eve á ardderchava ei ben a dirmyga y tlodion: ymddyga eve yn drawsvalch tuagat ei isaviaid, ac ei oreuon yn dal iddo á edrychant gan watwar ar ei valchder a folineb.

Tremyga eve varn ereill, hydera eve ar ei ddëall ei hun, ac yw dyrysedig.

Eve á ymchwydda gan wagedd ei dyb ei hun; ymhyvryda eve o glywed ac o siared amdano ei hun ar hyd y dydd.

Gwancia eve ei vawl ei hun, ac yn daliad y gwenieithwr sydd yn ei lwyr ddiva.

HISTORY OF NORTH WALES, by W. CATHRALL.—Part IV of this work, embellished with a well executed engraving of *Pont Cyssylltau*, has just been published, and embraces, like those that have preceded it, a judicious and interesting compilation of the historical events of Wales. The "Review of the History of Wales," Mr. Cathrall anticipates, will be concluded in the two succeeding Parts; and the remainder of the work will be occupied with a variety of notices respecting the antiquities, manners, customs, literature, natural history, agriculture, and other features of North Wales, arranged according to the respective counties, with notes historical and explanatory.

CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH.—The project of a national work under this title was noticed in the fifteenth Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, and a few observations were offered on the occasion, which, it was hoped, might have the effect of producing some degree of public co-operation in the design. However, although four months have elapsed since that time, no communication whatever has yet been received on the subject, nor, indeed, the slightest intimation of any wish to forward the undertaking. Under these discouraging circumstances, it can hardly be expected, that a work, to which so much time and labour must necessarily be devoted, should be commenced,—since, from the apathy with which its announcement has been received, no rational hopes could be entertained of a more propitious fate awaiting it at its close. For the present, therefore, the project of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH is abandoned; and, if ever it should be resumed, it must be under circumstances, far more favourable, than those now existing, to its eventual success. ***

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

There is now living in Cardiganshire a married couple, whose united ages amount to 191 years, the husband being 99 and the wife 92. They have been married 69 years.—To these living instances may be added the following of persons recently deceased, in addition to those enumerated last month :—

Edward James, Penaly, Pembrokeshire aged	107
Charles King, Caerwent, Monmouthshire	107
Anne Clark, St. Clear's, Carmarthenshire	99
Evan Jones *, Llanegwad, Carmarthenshire..... ...	96
John Rowland, Llandegai, Carnarvonshire	91
Margaret Davies, Guilsfield†, Montgomeryshire	90
Total number of years	590

Average to each individual 98 years and 4 months.

* This person had been married five times.

† From this parish old Parr procured his second wife when at the age of 122.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 18. P. 279, l. 15, *for* "gw" *read* yw.—l. 20, *insert* a full stop *after* "thoniar."

In this Number.—P. 304, l. 23, *for* "congruity" *read* congruence.—last line in the first note, *after* "drafts" *insert* or chess.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

APRIL, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XVIII.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXXX. The three Gallant Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Belyn, the son of Cynvelyn, in the warfare of Caradawg, the son of Bran; and the retinue of Mynyddawg Eiddin, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Drywon, the son of Nudd the Generous, in the expedition of Arderydd in the North: that is, every body went, in those retinues, at their own expense, without waiting for being summoned, and without demanding either pay or gift from the country or from the prince; and, therefore, they were called the three gallant retinues.

[Triad XXXVI of the first series is thus—The three Gap Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Mynyddawg Eiddyn, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Melyn, the son of Cynvelyn; and the retinue of Drywon, the son of Nudd, in Rhodwydd Arderydd. The second series is thus—The three Gallant Retinues of the Isle of Britain: the retinue of Mynyddawg, in Cattraeth; and the retinue of Dreon Lew, in Rhodwydd Arderys; and the retinue of Belyn of Lleyn Erythlyn, in Rhos.—The similarity between the words Adwy and Addwyn, Gap and Gallant, creates an ambiguity here, which, however, is cleared by the comment in the text above, if it may be relied upon as of ancient authority. The second series substitutes Belyn, who is noticed in Triad XXVII as a warrior of the sixth century, for Belyn, the son of Cynvelyn. Triad LIV, previously translated, records the battle of Arderydd, A. D. 593, asone of the three frivolous battles †. It has been surmised, that the name of Arderydd is to be identified

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 61. Tr. 79—81.

† See No. 13. p. 10, for this Triad, and also No. 17. p. 218, in the Notes, for a farther notice of the Battle of Arderydd.

in the present name of Ettrick Forest, the situation of which justifies the conjecture.]

LXXXI. The three Loyal Tribes of the Isle of Britain: the tribe of Cadwallawn eil Cadvan, who were with him seven years in Ireland, and during that period they demanded neither pay nor compensation whatever, lest they should be obliged to leave him, and he could not make the compensation to which they were entitled; second, the tribe of Gavran, the son of Aeddan, when the loss by disappearance took place, who went to the sea for their lord; third, the tribe of Gwenddolau, the son of Ceidio, who maintained the contest for forty-six days after their lord was slain, and would not desist from battle and conflict until they should avenge his death. The number of each of those three tribes was twenty-one hundred brave men; and so great was their courage that they could not be subdued.

[Triad XXXIV of the first series agrees in substance with the above text, with the omission of what is said of the tribe of Gwenddolau, as to seeking revenge, and the concluding words, as to the courage of all the three. Triad XLI of the second series is more brief, thus—The tribe of Cadwallawn, until they were captives; and the tribe of Gavran, the son of Aeddan, when there was the loss by disappearance; and the tribe of Gwenddolau ab Ceidio, in Arderydd, who sustained the fight for forty-six days after their lord had been slain: the number of each tribe was 2100 men.—Cadwallawn nominally held the sovereignty of Britain from A. D. 612 to 660.—Gavran and Gwenddolau have been before noticed in the course of this work in connection with other Triads*.]

LXXXII. The three Disloyal Tribes of the Isle of Britain: the tribe of Goronwy the Splendid, of Penllyn, who refused to stand in the stead of their lord to receive the poisoned javelin from Llew Llaw Gyfes, by the Stone of Goronwy, at Blaen Cynval, in Ardudwy; and the tribe of Gwrgi and Peredur, who deserted their lords, in Caer Grau, when there was an appointment for battle, the next morning, against Eda Glin Mawr, and they were both slain; and the tribe of Alan Vyrgan, who returned back by stealth from their lord, leaving him and his servants on the way going to Camlan, where he was slain.

[Triad XXXV of the first series and XLII of the second agree

* See vol. i. p. 124, with respect to the former, and No. 18. pp. 243 and 257 with respect to the latter.

generally with the foregoing, with the exception of the cognomen of Alan, being variously written Alan Morgan, Vorgan, and Fergan.—In the Mabinogi of Math ab Mathonwy there is a particular detail how Goronwy was to submit to the throw of the javelin. —Gwrgi and Peredur occur in former parts of the CAMBRO-BRITON. The Eda Great-knee here mentioned was the renowned Ida, the Saxon king of Northumberland, who is called Flamddwyn, or Flame-bearer, by Taliesin. The above is the only memorial of Alan.]

TRIADS OF BARDISM*.

1. There are three primary unities, and more than one of each cannot exist: one God, one Truth, and one Point of Liberty, and this is, where all opposites equiponderate.

2. Three things, that proceed from the three primary unities: all Life, all Goodness, and all Power.

3. Three things, of which God necessarily consists: the greatest Life, the greatest Knowlege, and the greatest Power; and of what is greatest there can be no more than one of every thing.

4. Three things it is impossible God should not be: whatever perfect Goodness should be, whatever perfect Goodness should desire to be, and whatever perfect Goodness should perform.

5. Three things, that evince what God has done and will do: infinite Power, infinite Wisdom, and infinite Love; for there is nothing that these attributes want either of power, of knowlege, or of will, to perform.

* These Triads, like the "Institutional Triads" in the last Number, are extracted from the Collection published by Mr. E. Williams, in his "Lyric Poems." In the original they are called *Trioedd Barddas*, which Mr. E. Williams translates "Theological Triads;" but it appears, that he might, with greater propriety, have entitled them Doctrinal Triads, since they profess to relate, more particularly, to the *doctrines* of the Bardic System, as those, copied in the last number, do to its *institutional regulations*. The number, published by Mr. Williams, is forty six, of which twenty-four only are here selected, the remainder being so involved in metaphysical obscurity, as to be, for the most part, unintelligible. And it must not be denied, that, for this reason, as well as on account of their occasional reference to the doctrines of Christianity, they are not to be regarded throughout as genuine memorials of the primitive institution of Bardism, although they may, in some degree, be impregnated with its singular tenets. The language of the translation has here, as on the former occasion, been varied in a few instances; and the arrangement of the Triads, it is hoped, will be found more methodical than that in which they were previously published.—ED.

6. Three things it is impossible God should not perform: what is most beneficial, what is most wanted, and what is most beautiful of all things.

7. The three grand attributes of God: infinite plenitude of Life, of Knowlege, and of Power.

8. The three necessary essentials of God: Infiniteness in himself,—Finiteness to finite comprehensions,—and Co-unity with every mode of existence in the Circle of Beatitude.

9. Three things, that none but God can do: to endure the eternities of the Circle of Infinity,—to participate of every state of existence without changing,—and to reform and renovate every thing without causing the loss of it.

10. The three regulations of God towards giving existence to every thing: to annihilate the power of evil,—to assist all that is good, and to make discrimination manifest, that it might be known what should and what should not be.

11. Three things, that will infallibly be done: all that is possible for the Power, for the Wisdom, and for the Love of God to perform.

12. The three stabilities of existence: what cannot be otherwise, what needs not be otherwise, and what cannot be conceived better; and in these will all things end.

13. The three Circles of Existence: the Circle of Infinity*, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inchoation, where all things are by nature derived from death,—and which hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of Beatitude, where all things spring from life, and which man shall traverse in Heaven†.

14. Three causes, that have produced rational beings: Divine Love, possessed of perfect knowlege; Divine Wisdom, knowing all possible means; and Divine Power, possessed by the joint will of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom.

15. The three states of existence of rational beings: that of

* The original word, here translated "infinity," is *Ceugant*, upon which Mr. Williams has the following note.—"*Ceugant*, in its etymological sense, signifies the *Circle of Vacuity*,—in its metaphysical acceptation, here, it signifies the immense void beyond the bounds of the material creation, into which none but the Deity can penetrate."

† The words, rendered, in this Triad, "inchoation" and "beatitude," are *Abred* and *Gwynfyd*. Upon the former Mr. Williams thus observes,—"*Abred*, from the root *prêd*, whence *Yspred*, divestigations, or things rejected, and *Hybred*, wanting or subject to be divestigated."

Inchoation in the Great Deep [*Annwn*], that of Liberty in the state of Humanity, and that of Love, which is Beatitude in Heaven.

16. The three necessities, to which all rational beings are subject: a beginning in the Great Deep,—progression in the Circle of Inchoation,—and plenitude in Heaven, or the Circle of Beatitude; without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

17. Three things, that distinguish a rational being from all others: Genius, Memory, and Perception; each of them according to its peculiarity and in its plenitude, and of nothing can two plenitudes exist.

18. Three things, with which God has endowed every rational being: with the Plenitude of his own nature, with an Individuality differing from all others, and with an original and peculiar Genius; and hence in every being a plenitude of that self, differing from all others.

19. The three necessary incidents of Man: to suffer, to change, and to elect; and, man having the power to elect, it is impossible before the event to foresee what his sufferings or changes will be.

20. The three equiportions of Man: Misery and Happiness, Necessity and Liberty, Evil and Good; all equiponderate, man having the power of attaching himself to either the one or the other.

21. The three privileges of the state of Man: Equiponderance of evil and good, whence discrimination; Liberty of Choice, whence judgment and perception; and the Origin of Power, proceeding from judgment and preference:—these being indispensably prior to all other exertions.

22. Three things, in which Man unavoidably differs from God: Man is finite, God is infinite; Man had a beginning, which God could not have; Man, not being able to endure eternity, must have in the Circle of Beatitude a fluctuating change of his mode of existence, but God is under no such necessity, being able to endure all things and that together with felicity.

23. Three primary qualities in the Circle of Beatitude: cessation of Evil, cessation of Want, and cessation of Perishing.

24. The three restorations of the Circle of Beatitude: restoration of original Genius; restoration of all that was originally cherished; and the restoration of original memory;—for without these perfect beatitude cannot exist.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[*Continued from page* 304.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Falconer.

THE Falconer has a privilege on the day that the hawk shall kill a bittern, a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the King perform for the Falconer on that day: hold his stirrup while he dismounts, and hold the horse while he goes in pursuit of the birds, and hold his stirrup when he re-mounts. And the King shall bestow three presents * on him that night at table.

He shall sit at the feast on one side of the Chancellor †.

The Falconer shall have from the Chief Huntsman, in autumn, the skin of a stag to make gloves for himself, and leashes for his hawks.

His horse shall have two rations from the provender.

He shall only drink three cups in the hall, lest, through drunkenness, his hawks should be neglected:—vessels, therefore, shall hold his liquor in the palace ‡.

If the Falconer should kill his horse in hunting, or he should die by chance, he shall have another from the King.

He claims every unfledged young bird: a sparrow hawk's nest, found on the palace domain, belongs to him.

He shall receive a dish of meat as an allowance, and three hornfuls of liquor in his lodging.

From the time that the Falconer shall put the hawks in their

* The original expression here is "teir gweith yd anrecca y brenhin," which the Cambrian Register translates "three times shall the King compliment him." The verb *anrhegu*, however, means to present or to give presents, and the noun *anrheg* occurs frequently, in the Welsh Laws, in the same sense, and, more particularly, in allusion to a present of meat, in which meaning the verb must be taken in this passage.—ED.

† The Chancellor, in Welsh *Canghellawr*, was not one of the twenty-four officers: Wotton describes him as a judge, who decided disputes between the King's vassals residing at a distance from the palace, and also matters counected with the royal revenue. The word is thought to be derived from the Latin *Cancellarius*; though it should be mentioned, that Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, appears to consider *canghell*, a chancel, as an original Welsh word, compounded of the roots *can* and *cell*.—ED.

‡ The word "palace" seems here to apply to some outer part of the royal residence, exclusive of the "hall" and other state apartments.—ED.

mews to the time he shall take them out he shall not give an answer to any one, that prefers a claim against him.

He shall receive entertainment once a-year from the vassals *.

From every vassal township he shall receive four-pence or a dry sheep as food for his hawks.

He shall hold his land freely.

The King shall send three presents to the Falconer by his messenger, except on the day on which he kills any noble bird or on the three principal festivals; at those times the Falconer shall receive the presents himself from the King's hands. The day on which the Falconer kills any noble bird, (if the King should not be with him,) when the Falconer returns to the palace with the bird, the King is obliged to rise to receive him, and, if he does not rise, then he shall give the garment he may have on to the Falconer.

He owns the heart of every animal, which shall be slaughtered in the palace.

Though the Falconer is liable to a legal distraint, neither a bailiff, nor a chancellor, shall distrain upon him, but the Serjeant of the King and the household.

A pound is the value of a hawk's nest. Six score pence is the value of a hawk before mewing; should she be white after mewing she is worth a pound. Twenty-four pence is the value of an unfledged young one. One hundred and twenty pence is the value of a falcon's nest: three score pence is her value before mewing, and whilst in the mew. The nest of a sparrow hawk is of the value of twenty-four pence. The value of a sparrow hawk, before mewing and whilst in the mew, is twelve pence; after mewing, should she be white, she is worth twenty-four pence †.

Chief Groom.

The Chief Groom shall have from the Steward of the Household the skin of an ox in the winter, and the skin of a cow in the summer, to make halters for the King's horses, and that before a

* The word, here translated "vassals," is *taiogau*, which the Cambrian Register renders "villains;" and, as the *taiog* was a tenant in villenage, either word is sufficiently proper, though that above adopted may be most generally understood. This, among other passages, indicates the prevalence of the feudal system at one time in Wales.—Ed.

† Addition from the W. S. M.—The Falconer is entitled to a palm's length of wax candle from the Steward of the Household to feed his birds by, and to make his bed.

division of the hides is made between the Steward of the Household and the officers.

The Chief Groom owns the legs of every beast, that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen, and shall have salt out of the kitchen.

He shall have the King's old saddles and bridles.

He shall have two shares of the grooms' money.

The Chief Groom and the grooms shall have the wild colts, which the King receives as the third of a spoil.

It belongs to the Chief Groom to bring out all the horses, which the King shall give: he thereupon shall take four-pence for every horse except for these three horses, the horse of the Domestic Chaplain, the horse of the Judge of the Palace, and the horse of the Jester *.

The Chief Groom shall receive from the Steward of the Household as much mead as will fill the vessels used in serving in the palace and as much as will fill the vessels, out of which the King drinks; and the second filling from the Master of the Household, and the third from the Queen.

He shall have his land freely.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King: the horse shall have two rations of the provender.

The place of the Chief Groom and the grooms with him is below the pillar next to the King.

To him belongs the arrangement of the stablings of the horses and their provender.

The third of the fine and commutation of the grooms shall go to the Chief Groom.

A halter shall be furnished by him with every horse, that the King shall give.

The Chief Groom owns the King's cap if there be furs on it, and the spurs, if they should be of gold, of silver, or of copper.

* The reason why he has it not from the Bishop [Domestic Chaplain], is because he is the King's confessor, and rises before him, and sits behind him, and holds his sleeves, whilst he washes himself. He cannot claim from the Falconer; for the King is obliged to serve him on three occasions. He shall make no claim upon the Jester; for the halter of his horse is to be tied round his hinder part, instead of his head, in going out of the court.—W. S. M. [The foregoing note is copied from the Cambrian Register, and by which it will be seen, that the W. S. M. substitutes the Falconer for the Judge of the Palace, mentioned in the text as one of the three, by whom exemptions were claimed. A jester appears from this passage to have been a sort of appendage to a Welsh court, as he was, formerly, to most others. Instances may be specified too, of no very ancient date, in which private families in Wales maintained their jester or fool.—Ed.]

He shall have a dish of meat and a hornful of ale as an allowance.

Chief Huntsman.

The Chief Huntsman shall have an ox's hide in the winter from the Steward of the Household to make leashes for the King's dogs.

The huntsmen shall follow the chase for the King's benefit until the first of December; then whatever they may obtain until the ninth day of December they shall not divide with the King.

There shall be no legal pieces* in the King's deer after the first of December.

On the ninth day of December the Huntsman shall shew the King his dogs, and his horns, and his leashes, and his share of the skins.

The Chief Huntsman claims the third of the King's share of the skins: for he is the only person, with whom the King shall divide a third.

Until the ninth day of December nobody, that prefers a claim, shall have any answer from the Chief Huntsman, unless he be an Officer of the Court; for none of the officers can delay the cause of action of another, if there be a judge to determine it.

The Chief Huntsman shall have the shares of two persons from those, that hunt with the great hounds; and one man's share from the hunters with greyhounds.

After the skins shall be divided between the King and the huntsmen, let the Chief Huntsman and the huntsmen with him take up their quarters with the King's vassals; and they shall return to the King at Christmas.

The place of the Chief Huntsman and the huntsmen with him is below the pillar, opposite to the King.

A hornful of liquor shall be sent to the Chief Huntsman by

* The words, here rendered "legal pieces," are *golwython cyfreithiawl*, which signified, according to another part of these Laws, the twelve royal pieces, into which a deer in season was to be divided,—viz, the tongue, three pieces of the neck, the entrails, the heart, the loin, the shoulder, the haunch, the breast, the strait gut, and the liver. A deer was said to be in season from the festival of St. Curig (June 15th) to the 1st of November, which makes the variance of a month from the time above stated. With respect to *golwyth*, here used, it was only applied to this particular occasion, an ordinary piece or joint of meat being called *cyhyryn*.—ED.

the King or by the Master of the Household, another by the Queen, and another by the Steward of the Household.

The Chief Huntsman shall have a tame sparrow hawk every Michaelmas from the Falconer.

He shall have an allowance in his lodging, that is to say, a dish, and a hornful of mead or other liquor.

To him belongs the third of the fine, and commutation, and heriot, and maiden fee of all the other huntsmen; and the two other shares go to the King.

The huntsmen shall be with the King from Christmas until they turn out the fallow deer in the Spring *.

From the time they begin to hunt in the first season until the ninth day of May they shall not answer any body, that may sue them, unless he should be an Officer of the Court.

He shall have his land freely.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King, and shall have two rations of the provender.

He shall receive four pence in law from every one, that hunts with a greyhound, and eight pence in law from every one, that hunts with a great hound.

The Chief Huntsman is to blow his horn when there is a due to him in the day of spoil; and let him choose a beast out of the booty.

He shall have a cow's hide in the Summer from the Steward of the Household.

Whoever shall sue the Chief Huntsman must endeavour to take him in his bed on the morning of May Day before he puts on his boots; for he is under no obligation to answer, unless he shall be found in that manner.

Steward of the Household to the Queen.

The Steward of the Household to the Queen shall have a horse from the Queen and eight pence out of the gift money. Two pence shall be his share; the rest he is to divide between the Officers of the Chamber.

He has possession of the meat and drink of the chamber. He is to approve of the liquors, and to point out to every one his place in the chamber.

* In the middle of February he shall take his dogs, horns, and leashes, and go to hunt fallow-deer until Midsummer. Immediately afterwards he is to go to hunt stags until the ninth of November. After that day he begins to hunt the wood swine (badgers).—W. S. M.

Queen's Chaplain.*

He is entitled to his land freely; his horse and his linen from the Queen, and his woollen cloth from the King.

He is entitled to a third of the Queen's tithes and of what appertains to the chamber.

From every public seal, which shall be given to the Queen, he claims four pence.

He has a right to the offering of every one belonging to her.

He claims the garment, in which the Queen shall do penance, against Easter.

He ought to bless what victuals and drink come into the chamber.

He shall have a horse in attendance from the King.

His lodging is with the King's Chaplain in the Sexton's house†.

His place is opposite to the Queen.

The satisfaction for his insult shall be agreeable to the decree of the council.

His price is according to the privilege of his family; and so for every person of degree.

Domestic Bard.

The Domestic Bard shall receive a beast from the family out of every spoil, at which he shall be present, and one person's share like every domestic. Therefore, if there should be fighting, he shall sing the "Monarchy of Britain" at front of the battle‡.

When the Bard shall ask a gift from a prince let him sing one

* The privileges and duties of the Queen's Chaplain, here stated, form a union of those comprised in the Cotton MS. and in that of the Welsh School. It is stated, moreover, in the former, that the "privileges of the Queen's Chaplain are like those of the King's Chaplain in all things;" but that does not appear from other authorities to be precisely correct. A full and judicious collation of the various MSS. might reconcile these and similar inconsistencies; but it would be a work of too much time and labour for the present purpose.—Ed.

† On a former occasion the lodging of the King's Chaplain was stated to be in the "Chapter House." See No. 19. p. 297.—The present variance occurs in the W. S. M.—Ed.

‡ The "Monarchy of Britain," *Unbenaeth Prydain* in the original, was, most probably, a national song, popular at that time in Wales. In another part of these Laws it is stated, that, if the Queen required a song in her chamber, the Domestic Bard was to sing three verses concerning *Camlan*, which was the last battle fought by Arthur.—Ed.

song; when he asks a baron, let him sing three songs; should he ask a vassal, let him sing until he falls asleep *.

His land shall be free, and he shall have a horse in attendance from the King.

The Domestic Bard shall sing the second piece in the common hall †.

He shall be next but one to the Master of the Household.

He shall have a harp from the King, and a gold ring from the Queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he is never to part with.

Crier.

The Crier shall receive four pence out of every commutation, and out of every fine, which shall be paid by such as break silence in the Court; and he shall have a share of the gift-money and of the gains of the officers.

His land shall be free; and he shall receive a horse from the King.

On the removal of a land-steward the Crier shall take three score pence from his successor; for he is to act as steward until another is appointed in his stead.

Door-keeper of the Hall.

If the Door-keeper of the Hall goes beyond the length of his arm and his wand from the door after the King has entered the hall, and he is insulted, no satisfaction shall be made to him.

Should the Door-keeper or the Porter knowingly prevent one of the Officers from going and coming, let either pay to him three cows in commutation of wrong, and as much to the King, if he

* Interlineation,—*neu oni vo blin*, or, until he shall be tired.

† When a song is called for the Bard President should begin; the first song addressed to God, the next to the King, to whom the Court belongs, or, if there is not one, to another king. After the Bard President the Domestic Bard is to sing three pieces on different subjects. If the Queen should desire a song, let the Domestic Bard go aside and recite without music, and softly, so as not to disturb the hall.—W. S. M. [The duties and privileges of the Chief of Song and Domestic Bard, *Pencerdd* and *Bardd Teulu*, are, as previously remarked, confounded in most of the copies of the Welsh Laws. It appears, however, that the Chief of Song, or *Pencerdd*, was a title borne generally by a musician, who had obtained the chair of presidency, and that he was not, like the Domestic Bard, one of the Officers of the Court. He was, as above stated, to commence the vocal entertainment, which was to be concluded by the Domestic Bard.—Ed.]

be a principal person. To every one of the other officers fourpence each shall be paid.

The Door-keeper shall have a vessel for receiving his liquor, into which the Steward of the Household and all the drawers shall bring their liquors, when the drink of the attendants is distributed.

The Door-keeper shall take charge of the hides of the cattle, that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen, and shall dry them, and shall receive a penny for each when divided.

He shall have his land freely and a horse from the King: and he shall receive a share of the visitor's gift-money*.

[*To be continued.*]

EXCERPTA.

ETYMOLOGY.

It is not very easy to discover from the language of the following letter, whether the writer designed it as a serious attempt to explain the derivation of the Greek word, to which he alludes, or merely as a sportive ridicule of those visionary hypotheses, in which etymologists too often indulge. The latter construction appears the most probable; and in that view the writer has certainly adduced a happy specimen of those fanciful theories, from which even our own countrymen have not been wholly exempt. The most gross blunders, however, that have been committed in this way, must be laid to the charge of some English and foreign writers, who, from a total ignorance of the primitive languages of Europe, have plunged at once, without helm or compass, into the shoreless sea of philological speculation. An early opportunity will be taken to lay before the reader some instances of their romantic conjectures.

To the Editor *of the* Cambro-Briton.

Sir.—Should you deem the following curious letter, which is from the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1759, of sufficient interest to merit republication among the Excerpta, which oc-

* Additions from the W. S. M.—He ought to clear the way for the King with his wand; and whoever he strikes with it at arm's length shall have no redress if he seeks it. He shall eat with the other officers. He is not to sit in the hall, but to execute his commissions to the King on his knees.

casionally enrich the pages of the CAMBRO-BRITON, it is at your service. Your's &c.

London, Feb. 20th, 1821. GWILYM.

"To the *Editor* of the *Gentleman's Magazine*."

"September, 3d, 1759."

"MR. URBAN.—I have sent you an humble attempt to discover the radicals of the word Ὀδύνη, *dolor, grief*. Perhaps it may seem a bold undertaking in a person of the present age to presume to meddle with the etymology of a language, which had its origin so many centuries ago; but it is not so difficult in reality, as it appears to one at first view, if, with some of the Eastern tongues, a person was acquainted with the Ancient British or present Welsh, a language which, though not one of the most useless in many respects, is yet the most neglected of all. Were I to desire one of our modern learned etymologists to find out the *radices* of the word Ὀδύνη, he would presently carry us either to Greece, Palestine, or some other remote mysterious Eastern country, and grope among the sandy deserts for a thing, which is to be found in a certain little mountainous, western, despised principality, nearer home by much, called Wales. It is surprising, the Welsh language is not studied by some of the *Literati*, at least, when one considers the infinite advantage it would be not only to Lexicographers, &c., but to the republic of learning in general; for it is confidently asserted by many writers, that there are above 620 radical Greek words derived from the British, and a much greater number of the Latin.

"But, asking pardon for this digression, I will return to my subject.—Nothing is more usual among the Welsh, even to this day, when they are in any great trouble or misery, than to make this ejaculation, "*O Duw Nef* (i. e. O God of Heaven). Nor is this kind of exclamation peculiar to them only; but it is customary to most other people likewise, as daily experience evinces. Now, when we consider, that the Ancient Britons, i. e. Cymeroi, Cymbri, or Cymry, by which name we call ourselves even at this time, were not only nearly akin to the Grecians or Ionos, but descended from an elder brother, and, consequently, could claim a kind of pre-eminence over them, came along with them from Babel, lived with them for many generations in Greece before they separated, and came to the more westernly part of the world:—I say, when we consider all these circumstances, does it not seem

very probable, nay almost manifest, that the Greek word Ὀδύνη, which signifies *grief*, also the pains and sorrow of a woman in travail, is derived from the British "*O Duw Nef?*" And what is more natural for a woman in that condition, than to make such an ejaculation? Besides, allowing for the different idioms of the two languages, the very spelling is the same."

"Your's, &c.,

"Φ."

LETTERS ON COLL GWYNFA.

LETTER III.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—In my last I parted with our translator of Milton at the close of the sixth book: and the few instances I selected from his production must have convinced those, who had not before perused it, of the classical purity and pristine vigour, if I may be allowed to say so, of Mr. Pughe's style. For it is by this latter quality,—by which I mean a sort of recurrence to the original and independent principles of the Welsh tongue,—that COLL GWYNFA is particularly distinguished; and the learned writer has evinced a degree of courage in this respect, that must appear quite presumptuous to those, whose estimate of the excellence of the language is founded solely on the prejudices of the present day. Mr. Pughe has fearlessly dared to soar above these enslaving opinions; and not only has he thus avoided all modern corruptions, but he has restored to us our ancient tongue in all the strength, freshness, and splendour of youth. Nor would it, perhaps, be possible to find a happier illustration of the various and inexhaustible resources, whether of force or beauty, that exist in the venerable speech of the Cymry, than what is afforded by COLL GWYNFA.

I shall now proceed to select a few more proofs, in addition to those before offered, of the excellence, which I have thus ventured to ascribe to Mr. Pughe's translation. For this purpose I should have commenced with the beautiful address to Urania at the opening of the seventh book, if you had not anticipated me in your original critique*. I shall therefore extract the sublime passage, which describes the Messiah preparing to perform the glorious work of the creation:—

* See vol. i. p. 102.—ED.

"So sang the hierarchies: mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole."—B. vii. l. 251.

"Mal hyna canent y Gorlwysion myg:
Pa bryd y Mab á ymddangosai ar
Ei helynt fawr, hollnerthiant yn ei gylch,
Coronawg o belydron dwyfawl urdd;
Doethineb ac anfeidrawl gariad, ac
Ei gyflawn Dad tywynai ynddo ef.
O gylch ei gerbyd dirifedi dorf
Ymfwrient, Cherub, Seraph, Ceidrion, a
Gorseddau, Rhinion, ac Ysbrydion mwth
Adeiniawg, ceir asgellawg fil a mîl
A miloedd o arfogaeth Duw, er cynt
Lle safent rhwng dau fynydd près at bryd
Y daw gwyl myg, peiriannawg oll o seirch
Nefolion; weithion hun-symudawl doent,
Ag ynddynt Ysbryd bywyd, ar eu Por
Yn gweini: llydan yr argorai Nef
Ei bythawl byrth, ar golion aur yn troi
Maws eilw sain, er myned Brenin y
Gogoniant allan yn ei gadarn Air
Ac Ysbryd newydd fydoedd idd eu crëu.
Ar dir nefolain safent, ac oddiar

Y làn arsylwent hwy yr enfawr ddwfn
Anfeidrawl gymmlawdd fal pe môr, yn wyll,
Yn anial iawn, a gwyllt, à droid odd
Y gwaelawd fry gan wyntoedd engyrth yn
Fynyddoedd dònau, mal pe uchder Nef
Eu cyrch, a mysgu eithaf yn y craidd."—P. 202.

Independently of the general merit of this passage it will be observed, that two or three parts, in particular, are very happily rendered. For instance, *Gorlwysion*, which signifies "supremely holy, or hallowed, ones," is a very appropriate translation of *Hierarchies*; yet no other language, with which I am acquainted, has any indigenous word for it, but adopts the Greek term as the English does. *Gorlwys*, however, is purely Welsh; and, if it be here used for the first time, it is not, therefore, less consonant with the genius and properties of the language. Nor has Mr. Pughe done more than follow the laudable example set in this respect by Milton himself, who, as before observed, never hesitated to invent new terms, when those, previously in use, fell short of his purpose. And the translator has the additional merit of coining from his own mint.

The opening of the Gates of Heaven in this passage is described in the original, as will be allowed, with all the harmony suitable to the occasion:—

——————— "Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving."———

Nor is the translation inferior:—

———————"Ilydan yr agorai Nef
Ei bythawl byrth, ar golion aur yn troi
Maws eilw sain."———

Nothing can be smoother; and the expression "maws eilw sain",—the gliding harmony of sound,—in particular deserves notice, as being, I was almost about to say, an improvement on Milton. You have on a former occasion compared the Italian version by Paolo Rolli; and, as the book is now before me, I can not resist the temptation to make a few farther collations. The following is the translation of the three lines just noticed, and which, I think, all competent judges will admit to be inferior both to the Welsh and English, notwithstanding the much-boasted mellifluence of the Italian tongue.

"Spalanca il ciel le sempiterne porte
Con sonora armonia su i cardin d'oro."

The next extract describes the work of creation on the second day, and is selected as affording two or three instances of that original diction, peculiar to the Welsh language, and in which this translation abounds. They will be noticed in the sequel.

"Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he named the Firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day."—B. vii. l. 275.

"Eto, dywedai Duw, Bydded wybren rhwng
Y dyfroedd, a gwahaned ddyfroedd oiwrth
Y dyfroedd: a gwnai Duw yr wybren yn
Amlediad gwyawl, ter, tryloew, taen
O awyr nyfel ogylch eithaf cant
Y gron fawr hon: yn bared ffer a dir
Y dyfroedd isod yn dosbarthu rhag
Y rhai odducho: can fal daiar yr
Un fath adeilai efe y byd oddiar
Amlïon ddyfroedd tawel y mewn lled
Crisiannawl eigion, gan bell symud croch
Anrhelthiad Tryblith, nas andwyai ffrom
Eithafion yr holl drefn: a galwai efe
Yr wybren Nef: efelly canent hwyr
A bore gyson foliant yr ail dydd."—P. 204.

The words "awyr nyfel," by which "elemental air" is rendered, are purely Welsh and highly expressive. Taliesin uses the latter word in the same sense, where he says—

"Uch awen uchel
Uch no pob *nyfel*."

The Italian translator adopts the expression "elementale aria," which, indeed, with a slight terminal variation, would be the translation in most modern languages. The words "amlion" and "eigion" furnish two other instances of the rich native stores of

the Welsh tongue. The former is a compound of much greater force than the English "circumfluous," for which it is here used, since it has reference to *flooding* rather than *flowing;* and the term "eigion," by which "ocean" is rendered, is an aggregate noun, derived from *aig*, which is employed to denote the "great deep," whence *eigion* signifies a plurality of great waters, a term so philosophically applicable to the ocean. The Italian translator could find no better words in his language than *circonfluenti* and *oceano*, which are mere echoes of the English. The word "Tryblith," by which Chaos is rendered in this extract, has been noticed, I believe, on a previous occasion*; and the critical reader will discover one or two other instances which I cannot now stop to notice. I would merely, therefore, direct his attention to the corresponding passage in the first chapter of Genesis†: Mr. Pughe's work will lose nothing in the comparison. The last two lines of the foregoing extract may also be advantageously opposed to the following in the Italian:—

———"cosi sera e mattina
Celebarono i cori il di secondo."

The "chorus sung," so happily preserved in the Welsh "canent gyson," is almost lost in the Italian lines, which, besides, want the softness and melody of Mr. Pughe's.

The passage, which I am about to transcribe, represents the first appearance of the great Orb of Day under the plastic influence of the Creator, and, although short, abounds in the sublime images natural to the occasion. And to these, it will be seen, the Welsh translator has done ample justice.

"First in his East the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence."—B. vii. l. 375.

———"Cyntaf yn ei ddwyrain hwyl
Y gogoneddus lygorn gwelid, rhwyf
Y dydd, ac ei belydron cain o gylch
Y gorwel oll á duddai efe yn llon,
I redeg trwy ffordd fawr y Nef ei daith;
Y wawr las, ac y Tewdws lu aent yn
Corelwi rhagddo gan amdaenu maws
Anwydau."—P. 208.

* See Vol. I. p. 99.—Ed.

† Verses 6, 7, and 8.

There are several indigenous and beautiful terms in this brief extract, among which *dwyrain*, *gorwel*, *Tewdws*, *corelwi*, and *amdaenu* are particularly worthy of notice. "Dwyrain hwyl," by which the East is rendered, signifies, literally, "dawnful journey" or "journey abounding with dawnings," than which nothing could be more poetically, or more accurately, applied to the first appearance of the great heavenly luminary. The word "gorwel," the Welsh name of the horizon, which implies, literally, "extreme vision," is a very happy substitute for the Greek term, adopted in almost all other languages. And I cannot help here observing, how superior it is, both in sound and meaning, to the term *terfyn-gylch*, which the late Mr. Walters uses to express the same idea, and upon which he so profusely lavishes his encomiums, though it would be difficult to find a more uncouth word in the language *. "Tewdws," by which the term Pleiades is translated, means, literally, a "thick assemblage," and is, therefore, properly descriptive of that constellation. One of our poets, I believe Davydd ab Gwilym, uses the word in the same sense; but in the book of Job, where Pleiades occurs twice, the original word is retained. The words, "corelwi" and "amdaenu," afford fresh examples of the energy and beauty of the Welsh compounds, and in the formation of which the language possesses facilities equal at least to the Greek. "Corelwi," which means "danced round," is certainly more expressive, with reference to the march of the heavenly bodies, than the simple term "danced," used by Milton; and "amdaenu," to spread round, describes more emphatically the diffusive influence of the solar heat than the single word "shedding." To this I will only add, that the words in the Italian translation, corresponding with the five I have here noticed, are, as in former cases, mere echoes of those in the original.

In page 211 Mr. Pughe renders "the ounce, the libbard, and the tiger" by *blai*, *cidwm*, and *cath-balug*." If he be correct, these words would supply new proof of the originality of the Welsh tongue; but there may be some doubt as to the propriety of their application to these particular animals; and it may now be impossible to ascertain their precise import. *Cath-balug* occurs in the Triads as one of the "three molestations of Mona," and has always been understood to refer to the tiger: it means, literally, the smooth-coated cat, which is sufficiently descriptive of that animal.

* See his "Dissertation on the Welsh Language," p. 31.

The ensuing extract comprises the passage, in which the ant and bee, on their first creation, are described with so sweet a simplicity.

——————"First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd."—B. vii. l. 492.

——————"Ymlusgai gyntaf y
Morgrugyn cynnil, rhagddarbodus, mewn
Man gyfing calon fawr cynnwysai hi,
Cynnelwad hwyrach o gydraddiad iawn
I fod, ac unai ei gwerinawl hil
Mewn cydwladoldeb: nesaf yn ei haid
Y fam-wenynen ymddangosai, hon
Ei gormes briawd swrth yn foethus iawn
A faetha, ac ei chellau cwyr mor lân
A lunia, llawn o fel."—P. 212.

Two instances present themselves, even in this short passage, of the expressiveness of the Welsh compound terms. Thus, the English expression, "provident of the future," is fully embraced by the single term "rhagddarbodus;" while the word "cydwladoldeb," which implies a "communion of country," is, undoubtedly, more comprehensive than "commonalty" in the original.

I have now concluded my extracts from the seventh book, though without by any means exhausting all the instances, it supplies, of the successful manner, in which Mr. Pughe has exemplified the peculiar excellencies of the Welsh tongue. From the eighth book, which contains Adam's discourse with Raphael about his creation and his nuptials with Eve, I shall transcribe only one short passage, which relates the first introduction of Eve to her consort:—

"When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."—B. viii. l. 489.

"Pan heb obaith, selwn hi
Ac nid pell, mal y gwelwn hithau yn
Fy mreuddwyd, mor eirianaid o bob cain
A allai Daiar roddi neu y Nef
Er ei hoffâu. Yn mlaen y doai, o gan
Arweiniad ei Naf nefawl er mai nid
Gweledig, ac o draw ei lais, nac heb
Anwybod o neithiorawl leindid a
Defodau priodasawl: telaid oll
Ei rhawd, ac yn ei llygad gwenai Nef,
Yn ei harweddiad urdd a chariad oedd."—P. 136.

The expressions of "gwenai Nef" and "harweddiad," in the last two lines, are happily chosen, and contribute much to the felicitous translation of this well-known couplet. The Italian version of the same lines, although more literal than the Welsh, does not appear to have any other advantage: it is as follows:—

"Grazia era ne' suoi passi, il ciel negli occhi,
Ed in ogni gesto maestade e amore."

In the same book, in the conclusion of Raphael's address to Adam, the "verdant isles" in the West are rendered by "Gwerddonau Llion," a name, which occurs in the Triads, in the account of the "three losses by disappearance of the Isle of Britain," where Gavran is recorded to have gone to sea in search of the *Gwerddonau Llion*, or *Green Islands of the Floods*; and according to some commentators, these were the Canaries, or Cape Verd Islands*. It is not improbable, therefore, that Mr. Pughe may be correct in appropriating the name to the "verdant isles" mentioned by Milton, which would afford another testimony to the originality of the Welsh names. In the Italian translation the English words are rendered, literally, "verdeggianti isole Esperia," which, like the original, are mere general terms.

At the commencement of the ninth book the names of Troy, Turnus, and Neptune are translated, and, I think, properly, by the terms *Caer Tro*, *Twrn*, and *Neivion*, all of them of Welsh origin. The latter appellation, in particular, may be found in

* See the Triad, here alluded to by Idwal, translated in the former volume, p. 124.—Ed.

the Triads, in that singular record, which is supposed to refer to the deluge*; and Lewis Glyn Cothi, a poet of the fifteenth century, appears to use it, as is here done, in application to Neptune, where he says,—

"Ev a yr niver i vor *Neivion.*"

He will send a number to the sea of *Neivion.*

I shall close this letter, which, I fear, has already been extended beyond due bounds, with the fine picture of Satan's aerial voyage before he enters the Garden of Eden.

"The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,
The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With Darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of Night
From pole to pole, traversing each colúre;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast, averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way.—B. ix. l. 69."

"Oedd isel haul, a seren ucher ar
Ei ol, ar swydd o ddwyn cyflychwyr tros
Y ddaiar, byr gyfryngiad dydd a nos,
A nan hannergylch nos o ael i ael
Llenasai am y gorwel: pan heb ofn
Dychwelai Satan, hwn o Eden rhag
Bygythion Gabriel á ffoasai, mwy
Call weithion yn ei dwyll a llid, o fryd
Er difa Dyn, o drymach doed à ddel.
Ar nos y ffoai, a chanol nos y doai o

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 127.—ED.

Amgylchu daiar yn ei ol, pwllâus
Rhag dydd, o selu Uriel rh yf yr haul
Ei daith, ac y Cherubion ar eu gwyl
Rhybuddiai; llawn o ing oddiyno tarf
Tros saith ol-yn-ol ddydd gan wyll ei hwyl
Byhydedd red * dair gwaith amdroai, ar draws
Cár nos âi bedair gwaith o gol i gol,
O drosi y colrodau: wythfed y
Dychwelai, a thu gwrth i ddrws neu syll
Cherubig caffai ledrad ffordd."—P. 244.

Several instances of the native richness and copiousness of the Welsh tongue are to be selected from this passage, a few of which it may not be uninteresting to notice, notwithstanding the abundant proof, that has already been offered on this point. The word "cyflychwr," by which the English "twilight" is rendered, means, in a literal sense, the "contact of ether," or that imperceptible union of light and darkness which we call twilight. Can any thing be more descriptive, or more philosophically correct? With reference to this, it may likewise be remarked, that Milton's expression, "short arbiter 'twixt day and night," is very happily rendered by "byr *gyfryngiad* dydd a nos," implying "the short *intervening space* of day and night," which is precisely expressive of twilight. "Cyhydedd" and "Colrodau," by which the Equinox and Colures are translated, are also genuine Welsh words, whereas most other languages borrow, in this instance, from the Latin and Greek. *Cyhydedd* means an equality of length; and *Colrodau*, as a derivative of *rhod*, a circle or wheel, is judiciously applied to the *Colures*, though not, perhaps, to be found in common use. But, if Mr. Pughe, as previously observed, has occasionally enriched his translation by the introduction of new terms of true Cimbric extraction, there are few, who will not say with the poet,

——"dabiturque licentia sumpta pudentèr."

Nay, I should even be disposed to assert, that, considering the skill and erudition he has, on other occasions, displayed in illustrating his native tongue, he is entitled to our gratitude for

* "Sef, teithiai dair gwaith o gylch y ddaiar, mewn tri dydd ar hyd cylch y cyhydedd, o ddwyrain i orllewin, gan gadw yn y nos, neu y rhan oddiwrth yr haul. Teithiai wedi hyny eto er cadw yn y nos, ar osgo oc yr hanner ogledd i hanner de y ddaiar, gan drosi y colrodau, neu ddau gylch dychymygawl yn tòri tros eu cilydd ar ddau gol y ddaiar."

every addition he makes to its stores from those inexhaustible resources, which no one better knows how to manage with a due regard to the characteristic genius and principles of the language. IDWAL.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XII.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—"Holl Ieuenctid Cymru."—*All ye Cambrian Youth.*—I named this beautiful melody in my 5th letter (*vide* vol. i, page 254,) merely to further the interests of the widow and family of the late H. Humphreys, for whose benefit it had been published, with variations. Nothing can be more simple than this air;—and yet there are several scientific modulations in it. As I before observed, it resembles a Spanish melody called "Folia d'Espagna," also a Russian air known by the appellation of the "Cossack." What is very singular, the same *bass* would answer both the Welsh and the Cossack air. I have been favoured with some beautiful words, to be adapted to "All ye Cambrian Youth," by one of the most elegant and best writers of the day,—a lady, in whom are combined all the requisites for forming a true poet.

"Mwynen Mon."—*The Melody of Mona.*—This is purely Welsh in every sense of the word, very pathetic and melodious; no *Cymro* can hear it without feeling its full force. It is in a minor key, and exceedingly regular in its construction.

"Megen a gollodd ei gardas."—*Margaret that lost her Garter.*—Jones, in his collection, has the following note affixed to this tune. "In the reign of Edward III the Queen, or Countess of Salisbury, is said to have dropt her garter, in dancing a minuet at Court, (Query—whether it was Margaret, wife of Sir Wm. Peito?) which the King picked up, and, seeing the nobles smile, he exclaimed "*Honi soit que mal y pense,*" which has ever since been the motto of the Garter." The melody is a very majestic composition: the first eight bars, however, of the second strain are precisely the same as "Merch Megen;" but the remaining eight bars are quite original and remarkably elegant.—There was a song sung by Madam Catalani, *composed* by some one, in which the ninth and three following bars of this air occurred.—Query,—

was this one of those extraordinary coincidences, which do occasionally happen, or plagiarism? I have been favoured with a most excellent song, adapted to this air, by a poet of the first class.

"Difyrwch Gwyr Dyfi."—*The Delight of the Men of Dovey.*—This melody may very well pass for *Irish*, particularly when performed rather quick; if I mistake not, the celebrated *Anacreon Moore* has written a song to it. But, when the air is played slow, it is exceedingly pretty.

"Mentra Gwen."—*Venture Gwen*—alluding to matrimony.—This is a peculiar composition, but very characteristic:—the second part is much like the "Melody of North Wales" (vide CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i., p. 415.) There are several Welsh songs written to this tune, and, although it is not calculated for *Pennillion*, it is frequently played by the harpers in the principality.

"Tros y Dwr."—*Over the Water.*—This is one of the most pleasing melodies I have ever heard, and not only well calculated for a song, but also for *Pennillion* of the metre, which is suitable to "Llwyn Onn," &c. &c. There is something truly fanciful in the last bars of the first and second parts, which do not finish (as is generally the case) on the key note, but on the *dominant* or fifth above, to alter which would be death by the laws of Apollo!—A bard, from South Wales, has sent me an excellent song to this air, with which I must close my letter,—remaining, as usual,

Your obedient Servant,

Newman-street, March 13, 1821. JOHN PARRY.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

"Well do I know these mountain wilds;
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream,
Is dear to memory. SOUTHEY.

WALK IV.

DOLGELLAU TO MALLWYD.

ONE of the most beautiful walks, in the neighbourhood of Dolgellau, is from that place to Mallwyd, a distance of twelve miles; but its beauty is stern and rugged, rather than verdant and fertile. For the first four miles, indeed, the ground is well cultivated, and plenteously adorned with woods and meadow land; but, farther on the prospect becomes more barren and imposing, till the rugged mountains of Bwlch Oerddrws shut in the road on either side, presenting one of those scenes of desolate grandeur and sublimity, which strike awe on the mind, and lead

it to contemplate with admiration the more stupendous works of nature. I have traversed this romantic road in the cold misty winter-morning, and in the joyful dawn of the summer's day: I have been benighted on the Bwlch in a fine frosty November night, and in the calm evening of an autumnal day. Some years ago, I remember, I was on my way from Shrewsbury to Dolgellau. It was in the latter end of November, and I did not reach Mallwyd till nearly six o'clock. The day, which was unusually fine for the time of year, had given place to a cold but beautiful moon-light night. There had been some snow a day or two before, and a continual frost had preserved it on the earth, which it covered in one smooth and sparkling mantle. I remember, too, that the worthy Richard Pugh was commissioned on this occasion to guide me over the hills to Dolgellau, and he had brought with him a stout nag for my accommodation, as he himself preferred walking through the snow. We left Mallwyd about seven o'clock, and arrived at Dinas Mawddwy in something less than an hour. Like a true thorough-bred Cambrian, Richard whispered, as we approached that paragon of pot-houses, the Blue Lion, that we should not pass any place before we reached Dolgellau, where we could get a glass of *curw*, except, indeed, a miserable house they called the Cross Foxes; and, if his honour thought well of it, we had better turn in and get a glass, as *he* could answer for the potency of the liquor. We turned in accordingly, and found the *cwrw* potent and palatable. I shall never forget the glorious scene, which opened before us, on the Bwlch. The moon-beams were resting placidly on the hills, and the frozen snow sparkled like diamonds in their clear pale light. There was a most death-like silence in the scene. The little river, which washes the base of the hills on the south, was frozen into quietness; and the sheep, which, in the day-time, enliven with their bleatings the solitude of the pass, were at rest for the night. The echo of my horse's hoofs, and the deep guttural voice of my *Cicerone*, were the only sounds which disturbed the deep stillness around us; and it will be long ere I forget the impressive solemnity of that beautiful winter evening. But wherefore this egotistical digression? Let us commence our ramble.

At the south-west corner of Dolgellau there is an outlet from the town, which leads to the Mallwyd road. Leaving on the right an antique building, which formerly served as the county jail, and on the left an old over-shot mill, we cross the little

bridge over the Aran, and find ourselves in an excellent road, with some good pasture land on each side of us,—that on the left leading down to the river Wnion. About two miles from Dolgellau we reach a solitary change-house, situated near the spot where the Machynlleth road branches off from the highway; its sign the Cross Foxes. In my boyhood I was accustomed to pay occasional visits to this said change-house, in company with my foster-mother, Mistress Catherine Reece, a very worthy good woman, a kinsman of whom then wielded the sceptre of the Cross Foxes. A very urgent provocation tempted me to ramble in summer time towards this solitary change-house: the wife of mine host was exceedingly well skilled in the compounding of—*gooseberry-fool*, a composition I have ever loved; and there was always a plate in reserve for Catherine Reece's foster-son. But many and sad are the years, which have since passed by. The good Catherine—peace be with her!—has been long since gathered to her fathers, and another dynasty enjoys the sovereignty of the Cross Foxes.

Continuing our walk we pass Gwanas, the estate of John Kennedy, Esq.; and, shortly afterwards, we arrive at Caerynwch, the comfortable mansion of our present venerable Chief Baron. The house is a modern structure, built by Sir Richard Richards, a few years ago, in a retired and most beautiful situation. The spot has always been a favourite one with the worthy Baron, and I have heard it said, that he selected it as the scite of a family residence long before the erection of the present commodious mansion. It is a fortunate and an honourable thing for Merionethshire, that it can boast of two such inhabitants as Sir Robert Vaughan and Chief Baron Richards. The benefit, which accrues to the county from the benevolent exertions of these gentlemen, is incalculable. The Baron, indeed, from the urgent and important duties of his high office, cannot pay the same degree of attention to the comfort and welfare of his dependants in Wales as Sir Robert can; but, notwithstanding the arduous occupation of his time as a *judge*, he is by no means neglectful of the duties of his calling as a *man*. After the toils of term and circuit are over, the Baron loses the venerable sternness of his official character in the more attractive duties of the country gentleman, and, at his beloved retreat of Caerynwch, enjoys a temporary tranquillity from the perplexities of his elevated situation, happy in the esteem and respect of his countrymen.

Soon after we leave Caerynwch we reach the Bwlch*, the mountains of which lift up their barren summits to the clouds in stern and desolate grandeur. The scenery is, indeed, wild and impressive enough; but, imposing as it is, it gains additional interest from the recollection that amidst its rugged wilds a meeting was held of yore, which had for its object the reform of the government of the principality. Bwlch Oerddrws, says Pennant, is noted for being one of the three places, in which were assembled, six years after the wars of Glyndwr, all the great men of certain districts, in order to enforce the observation of justice by their own weight, without any other legal sanction†. How far the resolutions of these gentlemen were carried into effect is not well known; but it is highly probable that the merciless laws, enacted against the Welsh after Glyndwr's rebellion, prevented the exercise of any one of them. There is yet another circumstance relating to the Bwlch, which harmonizes well with its romantic scenery. The Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy lived near it, and often infested it for the purpose of intercepting such travellers as were bold or unwary enough to venture across its mountains‡. But centuries have rolled on since these things happened: Wales now enjoys a happy participation in the laws of England, and her natives are undisturbed by the exploits of robbers. Having descended the Bwlch, we shortly arrive at Dinas Mawddwy, and, about two miles farther on, at the mountain village of Mallwyd, where the traveller will find very tolerable accommodations at the Cross Foxes. There are two objects well worthy of inspection in the neighbourhood of Mallwyd. One is the church-yard of the hamlet, with its venerable and majestic yew trees, and the other is the beautiful bridge about half a mile from the village. Even these alone are sufficient to repay a person for his walk; but the sensitive man will never regret the toil of a ramble to Mallwyd, as the road thither from Dolgellau is one continued display of imposing scenery.

MERVINIUS.

* *Bwlch* means, generally, in the names of places, a pass between two hills in which sense it is here used. *Bwlch Oerddrws* is the Pass of the Cold Door.—ED.

† See Tours in Wales, Vol. 2. p. 235 8vo. ed., where the reader will also observe some curious resolutions, into which the Patriots entered.

‡ Some interesting notices of the *Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy*, or Red Banditti of Mawddwy, may be seen in the first volume, at pages 184 and 266.—ED.

CAMBRIANA.—No. II.

ARTHUR'S TOMB.

THE following curious account of the discovery of Arthur's Tomb is extracted from "The Ancient History of Great Britain by John Lewis, Esq.," published in 1721, and is obviously a compilation from Geoffrey and other old writers. Its authenticity, therefore, is to be taken *cum grano salis*; but it is not on that account the less entitled to a place among the CAMBRIANA, with respect to the particular design of which the reader is referred to the seventeenth Number of this work p. 222. The orthography and other particulars of the original are strictly preserved in the following extract.

"And now, touching king Arthur's Burial,—King Arthur was buried at Glastenbury, in the Church yard, betweene two pillars of stone, and found, Ann. Dom. 1191, in the last yeare of the raign of Henry II, more than 600 yeares after the burial, 16 fote depe in the ground, for fear, lest his enemies, the Saxons, should have found him. The diggers of the grave, at the depth of seven fote in the earth, found a mighty brode stone with a cross of lead fastened to that side, which lay downwardes towardes the corps, and an inscription being on the innerside of leade, next the stone as followeth :—

"*Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in Insula Analoniæ* cum Wenevera†, uxore suâ secundâ.*"

"His body was found, not enclosed within a tomb of marble, or other stone, curiously wrought, but within a great tre, made hollow like a trunk; which, being found and digged up, was opened and therein were found the King's bones of mavellous bignes, that the shyn bone of his leg, being set on the ground, reached up to the middle of the thigh of a taull man, as a monk of that abbey hath written who lived in those daies and saw it. But Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in those daies and spake with the Abbot of the place, by whom the bones were found, affirmeth by report of the same Abbot, that the shyn bone of the said Arthur, being set up by the leg of a very tall man (the which the Abbot shewed to Giraldus), cam above the kne of the same man thre fingers breadth. Furthermore, the scul of his head was of a

* Properly *Avaloniæ*.—ED.

† Gwenhwyfar—ED.

wonderful largnes, so as the space of his forehead, betwixt his two eyes, was a span brode. Ther apeared in his skul the signes and printes of ten wounds or more, al which were growen into one wem, except only that, which seemed to be his death's wound, which, being greater than the rest, apeared very plain. Also, in opening the tomb of his wif buried with him, they found the tresses of her hayre ful and perfect, finly platted, of colour like the burnished gould, which, being touched, immediately fel to dust. The Abbot, who then was head of the House, cauled Stephen, or Henry, de Blois, or de Sully, nephew to King Henry II., by whos commaundment he had serched for the grave of Arthur, translated the bones of the King and Quene into the great church, and ther buried them in a fair double tomb of marble, laieng the body of the King at the head of the tomb, and the body of the Queen at the fete, towards the west part. The writer of the History of Cambria, or Cymbri, saieth, that the bones of the King and Quene were found in the Isle of Analon*, (which is of Aples), without the Abbey of Glastenbury, 15 fote within the ground, and that the grave was found by means of a bard, whom the King heard at Pembrok, singing the actes of King Arthur, and the place of his burial.

"By that, which hath been said, it apeareth, that this was another Gwenhwyfar than the adultres, who married Mordred†. And to make any matter, whether the tre, wherein King Arthur was buried, was an oke or an alder, I think it vain. Giraldus saieth it was an oke, Powel an alder. The British and Scotish history agre, that King Arthur lived in the daies of Justinian, the Emperor, and died about 15 years after his raign, Ann. Dom. 542: Vitus saieth in the 21st yeare of his raign, Powel in the 26th yeare. Leland, a worthy antiquary, hath gathered many aparent proufs of King Arthur and his noble actes."

WELSH METRES‡.

"Poetry and good language were in greater perfection in Wales a little before and a little after the Norman Conquest than they have been since; and the historical part of our poems is a great

* Avalon.—Ed.

† According to the ancient Welsh records Arthur had three wives of the name of Gwenhwyfar, and one called Gwenhwyfach. Mordred, here mentioned, must be a mistake for Medrawd, whose traitorous conspiracy against Arthur is recorded in the Triads.—Ed.

‡ Yorke's Royal Tribes of Wales, p. 67 in the Notes.

light to historians, both English and Welsh, Irish and Scotch. Goronwy Owain on this subject says, 'I find the old metres were what all compositions of that nature should be, that is, Lyric Verses adapted to the tunes and metres then in use. Of this sort were the several kinds of *Englynion, Cywyddau, Odlau, Gwawdodyn, Toddaid, Trybedd y Myneich*, and *Glogyrnach*, which appear to have in their composition the authentic stamp of genuine lyric poetry, and of true primitive antiquity. As to the rest, I mean *Gorchest y Beirdd, Huppynt Hir* and *Byr*, being the newest, they were falsely thought the most ingenious, and accurate, kinds of metres. But I look upon them to be rather depravations, than improvements, in our poetry. What a groveling, low, thing the *Gorchest y Beirdd* is? And I would have an impartial answer, whether the old, despised, exterminated *Englyn Milwr* hath not something of antique majesty in its composition. Now, when I have a mind to write good sense in such metre as *Gorchest y Beirdd*, and so begin, and the language itself does not afford words, that will come in to finish with sense and *cynghanedd* too, what must I do? Why, to keep *cynghanedd*, i. e. the alliteration, I must write nonsense to the end of the metre, and cramp and fetter good sense, whilst the dictionary is overturned and tormented to find out words of a like ending, sense or nonsense; and besides, suppose our language was more comprehensive and significant than it is, (which we have no reason or room to wish), what abundance of mysterious sense is such an horrid, jingling, metre, of such a length, able to contain! In short, as I understand, that it and its fellows were introduced by the authority of an *Eisteddfod*, I wish we had an *Eisteddfod* again to give them their *dimittimus* to some peaceable acrostic land, to sport and converse with the spirits of deceased puns, quibbles, and conundrums of pious memory; then should I gladly see the true primitive metres reinstated in their ancient dignity, and sense regarded more than a hideous jingle of words, which hardly ever can bear it.'

"The Welsh poetry had great compass and variety. Dr. John David Rhys, the physician and grammarian, who took his degree in Italy, introduces a comparison between the Welsh and Italian poetry, and inserts a whole Italian poem, marked in the manner he has done the Welsh. In Metastasio is a poem similar to a very favourite measure in Welsh poetry, viz.

'*Sopra il santissimo.*'—Natale Ode, vol. 9.

In this the end of the first line rhymes to the middle of the second, and the end of the second to the middle of the third."

REV. EDWARD LLWYD.

A strange and singular fatality seems to have hung over the posthumous works of this distinguished scholar and antiquary, and which has occasioned to Welsh literature a severe and irreparable loss. The untoward fate of the greatest portion of his MSS. was noticed in a former Number*; and it will be seen from the following note by Mr. Hugh Thomas, extracted from his writings among the Harleian MSS., that the misfortunes, to which Mr. Llwyd's literary labours were doomed, commenced even with the close of his mortal career. †

"Our greate friend, Mr. Edward Lhuyd of the Museum, died very suddenly the 29th of last June, 1709, and left all his labours imperfect, of which the learned part of the world have had a great loss. He was certainly the greatest philosopher and linguist, that ever our islands bred: he intended to have seen you, if he had lived, with a desire to dedicate a small book in octavo to a brother of your master's, which will now be lost‡. He is succeeded in his office by one Mr. David Parry, whom he brought up to his business and who is certainly capable of publishing his labours, if he could spare time from his pots and companions; but out of the tipling house he cannot spare one minute even to common civility, or to any learned man, or friend of Mr. Lhuyd's, so that one paper of his cannot be seen."

GLAMORGANSHIRE HOUSES §.

"It has, from very remote antiquity, been the custom in Glamorgan to white-wash the houses, not only the insides, but the outsides also, and even the barns, stables, walls of yards, gardens, &c. In a very ancient poem, by some attributed to Aneurin, who lived about the year 550, we have the following passage:—

Gnawd ym Morganwg ddiwg ddynion,
A gwragedd mewn mawredd a muriau gwynion.

In Glamorgan the people are courteous and gentle,
Married women are honoured, and the walls are white.

* No. 17, p. 200.

† It would be extremely desirable to ascertain, what part, if any, of this ill-fated collection remains, and where it is now to be found.

‡ It does not appear from the original, which is no more than a fragment of a letter, to whom this account was addressed.—Ed.

§ E. Williams's "Lyric Poems," vol. i. p. 17.

"Davydd ab Gwilym, a bard that flourished about 1350, says of Glarmorgan,—

E gâr bardd y wlad hardd hon,
A'i gwinoedd a'i thai gwynion.

The bard loves this beautiful country,
Its wines and its white houses.

And in another place, invoking the sun, he says,—

Tesog fore, gwna 'r lle'n llon,
Ag annerch y tai gwynion.

Thou sunny morning, beam joyfulness around,
And salute the white houses of Glamorgan.

Deio ab Ieuan Du, a bard, who wrote about 1450, says,—

Morganwg muriau gwynion.

Glamorgan of the white walls.

But it would be endless to quote all the bards, who have noticed this custom, which still continues.

"Mr. Penruddock Wyndham, in his tour through Monmouthshire and Wales, in the year 1781, says, that in Glamorgan 'the houses, walls, and out-buildings are commonly white-washed; and there is scarcely a cottage to be seen, which is not regularly brushed over every month.' Mr. Strutt, from Diodorus Siculus, says, that the Britons white-washed their houses with chalk. (See Chronicle of England, p. 254.) From hence it appears, that the Welsh of Glamorgan still retain a very ancient British custom."

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XI.

WELSH LINES—LORD STRAINS—BRONWEN'S URN.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR.—While looking over some old papers the other day, I accidentally met with the enclosed printed scrap of Welsh poetry, which I send for insertion in the CAMBRO-BRITON, if you think proper. Who Mr. Stephen Parry of Jesus College was I should like to know, as he has told his story well, though the lines appear now somewhat antiquated.

CARMEN CAMBRO-BRITANNICUM*.

Oes genedl, nad dwys gennych
Glywed farw ANN glôdfawr, wych?

* Written, as appears, on the death of Queen Anne. The orthography of the original is preserved.—ED.

Och! cryd, achreth, a dychryn,
A saeth i'n calonnau syn!
Pan oedh yn fyw, lhiû y lhys,
Fel enaid oedh i'r ynys;
Ei mûr oedh, a'i hymwared;
Ond pan dhigiai, crynai crêd:
Ei digofaint oedh haint hylh,
I wyr Ffraingc garw ei ffrewylh:
Ymlidiodh, gyrrodh a'i gwyr
O'r maes, a'r byd, ormeswyr:
Lhoscodh, a thorrodh, a thân
Fîl o'u tyreu, fel taran:
Ond gadawodh yn gedol
Brenhin dâ, a hêdh o'i hôl.—STEPH. PARRY ê Coll. Jes.

In No. 16 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170, your correspondent, Mr. Parry, notices a Welsh Air under the title of "Hoffder Arglwydd Strains," and to which you have affixed a query as to the accuracy of the name. I conjecture, that Lord Strange was meant, as the Barons Strange, of Knockin, Salop, of the Derby family, were, of old, important on the Borders as Lords Marchers.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, that Bronwen's Urn, of which Sir Richard Hoare has given an account in your Number for October last, is now in my possession at Chester.

I remain, Sir, yours &c.

Chester, Feb. 24, 1821. R. LLWYD.

EPITAPH AT CAERWYS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In page 229 of No. 17, I find an anonymous correspondent requesting to be informed, through the medium of your valuable publication, of the author of the lines copied upon a tomb-stone in Caerwys Church-yard.—The Cywydd, out of which they are taken, is now before me. It is the juvenile production of Thomas Hughes, then of Bala, but now of Liverpool, in commemoration of Miss Jane Foulks of Bala, buried October, 28, 1785.

The copyist has not adhered to the original in the first line; instead of "fy," when connected with "ddyn hawddgar," it should have been "ei." And you will perceive, that the lines

are in other respects inaccurately transcribed, and that two lines of the Cywydd are omitted in the Epitaph. Underneath you have the whole passage as it is in the original publication.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

Llanarmon-yn-Iál, Feb. 28, 1821. SAMUEL DAVIES.

"Er rhoi ei chorph i orphwys,
Ddyn hawddgar, i'r ddaear ddwys;
Cwyd ei llwch o'r trwch lle trig,
Llygradwy'n anllygredig:
Cadarn gorn neu udgorn Nef,
Ar ei ddeiliaid ry ddolef.
Ni all angau a'i gleddau glas,
Er eu lladd 'nawr eu lluddias;
Clywant, hwy godant yn glau,
A dringant o dir angau:
Ac yna bydd gogoniant
Un argraph Seraph a Sant."

DEAN SWIFT.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Though no person living can more warmly appreciate the *genuine* wit, that pervades the works of Dean Swift, than myself, yet it is with great contempt I have noticed the puerile sarcasms on Wales and the Welsh character, in which he has thought proper to indulge in the course of his writings, where he holds to ridicule—not their individual vices, nor any general trait of character degrading to a people, but—*their poverty!!*

I should be glad, Mr. Editor, if you or any of your correspondents, who are better informed on the subject than myself, would state whether Dean Swift has any foundation in truth for the following assertion contained in one of his Poems in praise of Ireland, which I very much doubt:—

"This beauteous Island Pallas call'd her own
When haughty Britain was a land unknown."

If this query is worth a place in your MISCELLANIST, its insertion will oblige Your obedient and humble Servant.

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXXIII.

Rhywun sydd, a Rhywun eto,
Ac am Rhywun 'r wy'n myfyrio;
Pan fwyf dryma 'r nos yn cysgu,
Fe ddaw Rhywun ac a'm deffry.

LXXXIV.

Bum yn claddu hen gydymmaith,
A gododd yn fy mhen i ganwaith;
Ac yr wy'n ammeu, er ei briddo,
Y cyfyd yn fy mhen i eto.

LXXXV.

Tro yma dy wyneb, f'enaid fwyn,
A gwrando ar gwyn dy gariad:
Gwn nad oes un mab yn fyw,
Na sercha liw dy lygad.

Mi wyf yma fal y gweli,
Heb na chyfoeth na thylodi;
Os meiddi gyda mi gyd-fydio,
Di gei ran o'r fuchedd hono.

LXXXVI.

O! mor gynes mynwes meinwen,
O! mor fwyn yw llwyn meillionen,
O! mor felus yw 'r cusanau
Gyda serch a mwynion eiriau.

LXXXVII.

Mi ddarllenais fod yn rhwyfodd
I'r byd hwn wyth rân ymadrodd,
Ac i'r gwragedd (anglod iddynt)
Fyn'd â saith o'r wythran rhyngddynt.

LXXXVIII*.

Blin yw caru yma ac acw,
Blin bod heb y blinder hwnw;
Ond o'r blinderau blinaf blinder,
Cur anifyr caru 'n ofer.

* The classical scholar will of course perceive, that this is a translation of a well known Greek epigram.—ED.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIII.

Some-one here, and Some-one there,
Some-one all my thoughts declare:
When in soundest sleep at night,
Some-one comes and wakes me quite.

LXXXIV.

My old companion, here he lies,
Who oft hath risen in my head;
And there again, no doubt, he'll rise,
Though now he moulders 'mong the dead*.

LXXXV.

My fair one, turn thy face this way,
And hear thy lover's plaint I pray:
No youth there lives, who does not prize,
As well I wot, those sparkling eyes.

For me, I am just as you see,
Nor wealth I know nor poverty:
If thou consentest to be mine,
One half this lot shall then be thine.

LXXXVI.

Yon white breast, how full of blisses!
Oh, how fair yon blooming grove!
Oh, how sweet a maiden's kisses,
With the tender voice of love!

LXXXVII.

I have read, what schoolmen teach,
That there are eight parts of speech,
And that women (praise be given)
To themselves have taken seven.

LXXXVIII.

Love is painful, all will own,
Not to love is still a pain;
But the keenest sorrow known
*** Is to love and love in vain.

* The reader needs hardly to be informed, that the worthy defunct, on whom this *pennill* is written, is no less a personage than the renowned Sir John Barleycorn.—Ed.

THE WAR SONG OF BLEDDYN*.

Sons of chiefs, whose forms repose,
Where the cloud its shadow throws
Over Snowdon's craggy height,
Rise, and nerve ye for the fight!
Hark! his wing the raven flutters,
Ominous the sounds he utters,
Sounds of death unto our foes,
Ere another day shall close.

Sons of chiefs, arise, behold
Yonder banner's massy fold,
Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,
To the dust inglorious hurl it.
Down upon their columns sweep,
As the whirlwind on the deep,
When its all-destroying breath
Lays the mighty low in death.

By the wrongs, that ye have felt,
Deeply let the blow be dealt,
That the Saxon host may know,
They have met no common foe:
Rising morn shall view the raven
Tear the brest of every craven;
But the brave shall win their right:
Sons of chiefs, advance to fight.

S. R. J.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

Where the long grass waves its head
Are the valiant lying:
There its dew the cloud doth shed,
There the breeze is sighing.

* These stanzas, and the following "Melody," come, it will be seen, from the same pen, and are highly creditable to the poetical talent, that has produced them. The writer is now employed on a long poem, founded on an event in the history of Wales, and which it is his intention to publish, provided there should be a prospect of sufficient encouragement: and, should the whole prove equal to the specimen of it which the Editor has seen, it will richly merit the general patronage of the Principality.—Ed.

There their noble forms repose,
Who beheld the struggle close,
Ending all their country's woes,
Bravely for her dying.

Where the noxious weeds arise,
There the craven sleepeth:
Who for him in secret sighs?
Who above him weepeth?
Like a cloud his name shall pass,
Like the dew upon the grass,
Whence his race, or what he was,
None remembrance keepeth.

S. R. J.

"SWEET AMONG THE WAVING TREES"*.

Written and composed by Mr. J. Parry, Editor of "Welsh Melodies," for Mr. Braham, and sung by him, with the greatest success, in the opera of "Love in a Village," at Drury Lane Theatre.

SWEET among the waving trees,
Gently blows the morning breeze,
Bright the gems that deck the thorn,
Fair the form by nature worn.

While sluggards on their couches lie,
And never taste the sweets of morn,
O'er hills and dales gay sportsmen fly,
With merry hound, and mellow horn!
Mankind have various sports in view,
Some hunt for wealth, and some for fame;
While those who virtue's chase pursue,
Seek spotless honour for their game.
While sluggards, &c. &c. &c.

* A little deviation from the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON is made in the insertion of this song; but, as it is the production of a Welshman, and the only one who has *written and composed* for our national theatres, it cannot but be gratifying to the friends of the Principality, and especially to the lovers of poetry, to have it recorded in these pages.—ED.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—A General Meeting of this Society took place on the first Saturday in last month, when Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart, the President, was in the chair. The devices for the medal, of which an account was given in the last Number, were finally approved; and the necessary arrangements, preparatory to the Anniversary of the 22nd of May, were also made. Sir W. W. Wynn has promised to preside on that occasion; and it is to be hoped, that the first annual meeting of this patriotic institution will be celebrated by a full attendance of such of the members and other friends to the cause, as may be then in London. The Prize Ode, as appears by the advertisement, will be recited on that day; and there are in preparation some Essays, on subjects connected with Welsh literature, which will also be read at the same time. So it may reasonably be anticipated, that the first anniversary of the Cambrian Institution will not pass without its due share of interest and attraction.

CYMMRODORION IN POWYS.—The following is a description of the Medals and other prizes, awarded by the Cymmrodorion in Powys, at their *Eisteddfod* in September, and the whole of which have been executed, with singular taste and beauty, by Mr. DAVID ELLIS, 2, John Street, Oxford Street, London, who has been appointed Medalist to the Society:—

1. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. EVAN EVANS, of Trefriw, Carnarvonshire, for the best CYWYDD (Poem) on the longing of a Welshman for his country in a foreign land. The obverse represents a ship leaving the shore, and on the reverse is the name of the successful candidate.

2. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. ROBERT DAVIES, of Nantglyn, Denbighshire, for the best AWDL (Ode) on the death of his late Majesty. On the obverse is raised, in fine relief, a representation of the Bardic Chair, and on the reverse is an appropriate inscription, with the following lines:—

"Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun bioedd hen Bowys."

3. A SILVER MEDAL and CHAIN.—To the Rev. W. J. REES, of Cascob, A. M. for the best ESSAY on the Notices of Britain in ancient authors. In the centre of the obverse of the Medal is the representation of an open Book, on which are engraved the words "Essay on Britain:" above, and nearly surrounding the Book, on a raised ribbon, is the following inscription in Bardic characters,—"Gwell Dysg na Golud" [Learning is better than Wealth]; and round the ribbon, near the edge, is a chased wreath of laurel. On the reverse is inscribed—"Presented by the Cymmrodorion in Powys." The chain is also remarkably elegant.

4. A SILVER MEDAL.—To the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, author of "Horæ Britannicæ," for the best ESSAY on the history and character of Arthur whether real or fabulous.—The obverse represents an ancient fortified city on the banks of a river, above which is the inscription—"Caerllion ar Wysg, lle bu Arthur yn teyrnasu" [Caerleon on Usk, where Arthur reigned]; and on the reverse is another inscription, appropriate to the occasion, on which the medal was gained.

5. A MINIATURE SILVER HARP.—To Mr. RICHARD ROBERTS, of Carnarvon, as best performer on the Triple Harp. This Harp is beautifully executed.

6. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. LEWIS ROBERTS, of Maentwrog, as the best DATGEINIAD, or Vocalist. The obverse presents a Laurel wreath; and on the reverse is an appropriate inscription.

7. A SILVER MEDAL.—To Mr. JOHN HUGHES, Master of the Royal Denbigh Band.—On the obverse is the representation of a lyre; and on the reverse is inscribed—"Presented by the Cymmrodorion Society to Mr. John Hughes."

8. A SILVER CUP with HANDLES.—To Mr. JOHN PARRY, Editor of "Welsh Melodies," as Director of the Concerts. This Cup, which is of beautiful workmanship and of the most elegant form, has a vine leaf and grape border, exquisitely chased, and is within richly gilt. On the sides are two inscriptions, one in Welsh the other in English, commemorative of the occasion, on which Mr. Parry's exertions so well merited this tasteful acknowlegement.

Mr. Ellis, under whose directions and superintendence these prizes have been prepared, is a native of the Principality, and deserves the general patronage of his countrymen for the happy

union of design and execution, which he has displayed upon this occasion. Mr. Ellis is also Medalist to the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution.

CHURCH UNION SOCIETY IN THE DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.—The following Premiums are proposed for the Society's Prize Subjects for this year.

1. A premium of Fifty Pounds (by benefaction) for the best Essay on the Scripture doctrines of Adultery and Divorce, and on the criminal character and punishment of adultery by the ancient laws of England and other countries.

2. A premium of Five and Twenty Pounds for the best Essay on the influence of a moral life on our judgment in matters of faith.—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."—John vii. 17.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—This national festival was observed both in and out of the Principality with the honours usually lavished on our tutelar Saint. But, as it would exceed the limits of this publication to launch into all the particulars, this article will be confined to a brief account of the proceedings in the metropolis and at Liverpool, at which places St. David has generally found his most liberal votaries.

The Society of Ancient Britons in London, more generally known as the "Welsh Charity," celebrated, on this occasion, their 107th aniversary. The President, Sir W. W. Wynn, and other officers of the Institution, after breakfasting together at the School house in Gray's Inn Lane, went in the usual procession, accompanied by the children of the Charity, and a large assemblage of its friends, to St. George's Church, Hanover Square, where the service was read in Welsh by the Chaplain, and an English sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bp. of Llandaff. The company afterwards met at dinner at the Freemason's Tavern, where the chair was filled by H. S. H. the Prince of Saxe Coburg. About four hundred individuals were present, among whom were several noblemen, and gentlemen of distinction, connected with Wales; and it is hardly necessary to add, that the meeting was distinguished by the customary union of national feeling and convivial hilarity. His Majesty, as Patron of the Society, presented his usual annual donation of one hundred guineas, making the sum total of his contribution to the funds of the Institution, since he has become Patron, to amount to £6090. The subscriptions of the day were announced as being near £1,100, a sum,

which has, however, been considerably exceeded on former occasions. The Duke of Wellington will preside at the next anniversary.

At Liverpool similar demonstrations of respect to the memory of St. David were manifested by the sons of Cymru resident in that town. A respectable and numerous party, accompanied by the children of the Welsh Charity School, went in procession, through some of the principal streets, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather, to St. Paul's Church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Davies, Rector of Llandulas. The Directors of the Welsh School and a numerous company afterwards dined at the Neptune Hotel, where the patriotic conviviality, natural to the occasion, prevailed to a late hour*. Other parties dined together at their respective inns; and the children of the Charity School were also bountifully regaled in the school-room. The festivities of the day concluded with a ball and supper at Mr. Paris's Rooms, where mirth and gaiety reigned paramount through the evening. ***

LITERATURE.

Hen Ganiadau Cymru.—Mr. Jones, Bard to his Majesty, has recently published, under this title, another collection of our ancient national airs, the particulars of which are explained in an advertisement on the wrapper of this Number. It may be noticed, generally, however, that the present volume is more exclusively musical than those, that have preceded it under the title of "Relics of the Bards,"—a circumstance, which may not be displeasing to the lovers of harmony, however valuable the historical information contained in the author's former productions. The part, now published, of this volume contains a neat and well-executed frontispiece; and the subscribers to the other two volumes will, of course, consider it a necessary accompaniment to them.

Welsh Melodies.—It is well known, that Mr. Parry has, for some time, announced his intention of publishing a second volume of this popular work: and it is gratifying to find from a notice, accompanying this Number, that the admirers of our national music will speedily be in possession of this additional treat. When the work appears, some specimens of the poetry,—

* The Editor profits by this opportunity, to express his acknowlegement of the flattering manner, in which his humble services were noticed at this dinner.

the whole of which has been written expressly for the occasion, —will be introduced into the CAMBRO-BRITON; and in the mean time it may be stated with full confidence, that, whether in a poetical or musical point of view, this forth-coming volume will be found to possess superior claims on the public attention, and particularly on the attention of those, who know how to estimate the characteristic beauties of our national melodies.

CELTO-BRETONNE DICTIONARY.—M. Lagonidec, author of the Celto-Bretonne Grammar, is now preparing for the press a Dictionary of the same language, and of which report speaks highly. This work will, necessarily, prove a valuable accession to the stores of Cimbric literature; though, were the learned author as well versed in the language of the British Cymry as he appears to be in the Cymraeg of Brittanny, his work would, naturally, be rendered considerably more valuable. But even on its present plan it cannot fail to ensure a hearty welcome from the lovers of Celtic lore. It is satisfactory to be able to add to this notice, that this branch of learning, which, during the war, had fallen into great neglect in France, is now likely to be again cultivated with some spirit, and to which the recent establishment of the Welsh Societies in this country seems, in no small degree, to have contributed.

MEMOIRS OF OWAIN GLYNDWR.—A Prospectus has just been circulated of a projected publication under this title, which is also to embrace "the history of the Ancient Britons * from the conquest of Wales by Edward I to the present time." The gentleman, who undertakes this national work, is the Rev. T. Thomas, Rector of Aberporth, who is likewise known as the author of the Prize Essay on the Hebrew language, in the Diocese of St. David's, in 1810; and he comes forward on this occasion under the particular patronage of the venerable Archdeacon of Cardigan. It cannot be necessary to dwell on the value of such a work as this, if executed with competent means and ability; for, as has been remarked on former occasions in the CAMBRO-BRITON, Wales is extremely deficient in works of merit both in history and biography,—those branches of literature, which are, of all perhaps, the most captivating. The life of Glyndwr, besides, presents, in particular, matter of paramount interest to the na-

* Is there not something objectionable in the appellation of "Ancient Britons," with reference to the particular period, to which it is here applied? —ED.

tives of Wales; and to enter with minuteness into all the historical events, connected with it, would of itself occupy, perhaps, a larger volume than Mr. Thomas appears to contemplate for the accomplishment of a much more extensive design *. However, it is not meant to insinuate, that all the important events, "from the conquest of Wales to the present time," may not be compressed within the proposed limits, so as still to preserve all that is essential to the interest of the narrative. This may, possibly, be effected, and, at all events, the praise-worthy enterprise merits a general encouragement. The following extract from the Prospectus explains more particularly the aim of the writer.

"The history of the Ancient Britons is divided into two periods, that of the Aborigines to the time of Cadwaladr, when they possessed the sovereignty of the whole island, and that containing the transactions of the Princes of Wales to their conquest by Edward I. A supplement to the history of these periods is a *desideratum* in the annals of Wales, which urged the author to investigate every document affecting the Welsh, collectively as a nation, record every insurrection and material incident, subsequent to their subjugation to the crown of England, and arrange into a memoir, accessible to common readers, military operations, hitherto interspersed through voluminous and rare publications, ancient and modern. The Insurrection of Glyndwr forms the most prominent part of the collection now submitted to public view."

CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH—The few observations, which appeared under this head in the last Number, have had the effect of producing two letters, to which insertion is here given, not with any hope, that they may lead to the result, the writers so kindly anticipate, but merely because they afford a proof of two patriotic exceptions to that indifference, with which the announcement of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH was received—an indifference, so completely at variance with the spirit now so generally *professed* in the Principality, that it is not to be explained on any rational grounds.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As a Cymro, I feel the full weight of your reproof, respecting the hint, thrown out in the 15th number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, relative to a projected work on the plan of Plutarch's Lives. There is an old adage, which may be here ap-

* The proposed size of the work is one octavo volume.—ED.

plied with great propriety—"What is every body's work, is nobody's." I therefore strongly recommend, that a Prospectus be immediately issued, detailing the object of the undertaking, and the vast advantages that would accrue from it, not only to the Welsh *literati*, but to Great Britain at large. Let the work be published by subscription, and in numbers or parts, if you please; then the patriotic and enterprizing author would be secured in some measure. Surely, Sir, the Cymmrodorion and other societies, connected with the Principality, would be strenuous in their endeavours to encourage a publication of such importance. Happy am I to say, that the noblemen, gentry, clergy, &c. &c. of Wales appear to be alive to the interests and honour of their mother country, and I have no doubt but the plan, I here recommend, would meet with a most flattering reception.—With a hope of seeing a long list of subscribers on the 22nd of May next, the Anniversary of the Royal Cambrian Institution,

I remain, Sir,

Near Cader Idris,
March 10, 1821.

Your humble servant,
OFYDD.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I am sorry to find, that the design of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH is abandoned for want of proper encouragement; for I am well aware, that the annals of Cambria contain—

"Many a flower, that's born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"

and which, I had flattered myself, would have been brought to view through the medium of the above work,—a work, which, if published, would have been purchased by many, though very few might have been able to aid the author in his undertaking; as it can be but few, who could gain access to those documents, from which I should suppose the author of the CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH would have derived a great part of his information.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A CAMBRO-BRITON.

HISTORY OF WALES.—About two years have elapsed since Mr. Edward Williams published his "Prospectus of Collections for a new History of Wales;" and it was generally supposed at the time, that a part, at least, of the projected work would soon appear under the sanction of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY in Dyved. This hope, however, has not been realized; but the establishment

of three other national institutions since that period gives us a plausible ground for presuming, that this really valuably accession to the stores of Welsh literature will not be lost for want of adequate encouragement. *Carpe diem* ought to be the rule of the Societies on this occasion.

REPORT OF THE WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.—This Report, which has been prepared under the able superintendence of the Rev. W. J. Rees, of Cascob, will, in all probability, be ready for publication, early this month. And, as considerable pains have been taken to render it an accurate record of all the late proceedings at Wrexham, it cannot fail to be perused with an interest proportionate with that, which was excited by the Eisteddfod itself.

* * *

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

There is now living in the parish of Llanberis, Carnarvonshire, an ancient couple, whose united ages amount to 182 years: the husband, Morris Davies, being 89 and his wife 93. They have been united in the bands of Hymen 64 years, and have 132 descendants now living, of whom 10 are their own children, 66 grand-children, and 56 great-grand-children. The old man is sufficiently well to attend Church every Sunday; but his more aged partner has been, for some time, bed-ridden. They are so poor, as to receive parochial relief.

In the same neighbourhood lives also Ellen Owen, at the advanced age of 95. She goes regularly to the mountain to collect turf and heath, and can walk to Carnarvon, a distance of nine miles, and back in the same day.

To these living examples may be subjoined the two following of persons recently deceased.

Mr. John James, Plas-Merchant, Pembrokeshire, aged..	87
Rees Lewis, Esq., Cromcloch, Carmarthenshire	91
Total number of years	178

Average to each individual 89 years.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 19. P. 289. l. 11. *after* "son" *insert* of.—In the Notes *for* "84" *read* 78.

——— P. 313. l. 27. *for* "Myddavi" *read* Myddvai.

——— P. 327. l. 7. *for* "Fford" *read* Ffordd.

——— P. 328. *for* "PENNILION" *read* PENNILLION.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

MAY, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

THE TRIADS.—No. XIX.

TRIADS OE THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

LXXXIII. THREE things that were the cause of the subduing of Lloegr [England] and wresting it from the Cymry: the harbouring of strangers; the liberating of prisoners; and the present of the bald man.

[Triad LXXIX of the first series agrees with the above, which, however, is not in the second series.—The first circumstance, mentioned here, must have been the invitation of the Saxons; but it does not appear, from any memorials now extant, what liberation of prisoners could have been of so momentous a result. The present of the bald man was, most probably, the encouragement given by the Pope, when St. Austin led the Saxons against the Welsh, and instigated the massacre of the monks of Bangor Iscoed, in Flintshire, of which a notice appears in the 17th Number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 218.]

LXXXIV. The three men, who escaped from the battle of Camlan: Morvran ab Tegid, in consequence of being so ugly, that every body, thinking him to be a demon out of hell, fled from him; Sandde Bryd Angel [Angel-Aspect], in consequence of being so fine of form, so beautiful and fair, that no one raised a hand against him, as he was thought to be an angel from heaven; and Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr [Great-grasp], from his size and strength, so that none stood in his way, and every body fled before him: that is, excepting those three men, none escaped from Camlan.

[Triad LXXXV of the first series agrees with this, but without the concluding assertion, of none escaping besides those three. It is not in the second series. Sandde, here mentioned, was a

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 70. Tr. 82—95.

son of Llywarch Hen, the celebrated warrior and poet, of whom a copious memoir may be seen in the first volume of this work. What is here recorded of these three warriors is also detailed in the Mabinogi, or Romantic Tale, of Culhwch, with the additional circumstances, that Morvran was covered with hair, like a stag, and that Glewlwyd was the porter of King Arthur.].

LXXXV. The three chief Perpetual Choirs of the Isle of Britain: the College of Illtyd the Knight, in Caer Worgorn; the Choir of Emrys, in Caer Caradawg; and the College of Gwydrin, in the Isle of Avallen: and in each of those three colleges there were 2400 saints; that is, there were a hundred, every hour of the day and the night, in rotation, perpetuating the praise and service of God, without resting, without intermission.

[Triad LXXX of the first series entitles the above the diligent perpetual Song; and, instead of Bangor Illtyd, in Caer Worgorn, it has Bangor only, which is obscure, as there were several Bangors *. Bangor Illtyd is in Glamorganshire, and is now called Llan Illtyd Vawr, which the Englishry there have corrupted into Lantwit Major. Cor Emrys was Ambresbury, and Bangor Wydrin was Glastonbury.]

LXXXVI. The three Tribe Herdsmen of the Isle of Britain: first, Benren the Herdsman, in Gorwennydd, who kept the herd of Caradawg ab Bran and his tribe, and in which herd there were 21,000 milch cows; second, Gwdion, the son of Don, who kept the cattle of the tribe of Gwynedd, above the Conwy, and in that herd were 21,000; third, Llawvrodedd the Knight, who tended the kine of Nudd the Generous, the son of Senyllt, and in that herd were 21,000 milch kine.

[It is no very easy matter to reconcile these memorials with the genuineness of historical narrative: it is, therefore, not improbable, that the circumstances, comprised in this Triad, had some connection with the romantic lore of the Cymry. Gorwennydd, in Glamorganshire, was a part of the ancient Siluria; and Caradog ab Bran was the celebrated Caractacus of the Roman writers, and a prince of Siluria.—Gwdion ab Don has generally been regarded as a mythological character: he is recorded in a subsequent Triad as one of the "three distinguished astronomers of Britain."—Llawvrodedd is considered to be identified with Llawgad Trwm Bargod Eiddyn, commemorated in a Triad, previously translated, as the murderer of Avaon, the son of Taliesin.]

* See No. 19 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 322.—ED.

LXXXVII. The three Cruising Fleets of the Isle of Britain: the fleet of Llawr, the son of Eiriv; and the fleet of Divwg, the son of Alban; and the fleet of Dolor, the son of Mwrchath, king of Manaw.

[The names, as they occur in Triad LXXII of the first series, have been adopted here, thus changing Llawr mab Eidriv into Llawr mab Eiriv. Triad XII of the second series has the names thus,—Llary vab Yryv, Digniv vab Alan, and Solor vab Urnach. Neither of those two series notices that Mwrchath was king of Manaw, or the Isle of Man. For the original words, *Tair Llynges Cynniwair*, "three hovering or roving fleets" would be more literal. It cannot be precisely ascertained to what period the events, here recorded, are to be ascribed.]

LXXXVIII. The three Principal Cities of the Isle of Britain: Caer Llion upon Wysg, in Cymru; Caer Llundain, in Lloegr; and Caer Evrawg, in Deivr and Brynaich.

[This Triad does not occur in the other two series.—These names, as at present called, are Caerleon upon Usk, in Wales; London, in England; and York, in Deira and Bernicia, as named by historians.—Caerllion, or the Fortress of the Floods, was so called from its situation; the etymology of Llundain, or London, is not so certain; Caer Evrawg, or the Fortress of Evrawg, took its name from its founder, Evrawg Gadarn, or Evrawg the Mighty, who, according to the British Chronicles, was the sixth king of Britain.]

LXXXIX. The three Mighty Achievements of the Isle of Britain: the raising of the Stone of Ceti; the building of the Work of Emrys; and the heaping of the Pile of Cyvrangon.

[The first and second series have not this Triad. We are informed, that there is a vast stone, resting upon others, in that part of Glamorganshire, which forms the peninsula of Gwyr, or Gower, and which still bears the name of Maen Ceti, or the Stone of Ceti. As this monument cannot be far distant from Swansea, some reader of the CAMBRO-BRITON, residing there, will perhaps oblige the Editor with a description of it. The work of Emrys, or Ambrosius, is Stonehenge. That this structure is not older than the period here mentioned, may be inferred from the fact of the stones having been worked by tools; that being contrary to the principles, upon which the ancient bardic or druidical circles were formed. An accurate observer will easily discover, that the present erection has been blended with a more ancient circle, of which some of the stones remain, on

the inner verge of the *vallum.*—*Cludair Cyvrangon,* translated the Pile of *Cyvrangon,* is, literally, the Heaped Mound of Congregations; and there is a circumstance, which goes a great way to prove that Silbury was thus designated; which is its taking its name from the primary circle of Abury, and the circle also having its name from the mound of *Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon,* or the Presidency of the Hill of Cognitions; the two thus connected being the place where the Britons held their general assemblies. A future opportunity will be taken for offering some observations on these stupendous remains, which, for their rude magnificence, are not to be surpassed in this or any other country. In the mean time, the reader is referred to p. 468 of the first volume, for a brief account of their general characteristics.]

XC. The three Distinguished Astronomers of the Isle of Britain: Idris the Giant; Gwdion, the son of Don; and Gwyn ab Nudd; and by the extent of their knowledge concerning the stars, their natures and their qualities, they could prognosticate whatever was wished to be known unto the day of doom.

[This Triad is not in the first and second series. The title of *Gwyn-seronyddion,* or white astronomers, in the original, is ambiguous. If they were Druids, the epithet might have related to their dress, as the dress of that order was white; *gwyn* was also a term for intellectual state, or happiness. Idris Gawr is supposed to have flourished prior to the commencement of all historical documents now extant. Tradition assigns to him the highest mountain in Meirion for his study; and which, therefore, is named, after him, *Cader Idris,* or the Keep of Idris*.—Though Gwdion ab Don and Gwyn ab Nudd are placed towards the close of the fifth century, and introduced into the Mabinogion, as cotemporary with the warriors of that period, they appear, nevertheless, to have been mythological characters. The galaxy is called *Caer Gwdion,* or the rampart of Gwdion. The *Woden* of the Saxons is said to have come originally from the banks of the river Don; and, as the Cymry make *Gwdion* the son of Don, they probably were one and the same personage. The name of Gwdion occurs also in the next Triad as a disciple of Math ab Mathonwy; and he is besides recorded as lord of Arvon, as in the following line of Taliesin:—

"Pan aeth Caswallon Hir i dir mab Don."

From a poem composed by Davydd ab Gwilym, in 1346, we learn that Gwyn ab Nudd was the king of the fairies.]

* M. de Gebelin, in his *Monde Primitif,* (tom. 3. p. 392,) observes, that Enoch was known in the East under the name of Idris, or the Wise.—Ed.

XCI. The three Men of Illusion and Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Math ab Mathonwy, who discovered his illusion to Gwdion, the son of Don; and Menw, the son of the Three Cries, who taught his illusion to Uthyr Bendragon; and Rhuddlwm the Giant, who learned his illusion from Eiddilig the Dwarf, and Coll, the son of Collvrewi.

[Triad XXXII of the first series and Triad XX of the second series are thus:—The three Primary Illusions of the Isle of Britain: the illusion of Math, the son of Mathonwy, which taught Gwdion, the son of Don; and the illusion of Uthr Bendragon, which taught Menw mab Teirgwaedd; and the third was the illusion of Rhuddlwm Gawr, which taught Coll, the son of Collvrewi. In the first series are two other Triads of these illusions, No. XXXI and XXXIII. No. XXXI is thus:—The three Men of Illusion and Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Menyw, the son of the Three Cries; Eiddilig the Dwarf; and Math ab Mathonwy. No. XXXIII. The three Primary Ones of Phantasy of the Isle of Britain: Coll, the son of Collvrewi; Menyw, the son of the Three Cries; and Drych ail Cibddar.—Math is the hero of one of the Mabinogion, wherein he is called Prince of Gwynedd.—Menw was, probably, the same as the Indian Menu, who delivered the three revelations of the *Vedas;* and what adds to the probability is, that the terms *Veda* and *Gwaedd* appear to be of one origin; for a great number of words, in the Sanscrit, as well as in the Latin, and other languages, having *v* for their initial, exist also in the Welsh with a *g* for their initial, a variation which may be accounted for by the system of initial mutations, still common to the Welsh language, as fully explained in page 401, &c. of the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON. It may be remarked generally of the characters recorded in this Triad, that their history is so involved in mythological obscurity as not to be now explained with any certainty. Their connection with the fabulous personages of other countries is, however, to be inferred from a similarity of names and other obvious affinities, which cannot be satisfactorily elucidated within the limited compass of these illustrations.]

XCII. The three Beneficent Artisans of the Isle of Britain: Corvinwr, the Bard of Ceri, of the Long White Lake, who first made a ship with sail and rudder for the nation of the Cymry; Morddal, the Man of the Torrent, the artisan of Ceraint ab Greidiawl, who first taught the work of stone and lime to the nation of the Cymry, in the time when the Emperor Alexander was bringing the world under him; and Coel ab Cyllin ab Caradawg

ab Bran, who first made a mill of round and wheel for the nation of the Cymry: and they were three bards.

[As this Triad is not in the first and second series, and as the events are not recorded in any other document known to the writer of this note, he can say nothing towards its illustration, more than the reader himself may be able to comprehend of it. It may, however, be conjectured of Coll ab Cyllin, that, as he was grandson of the celebrated Caractacus, he may have acquired the art here alluded to at Rome, while a prisoner there with the rest of his family.]

XCIII. The three Inventors of Song and Record of the Isle of Britain: Gwyddon Ganhebon, who was the first in the world that made vocal song; and Hu the Mighty, who first applied vocal song to the preserving of memory and record; and Tydain Tad Awen, who first conferred art on vocal song, and system on record: and from what was done by these three men originated bards and bardism, and the arranging of those things into a system of privilege and custom by the three primary bards: namely, Plennydd, and Alawn, and Gwron.

[This Triad is not in the other series. Gwyddon Ganhebon is a very remarkable appellation, and it means the Hawk-headed Gnostic, by which he seems to be identified with the Egyptian Hermes.—Tydain Tad Awen implies Tydain the Father of the Muse.—Notices of the personages enumerated in this Triad occur before in the CAMBRO-BRITON. See vol. i. pp. 46, 127, and 129, and the present volume, pp. 59, 145, and 146.]

XCIV. The three Primary Youth Trainers of the Isle of Britain: Tydain Tad Awen; Menw Hen; and Gwrhir, the Bard of Teilo, in Llandav: and they were three bards.

[This is not in the other series. The first two persons, here recorded, have been already noticed. Gwrhir was one of the saints of Catwg's College during the fifth century, and to whom there is a church dedicated at Llys Vaen, in Gwaenllwg.]

XCV. The three Beneficent Youth Trainers of the Isle of Britain: Cadawg ab Gwynlliw, in Llan Garvan; Madawg Morvryn, in the college of Illtyd; and Deiniol Wyn, in Gwynedd: they were three bards.

[This is not in the other series. The Cadawg here mentioned is Catwg the Wise.—Madawg Morvryn was the father of Merddin, the bard of Celyddon, of whom a memoir appeared in the 18th number of the CAMBRO-BRITON.—Deiniol was the founder of Bangor in Arvon, of which he was the first bishop. There

are also churches dedicated to him in the counties of Cardigan, Monmouth, and Pembroke. He died in the year 554, and was buried in the Isle of Enlli.]

XCVI. The three Tribe Shepherds of the Isle of Britain: Colwyn, the shepherd of the tribe of Bran ab Llyr Lledïaith, in Morganwg; Pibydd Moel, the shepherd of the tribe of Tegerin, of the family of Llwydiarth, in Mon; and Gwesyn, the shepherd of the tribe of Goronw ab Ednywain, king of Tegeingl, in Rhyvoniawg: the number tended by each of those three men was 120,000; and each had under him 300 slaves, in the protection of the nation of the Cymry.

[This is not in the first or second series.—Bran has appeared before, in several Triads.—In what period the Pibydd Moel, or Bald Piper, of Llwydiarth, in Anglesey, lived is not known.—Ednywain, lord of Lower Tegeingl, called also Ednywain Bendew, who lived in the eleventh century, occurs in our books of Pedigrees, as the stock from which many families of Denbighshire and Flintshire derive their origin. Tegeingl was the western part of the present county of Flint, with the adjacent part of the Vale of Clwyd. Ednywain resided at Coed y Mynydd, in the parish of Ysceiviog, in the county of Flint.]

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

APHORISMS BY CATWG THE WISE*.

No one is discreet but he that perceives himself to be simple:
No one is knowing but he that knows himself:
No one is mighty but he that conquers himself:
No one is sensible but he that is aware of his misconception:
No one is wise but he that understands his ignorance:
No one is watchful but he that watches over himself:
No one is wary but he that avoids what his desire craves for:
No one is blind but he that sees not his own fault:
No one is discerning but he that discerns his own failing:
No one is strong but he that overcomes his weakness.

THE COUNSELS OF CATWG TO ASWR, THE SON OF CYNHAIARN†.

Accuse thyself and not another:
Abase thyself and not another:

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 15. † Ib. vol. iii. p. 59.

Teach thyself before thou teachest another:
Know thyself in order to know another:
Chastise thyself, chastise not another:
Benefit thyself if thou wouldest benefit another;
From seeing thyself more foolish than another, thou shalt be able to become wiser than another.

THE WISDOM OF THE CYMRY*.

THE SEVEN GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT †.

1. The understanding, in the soul, to comprehend:
2. Reason, to methodise:
3. The senses, to operate:
4. Bodily powers, to accomplish:
5. Affection, to love good and to hate evil:
6. Genius, to invent and to study sciences:
7. Conscience, to judge of all goodness and wickedness.

From these are derived all knowlege and art, and every joy, comfort, and happiness.

Thus said the Blue Bard of the Chair ‡.

THE NINE BEATITUDES OF HEAVEN §.

1. Day without night, or light without darkness:
2. Peace without war, or love without hate:
3. Health without ailment, or enjoyment without weariness:
4. Joy without sadness, or pleasure without displeasure:
5. Wealth without luxury, or possession without sin:
6. Understanding without lack of understanding ||, or knowlege without ignorance:
7. Honour without disgrace, or respect without disrespect:
8. Liberty without restraint, or free will without error:
9. Life without death, or God and enough.

* The third volume of the Archaiology of Wales contains thirty-five pages of miscellaneous maxims under this title, which will, therefore, be adopted in the CAMBRO-BRITON, for the purpose of occasionally presenting to its readers, in an English dress, some of these ancient relics of aphoristic lore, a great portion of which is ascribed to Geraint.—ED.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 109.

‡ For a short notice of Aser or Geraint, here called the Blue Bard of the Chair, see vol. i. p. 329. in the note.—ED.

§ Arch. of Wales, vol. iii p. 130.

|| In the original *deall heb anneall*.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[*Continued from page* 349.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Door-keeper of the Chamber.

THE Door-keeper of the Chamber shall have his land free, and a horse from the King and a share of the visitors' gift-money*.

Page of the Chamber.

The Page of the Chamber claims all the King's clothes, except the garment worn during Lent,—all the bed-clothes, his shirt, his coat, his cloak, his breeches, his stockings, and his shoes.

There is no appointed place for the Page of the Chamber in the hall; for his service lies between the hall and the chamber.

He shall receive a horse from the King, and his land free, and a share of the visitors' gift-money.

It belongs to him to lay out the King's bed.

Out of all the spoil, taken by the King, he claims the cattle, whose horns and ears are of the same length.

Chambermaid†.

The Chambermaid shall receive all the clothes of the Queen throughout the year, except the garment, in which the Queen shall do penance. She shall hold her land free, and have a horse from the Queen. To her belong the Queen's saddle and bridle, and all her habits and spurs, when discarded. She shall receive a share of the gift-money at entertainments.

Groom of the Rein.

The Groom of the Rein shall have the King's daily saddle, his cushion, his bridle, his spurs, his stockings, and his rain-cap, when discarded; also his old horse-shoes and shoeing irons.

His land shall be free, and he shall receive a horse from the King.

He shall attend with the King's steed‡ and arms, whenever he

* The original words for "visitors' gift-money" are *arian y gwestvau*, respecting which see a note in No. 19. p. 300.—ED.

† She is styled *Llawforwyn*, or Handmaid, to the Queen in the W. S. M.

‡ The original word is *amwg*, which is, literally, a stallion.—ED.

mounts and dismounts. He shall also lead the steed from the stable and to the stable.

He shall receive one man's share of the colts taken in the spoil.

Torch-bearer.*

The torch-bearer shall have his land free and a horse from the King, and the remains of all the candles, and a share of the visitors' gift-money†.

Butler.

The Butler shall have his land free, and a horse from the King. He shall receive, for a legal allowance of liquor, as much ale as will fill the vessels used in the Palace for drawing, half as much bragot, and a third of mead.

Mead-brewer.

The Mead-brewer shall have his land free, and a horse from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money, and the third part of the wax, that shall be taken off the vat,—the other two parts being divided between the hall and the chamber, two shares thereof for the hall and the third for the chamber‡.

Officers of the Palace §.

The Officers of the Palace shall have their land free, and a horse for each of them from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money.

Cook.

The Cook claims the skins of the sheep, goats, lambs, kids, and calves, and the entrails of the cattle, slaughtered in the kitchen, except the hearts, which go to the Falconer, and the *rectum* and the milt to the Porter. The Cook owns the tallow and dripping from the kitchen, except the tallow of such beast, as shall be three nights with the cows of the manor-house.

* In Wotton's edition there is also *Canwyllyd y Vrenhines*, or Chandler [Torch-bearer] to the Queen, considered as one of the twenty-four officers.

† He ought to hold the candle before the King on the other side of the dish while he eats: and whatever broken bread and bits of meat shall fall over belong to him. He claims a hand's breadth of the candle, which he holds. He lights all the candles in the court. He may have what he pulls with his teeth from the ends of the candles. When the King goes to his chamber, he is to carry a candle before him.—W. S. M.

‡ He claims the covering over the vat, or else four pence, according to the choice of the owner of the feast.—W. S. M.

§ The particular duties of these officers, as before remarked, (No. 18. p. 250.) are not to be easily made out, unless they were *dapiferi*.—Ed.

He shall hold his land free, and shall have a horse from the King, and a share of the visitors' gift-money*.

Foot-holder.

The Foot-holder is to sit under the King's feet.

He is to eat from the same dish as the King†.

He shall light the candles before the King at his meal.

He shall have a dish of meat and liquor, though he is not to join in the feast.

His land shall be free, and he shall receive a horse from the King, and shall have a share of the visitors' gift-money.

Physician.

The Physician shall sit next to the Master of the Household in the hall.

He shall have his land free, and shall receive a horse in attendance from the King.

* He shall have a taste of every present, which he shall dress. He shall bring the last present and lay it before the King, who shall in return give him victuals and drink.—W. S. M.—*Côc y Vrenhines*, or Cook to the Queen, occurs in Wotton's edition as one of the twenty-four officers, as do also her Door-keeper and her Torch-bearer. The rights and duties of the three are thus defined:—

The *Cook* is entitled to his land free; his horse in attendance, and his linen from the Queen; and his woollen cloth from the King. The Steward of the Household ought to supply him with all the necessaries of the kitchen. He has a right to taste of every cookery, which he prepares. His protection is the same with that of the King's Cook. His lodging is with the Steward of the Household to the King. His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

The *Doorkeeper* is entitled to have his land free; his horse in attendance, and his linen garments from the Queen; and his woollen garments from the King. He is to serve the liquor when there is mead. He ought not to sit down, but to serve standing. A share of the entertainment-money comes to him. His lodging is with the King's Doorkeeper in the Porter's house. The satisfaction for his insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

The *Torch-bearer* is entitled to have his land free, his horse in attendance and his linen from the Queen; and his woollen cloth from the King. He claims a share of the entertainment-money. He is to have a hand's breadth of every candle, which he holds. He takes the tips of the candles, which he bites with his teeth. He has a right to all the remains of the candles. He has the broken bread and pieces of meat, which drop over the Queen's dish. His protection, lodging, satisfaction for insult, and price, are the same as those of the King's Torch-bearer.

† Most probably after the King had done, since it appears from the sequel, that he was not to join in the feast.—Ed.

He shall practise physic for the household and for the men of the court, without fee; as he is to have from them only the perforated clothes, except it shall be for one of the three mortal wounds.

The Physician shall take a pound, for each of these wounds, without maintenance, or nine score pence with maintenance. One of these mortal wounds is when a man is struck upon his head, so that his brains may be seen; the second is the stabbing of a man in his body, so that his bowels appear; the third is the breaking of one of a man's four posts, (which are these, either of his two thighs or of the two upper joints of the arms,) so that the marrow may be seen. The value of each is three pounds.

When a man is struck upon the head, the Physician is entitled to four curtailed pence* for every bone above the *cranium.* Four legal pence is the price of a bone below the *cranium,* which will produce a sound when dropt in a copper vessel †.

Groom of the Rein to the Queen.

The Groom of the Rein to the Queen shall have his land free, and a horse from the Queen ‡.

In addition to the Twenty-four Officers, already enumerated,

* *Ceiniawg gota* and *ceiniawg gyvraith,* a curtailed penny and a lawful penny. These expressions occur frequently; but the distinction between the different pence cannot now be ascertained. [But, was not *ceiniawg gota,* or the lesser penny, two thirds of the legal penny? Wotton so considers it. *Ceiniawg* occurs sometimes in these laws, in a figurative sense, for money in general.—ED.]

† The Physician shall have the bloody clothes for his trouble, if he puts a tent in a wound: for an application of a red salve three pence. The value of his pan is one penny. A Physician should accept of a release from the family of the wounded, if he dies under his treatment: if he does not, let him answer for the act.—W. S. M. [From the duties and privileges of the Physician, as here enumerated, it would appear, that Surgeon would have been the more proper translation of the original word *Meddyg.*—ED.]

‡ He is not one of the twenty-four Officers in the W. S. M., the list of whom, and with which Wotton's edition agrees, is as follows:—*Officers of the King.* Master of the Household, Domestic Chaplain, Steward of the Household, Falconer, Judge of the Palace, Chief Groom, Page of the Chamber, Domestic Bard, Crier, Chief Huntsman, Mead-brewer, Physician, Butler, Door-keeper, Cook, Torch-bearer.—*Officers of the Queen.* Steward of the Household, Chaplain, Chief Groom, Page of the Chamber, Handmaid, Door-keeper, Cook, Torch-bearer.

there were also nine inferior Officers, attached to the Court, whose names are as follow*:—

Land-steward	Baker-woman
Serjeant	Smith of the Palace
Porter	Washer-woman
Watchman	Chief of Song.
Provider of fuel	

The duties and privileges of these, as they appear in the Welsh School MS., are to the following effect.

Land-steward,

He ought to superintend the premises of the Court next after the Steward of the Household; and he should receive such chattels, as are consigned to him by the Mayor and Chancellor for the maintenance of the Court. To him it belongs to direct the agriculture, and all the necessaries of the Court.

To him belong the fine and commutation of the vassal-town,—the heriot of the men of the vassal-town, and the maiden fee of their daughters. Should there be any litigation respecting land between two persons of the vassal-town, or for assault, or for theft, he claims 24 pence.

He is obliged to make oath respecting the demesne land.

He is entitled to sixty pence for every prisoner, that shall be put in his gaol.

He has a right to entertainment from the men of the vassal-town.

To him belong the skins of the cattle, that may be under his care for three nights, before they are killed. Nobody has any claim on the skins of the cattle of the Land-steward but himself, neither the King, who may reside in the palace, nor any one else.

His protection is to conduct the guilty person beyond the boundary of the demesne land.

His lodging is in the provision-house.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows with an advancement.

* The names of the nine officers, here mentioned, do not occur in the Cotton MS., in which the Laws of the Court terminate with the enumeration of the duties and privileges of the twenty-four preceding. These inferior officers, who are entitled, in Welsh, *Swyddogion arver a devawd*, (Officers according to custom and usage,) occur both in the W. S. M. and in Wotton.—Ed.

Serjeant.*

He is entitled to his land free; and, when the King is at Court, he ought to have dish-meat.

He ought to stand between the two posts with a rod in his hand, lest the house should take fire while the King was eating and drinking with the officers; and he ought not to sit down while the King is in the hall. He ought not to strike the post where the King is.

He is entitled to as much ale as will fill the vessels used in drawing liquor, and half that of bragot, and the third part of mead.

He claims the feet, up to the fetlock, of the oxen and cows, that may be obtained through his information.

On the ninth day of November he is to have a shirt, coat, and breeches without lining. His clothes should be as long as the knot of his breeches. On winter-eve he ought to have a cap, and on the first of March or February a mantle†.

The Serjeant is to divide between the King, the Mayor, and the Chancellor.

He is entitled to the flesh that is cut out of the dead-house‡, and the cut butter, and the lower stone of the mill, and the green flax, and the bottom layer of the corn-rick, and the fowls, and the cats, and the hatchet, and the head of the ridges, if in grass, if not, the hedge-borders.

* The Serjeant seems to have had the name of *Rhingyll* (which is the original word) from the pert and audacious behaviour, which this officer was apt to assume; and of the same import was the other epithet of *Cecryn y Cyrtiau*, or Sharper of the Courts, that we find to have been frequently bestowed on him. Allowing that to be the import, the name is derived from *rhinc*, a shrill noise, a clatter or clack. The two words, *rhin* and *cyll*, would also assume the same form, if compounded into one word, and would be descriptive of the office. The import would be "one who goes privately with his rod of authority." [In addition to this note in the Cambrian Register, it may be observed, that Wotton translates the word by *Apparitor*, an officer who still bears the name of *Rhingyll* in Carmarthenshire. He appears by these laws to have been attached to the Courts of justice as a summoning officer or tip-staff.—Ed.]

† The original word is *mantell*, which is also retained in Armoric. Hence, perhaps, the *manteau* and *mantle* of the French and English. In Arabic the word *mandil* has a similar meaning.—Ed.

‡ *Marwdy*, literally a Dead-house, may also be rendered an *Escheat*, which meant not only the *escheated* property itself, but also the place in which such property was deposited. The Judge of the Palace was the only one, whose house was exempted by these laws from becoming an escheat.—Ed.

From every house, where he goes on the King's errand, he shall have a loaf with its allowance of butter and cheese.

The length of his spear shall be three cubits, two behind and one before him*.

From the spoil, which shall be taken out of the country, he is entitled to a bull, or to a beast not used to the yoke, or to a cow with her first milk.

When the Serjeant dies, the King is to have all his goods.

If the Serjeant shall be insulted while sitting during the determination of the causes, he ought only to have a sieve of oats and an egg-shell†. His satisfaction for insult, according to some, is equal to that for the owner of the land, wherever the insult is committed: others say, it is three cows and sixty pence.

His price is sixty-three cows.

[*To be continued.*]

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

WALES, like most other countries, possesses its traditional legends, which have been established as a species of popular history from time immemorial. Some of these have already been noticed in the CAMBRO-BRITON under various heads‡; and it would be extremely desirable, that a complete collection, if possible, should be made of these fugitive memorials of ancient times. With a view to the promotion of this object, the following Legend of Llynsavathan, or, more properly perhaps, Llynsyvaddan, is here transcribed from amongst the papers of Mr. Hugh Thomas, preserved with the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. The tradition is, no doubt, still common in the neighbourhood, to which it relates; and the reader will also recognize in its circumstances a resemblance with those of other popular legends.

Llynsyvaddan, with which the tradition is connected, more generally known by the name of Brecnock Mere, is situated about three miles from the town of Brecnock. Giraldus represents

* The length of his spear or lance would thus be about a yard and a half, allowing about eighteen inches to a cubit; and of this length the Serjeant was to hold two thirds behind him and the remainder before, the spear resting most probably on his shoulder.—ED.

† The reason of this seems to be, that he ought not, as appears from what goes before, to *sit* upon such an occasion, and that, if he did, he was entitled only to this slight satisfaction in the event of an insult.—ED.

‡ See volume i. pp. 184, 266. and the present volume, pp. 177 & 313.—ED.

it as being in his time surrounded with houses, gardens, cornfields and orchards, and ascribes certain miraculous properties to its waters, from the various colours assumed by them at different times, which, however, were to be explained from natural causes. The following account, it may be added, although not in the hand-writing of Mr. Hugh Thomas, is stated to have been originally written by him. Should it be materially at variance with the tradition of the country, any communication on the subject would, of course, be gladly inserted.

THE LEGEND OF LLYNSAVATHAN.

"The great pool, called Llynsavathan, is seated in a very pleasant country surrounded on all sides with high hills, and is about two miles in length, and above one in breadth, and between five and six miles round. It is also very deep and full of fish, and hath several parishes and fine houses on its banks. The inhabitants of this country have a general tradition, that there was once a great and beautiful lady, who was heiress of all the land, covered by this great water, of whom a young man, of mean or no fortune, was very much enamoured; and without gold, that so much dazzles the eyes of poor mortals, it was impossible for him to gain her. The unfortunate *inamorato*, finding nothing but gold would do, and doating more upon her than his own soul, cares not what courses he takes to make himself rich enough to obtain her favour. The lady, on the other side, like many of her sex, let him come by wealth as he will, it matters not, so he hath it, she cares not what the man is or was, if he have enough to satisfy her lust and pride.

"The youth, in his despair, meets a carrier, with a great charge of money, at a place, not far from the pool, whom he not only robs but murders, and burieth in the place, for fear of a discovery. Afterwards, going to his darling saint, he tells her he had gold enough; the lady, incredulous, would not believe him, 'till she had seen it, and then would not marry him, 'till she discovered how he came by it. The blade, to satisfy her, fearing no danger of a discovery (having enjoined her to secresy), tells her the unhappy story.

"There was then a report of a spirit troubling the place, where the man murdered was buried: at this the lady, being somewhat surprised, resolves again not to marry him, 'till he went to the grave in the night to appease the ghost, and to hear what he had to say. Love fearing no dangers, and, he having a

conscience seared, and as black as hell, after his former foul deed, to satisfy his mistress, he undertakes this last task to please her. While at the grave, he heard at midnight a voice cry aloud "Is there no revenge for innocent blood?"—and another voice answer—"Not until the ninth generation:"—at which, presuming upon the mercy and patience of the Almighty, and thinking himself free from this heavy vengeance, he is not moved or terrified in the least at this judgment, but without remorse of conscience resolves to prosecute his amour. So, going to the lady, he tells her the dreadful judgment, and she, on the the other side, caring not for the eternal punishment, so as they escape the temporal shame, most audaciously answers him—"Before that time we shall be rotten in our graves, therefore we will enjoy ourselves while we may,"—and, accordingly, they take their full of the filthy pleasures of this world.

"But, behold, these poor miserable mortals, wallowing in the lusts and pleasures of life, forgetting their Maker, and daring Heaven itself, are deceived in their own vain presumptuous hopes. They marry, multiply, and encrease: and their children marry among the people of this city, and their children again marry one among another, like another Sodom, 'till all the people of this great city are of their race and are heaping upon themselves, as well as worldly wealth, the heavy vengeance of Heaven, 'till this unhappy couple lives to see the ninth generation of their own bodies.

"Then they said—'We are great, rich, and potent, and our issue is very numerous, and we have not yet seen the vengeance, threatened at our ninth generation, unless it be, that now, by the course of nature and reason of our great age, we cannot think to live long; therefore, as we have lived according to our hearts' delight and have enjoyed all the pleasures of nature, let us once before our deaths invite all our people, our children, grand-children, and their children's children, and make them a great and splendid feast, to be merry with them for our last farewell.'—Thus, being glutted with the voluptuous pleasures of this life, they met together. But, behold, with terror, the dreadful judgment of God overtakes them in the height of their mirth, idolatry, and drunkenness. There happened the most terrible earthquake, which, opening her merciless jaws, swallows them all up alive, not one soul of them escaping, (I presume by reason of their

drunkenness not being able), and were immediately covered over with this great deluge of water.

"For confirmation of this story we can cite no history; but this is the general tradition of the whole country and is common almost to every child here. Therefore, as long as it is consistent with the justice of heaven, and not contrary to reason, nor contradicted by any more prevailing argument, I must look upon it of as great authority as any history, wherein God hath not suffered their names to be recorded. For, who knows a country better than they that dwell in it? Yet, I must confess, there are told so many fabulous and nonsensical stories of this parish, that they make the truth of this story also to be called in question.

"But, for its confirmation, Vives tells us of a great village in Spain of above one hundred houses, whereof all the inhabitants issued out of one old man, that then lived.

* * * *†

"I could, for defence of this story, instance several other histories,—as that of Brychan Yrth, Prince of Brecnock, who is said to have had several sons, and twenty-four daughters, that were all saints, from whom almost all the inhabitants of this country do derive their descent‡. But, I think this sufficient; therefore, I shall return to my Pool, or second Lake of Sodom, to which all the roads in the county lead, which they would never have done, had it not formerly been something more than a dead pool, viz. a town. There is also a river, running through this pool, called *Louenny*§, which river's name and the tradition aforesaid made the learned Camden conjecture, that it might have been that *Louentreum*, which Ptolemy mentioneth to have been in these parts, and that not without good reason; for, leave out the *um*, which the Latins add to most names, it will be only *Louentre*, which signifieth nothing but *Louenny-Town*. For the word *Tre* is Welsh for a town; so it must needs be that *Louentreum*, spoken of by Ptolemy, it not being any where else to be found."

† The place, here supplied by asterisks, is occupied in the original with the transcript of an epitaph in St. Martin's Church, Leicester, on one John Heyrick, who lived with his wife 62 years, and had 142 descendants living at one time, and also with an account of Lady Hester Temple, having lived to see 700 of her descendants. A similar instance is recorded in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 384.—ED.

‡ See a notice of Brychan in the first Volume, p. 169-70.—ED.

§ The proper name is *Llevenny*.—ED.

ETYMOLOGY.

GWR—GWRAIG—LLEW—CÆRE.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—You have, upon several occasions, alluded to the remarkable advantages, which the Welsh language offers to the inquiries of the philologist; and I have, for some time, been in expectation, that the Essay on Etymology, which appeared in your former volume, would be succeeded by some farther illustrations, in addition to those you then offered, of the justice of your position. As your design in this respect, however, remains hitherto unaccomplished, you will, perhaps, allow me so far to anticipate your purpose, as to present your readers with a few instances, that have recently occurred to me on this subject, and which may not be without their use in exemplifying those *phenomena* of the Welsh tongue, to which you have so often adverted. And they will, I hope, have the still farther effect of inducing some of your more able correspondents to extend their researches into a field of learning, which, however generally despised, is by no means, as might easily be proved, without its share of interest and advantage.

It will, I presume, be admitted, that, in the primeval period of the world, names were never adopted without some reasons, drawn from the characteristic nature of the objects, to which they were applied, and especially such names, as were appropriated to the most obvious and familiar ideas. Hence we find a certain degree of affinity, in most languages, between the various designations of the Deity, or of the Sun, which must have been among the first ideas, that forced themselves on the human mind, and to which, therefore, names must have been given when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." Among this description of words there can be no doubt that we are to include the generic appellations, by which *man* and *woman* were originally distinguished. Accordingly, we find a singular degree of resemblance to prevail in most ancient languages on this point, however disguised by the accidents and fluctuations of time. But, as my present concern lies particularly with the Welsh tongue, I proceed to offer a few remarks on the names it employs upon this occasion, and also on the correspondence, which other ancient languages present in the same respect.

In Welsh, as in Greek and Latin, two words are used to express *man:* these are GWR and DYN*, the first corresponding with the ανηρ and *vir* of those languages, and the other with their ανθρωπος and *homo*†. GWR, too, like the Latin *vir*, implies also *a husband;* as its feminine, GWRAIG, does *a woman*, or *wife*. It is on these two words that I now propose to submit a few observations.

GWR is stated, in Mr. Owen's Dictionary, to be a compound of the two radical terms GW and WR, implying, literally, a tendency to be over, above, or superior; and, accordingly, we find the latter of these primitive roots to enter into the composition of some other words, that have a similar signification, as, for example, of the words *twr*, a tower, and *gwrn*, a covering or top, in reference to certain vessels. We may, therefore, conclude, that GWR was originally adopted to denote *man's* superiority over the rest of the creation; and in this sense several writers also explain the etymology of the Hebrew *gabîr* and the Chaldee *gevar*, both of them names for *man*, and which are generally allowed to be derived from a root, common to both dialects, signifying to exalt or make eminent‡. In Arabic, too, there are several words, apparently composed of the same original elements, which have an identity of signification with those here noticed. For instance, *kibar* signifies nobles, or men distinguished for wealth or knowlege,—*kubir* implies the chief of a family,—and *jebar* one pre-eminent, a sovereign or a con-

* Of all the kindred dialects of the Welsh the Cornish alone has preserved the first of these words in its primitive form. The Irish, as will be seen in the sequel, adopts it with some variation; but the Cornish, Irish, and Armoric retain the word DYN with little or no change, and the Manks tongue has *dyny*. It is singular, however, that the word is not to be traced into other languages as the name for *a man*.

† Upon the Greek and Latin names it may be curious to remark, that ανηρ and ανθρωπος appear to stand alone, without any correspondent words in any other tongue, which can reasonably be pronounced as of the same origin. The Latin *vir*, of which the presumed etymon will be explained hereafter, has been borrowed by the Spaniards alone in their *varon*, while the French and Italians have founded their word upon *homo;* and it may also be observed, that the languages of these three nations, as well as most of the Teutonic dialects, employ but one word for *man*.

‡ The root of *gabîr*, which means also a lord or master, is, according to some Hebrew scholars, *gabar*, which signifies to excel in greatness or power. And Mr. Parkhurst, in his Lexicon, thus explains the last-mentioned word. —"*Gabar*, to be strong, powerful; to prevail: a man is distinguished from a woman or child on account of his superior strength. As a noun, *Gabîr*, a lord, master; fem. *Gabirh*, a lady, mistress."—The Syriac language agrees also with the Hebrew and Chaldee in this instance.

queror. The conclusion, which I would draw from the correspondence on this point between the Oriental tongues and the Welsh, is, that the word GWR was, in all probability, among the primitive words of the ancient Cimbric, and derived immediately, with the Oriental terms above specified, from the original speech of mankind. Some critics have, indeed, conjectured, from the similarity between the Hebrew and Welsh words, in this as in other instances, that the former gave birth to the latter; but the analogies of the Welsh tongue seem to forbid this assumption, and to justify us, on the contrary, in concluding, as just surmised, that this occasional resemblance between the two languages was not mutually borrowed, but sprang from one common fountain.

Independent of the affinity between the Welsh and the Oriental tongues in this particular, a correspondence may also be traced with other languages, though to the general reader it may not be very perceptible, and which has even been passed without notice by those learned etymologists, who, confining their speculations to Greek and Latin, have wholly disregarded that more ancient tongue, in which alone the roots of many words in those languages are to be found. Thus I take it for granted, that the Latin *vir* is, in fact, but a variation of the Cimbric GWR, on a principle of literal mutation, extremely common, and whereby such old Welsh words, as *gwynt*, *gwir*, *gwylio*, and *gwenwyn*, become in Latin *ventus*, *verus*, *vigilo*, and *venenum*. And, it is somewhat singular, that the Irish, however differing from the Latin in its general properties, has adopted, in numerous cases, the same mutation, with the difference only of an F for a V, which, as the Irish does not use the last mentioned letter, is a difference more in form than reality. Thus, the Irish word for *man* is *fear*, and, in the Scottish dialect of the same language, *fèr*, both which words it requires no difficulty to identify with the *vir* of the Romans, all of them evidently corrupted from the old Cimbric GWR. Yet, so blind have etymologists been in this among numberless other instances, as to derive *vir* from the Latin *vis**, as if, in case of the words having any relation to each other, the latter were not far more likely to be the derivative, as

* Isodorus, who appears to have been the first to discover this notable secret, observes, that *vir* is derived from *vis*, "quòd major in eo *vis* est quàm fœminis, unde et a viro virtus nomen accepit." In the last limb of his sentence he is correct, but, by no means, as a necessary conclusion from the preceding part.

virtus undoubtedly is, upon the same principle that ανδρεια, in Greek, is derived from ανηρ, and *gwrol*, a hero, *gwrdd*, strong, and many other similar words in Welsh, are from the primary term GWR.

But, it will, I think, place the primitiveness of this word in a still stronger light, if we examine the etymology of GWRAIG, which implies, as already observed, a *woman* or *wife*. The consanguinity, if I may be allowed the expression, of these two terms must be obvious to the most common observer, and must, therefore, have had its source in the original principles of the language*. And, in fact, GWRAIG is formed by the addition to GWR of the primitive term AIG, which denotes, in an elementary sense, the producer of life, and, in its more limited significations, a female, a herd, or a shoal, while its plural, EIGION, is used for the ocean, all of these secondary senses having thus a manifest reference to the primary or fundamental idea. It is, by no means, unreasonable, then, to infer, that GWR and GWRAIG are genuine Cimbric words, since it is unnecessary to travel out of the language to give a clear and rational account of their origin; while of the Irish *fear* and *frag*, which are used synonymously with them, it is impossible to find in that language any plausible etymology, a circumstance, which proves them to be corrupted from the Welsh. Nor have I any doubt, that the Latin *virago* is also a metamorphosis of the Welsh GWRAIG, upon the system already adverted to, notwithstanding that perversion of the original meaning in the Latin†, of which all languages furnish abundant examples.

Among the numerous words, which bear a resemblance in various languages, and particularly the more ancient, that, used to express a *lion*, is somewhat remarkable. In Welsh the word is LLEW, in Hebrew *laish*, in Greek λεων, in Latin *leo*, in Irish *leovan*, and in the other cognate dialects, which are called Celtic, the same similarity is observable. Now, the Latin and Greek lexicographers, in their visionary speculations in the region of

* The Hebrew words *ish* and *isha*, employed to denote *man* and *woman*, present a similar correspondence, as indeed do the English words themselves, and which cannot have been merely accidental. The Latin language, too, as will be seen in the sequel, has also preserved this natural affinity.

† *Virago*, it is well known, implies, in Latin, a *heroine*, or *masculine woman*; and in this sense the English have adopted it. Isidorus, with his usual discernment, discovers the etymology of the word to be "quòd ut vir agat," because she acts the part of a man. But *non omnia videt Aristarchus*.

etymology, derive this word, according to their several caprices, one from a Hebrew word, signifying strong, another from an old Greek term for king, but the greatest number, with a singular sagacity, from the Greek verb λαω, to see, because the *lion* is "most terrible to behold." It is surely unnecessary to dwell on the absurdity of this etymology, which would apply with equal justice to a beautiful, as to a terrible, aspect, and can, at all events, have no peculiar reference to the *lion*. We must, therefore, look somewhere else for the probable origin of this appellation. Among the varieties, which I have enumerated of it in different languages, it will, perhaps, be acknowleged, that the Welsh term LLEW is distinguishable for its simplicity, as embracing no more than a single articulation, to which, or at most to the simplest combinations, the first language must have been confined. This word, simple as it is, Mr. Owen, in his Dictionary, conceives to be a compound of the two still more primitive sounds, LLY and EW, and thus to signify, in its elementary sense, a swallower or devourer, and, by analogy, to have been appropriated to a *lion*.

In confirmition of this surmise, the verb *llewa*, to swallow or devour, may be adduced, and which frequently occurs in the poets. Thus Taliesin—

Llewais wirawd
Gwin a bragawd.

Of beverage I swallowed
Wine and bragot.

To this I might add several other instances of words of a similar construction, still preserving the primary idea,—as *llewydd*, a focus, or point to which any thing verges,—*llwch*, a lake, or influx of water,—and *llwnc*, a gulp, a swallow, or, more particularly, the gullet, all of which may be resolved into the same elementary roots as the word LLEW; and it will not be denied, that voracity forms an appropriate characteristic of this animal. I should, therefore, be disposed to set down the Greek and Latin names as no more than variations of the old Cimbric word, thus preserved in the Welsh, and of which the etymology is at once easy and natural.

Before I conclude my letter, already, I fear, swollen to an inconvenient bulk, I beg to make one other etymological speculation, which will, at least, have the merit of novelty, if it have no other, to recommend it. During a late perusal of the Æneid I

was much struck with the name of a town, called CÆRE, mentioned in the eighth book, and which the poet thus introduces,—

"Haud procul hinc saxo colitur fundata vetusto
Urbis Agyllinæ sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
Gens, bello præclara, jugis insedit Etruscis*."

and which he farther describes in the following passage:—

"Est ingens gelidum lucus prope *Cæritis* amnem,
Relligionis patrum latè sacer; undique colles
Inclusere cavi, et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
Sylvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos,
Arvorum pecorisque Deo, lucumque diemque,
Qui primi fines aliquando habuere Latinos†."

Of these two extracts I shall now, for the sake of the general reader, subjoin Dryden's version:—

"Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of *Cære* to the place,
Once Agyllina called."——
* * * * * *
"A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams, that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompassed round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove:
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields,—they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day."

Servius, the celebrated commentator on Virgil, in a note upon the extract first cited, makes a singular observation, which I shall here translate.—"Agylla, a Tuscan city, was so called," he says, "from its founder Agella, but afterwards, owing to the ignorance of the Romans, received a different appellation. For, as the Romans were on their way through Tuscany, they enquired the name of the city, but the inhabitants, who were Greeks, not understanding the question, and being moreover desirous of cultivating the friendship of the Romans, addressed them by the Greek salutation, Χαῖρε, which the Romans mistook for the name of the town, and so, dropping the aspirate, called the place afterwards CÆRE."

* Æneid. 8. l. 495. † Ib. l 579.

Such is the account, which Servius gives of the origin of this name, and upon the various improbabilities of which it is not necessary to waste a remark. Subsequent commentators seem to have rejected the explanation, professing, at the same time, their inability to supply the genuine etymology. Now, if I might be allowed to offer my humble opinion on this subject, I would observe, that, as CÆRE is stated to have been anciently settled by strangers, and whom other authors describe, I believe, as having come originally from the confines of Gaul, it is not very improbable, that, although called Greeks, they may have been of some Cimbric tribe, and, consequently, that the original name of the city was CAER, which implies to this day, in Welsh, a strong fortified post, and was the name, by which several British towns were anciently known, and, most probably, some also in Gaul*. The situation, too, of CÆRE, as described by Virgil, agrees with such an appellation; and the other circumstances of the "sacred grove," and the ancient religion of the inhabitants, may be considered by some to mark their Druidical origin, and, consequently, to fortify my hypothesis, although this is a point, on which I have no wish, at present, to express an opinion. I will merely add, therefore, that the modern name of this town is *Cer-veteri*, which seems to retain the original designation, with the addition of a word to mark its antiquity.

Allow me, in conclusion, to solicit, that some of your correspondents, who are versed in Cimbric lore, will favour the public, through the medium of the CAMBRO-BRITON, with the proper etymologies of the four ancient provinces of Wales,—Dyved, Gwent, Gwynedd, and Powys. If, however, no one, better qualified than myself, should comply with this request, I will, in my next, hazard some conjectures on the subject, together with a few remarks on the woful blunders, into which English etymologists have fallen on this very point, and which, with their general mistakes in similar matters, are to be ascribed to their ignorance of that ancient language, in which the seeds of philological learning are to be found in their purest and most primitive state.

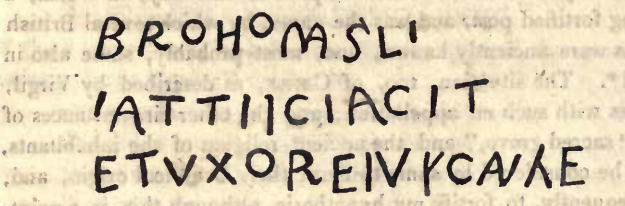
CELTA.

* The Welsh word, CAER, is a derivative of *Cae*, to enclose, and consequently implies a city surrounded with walls and other means of defence. It formed the ancient British name of those English towns, which now terminate with *cester*, *eister*, or *chester*, as well as of many others. It is probable too, that the names of several ancient towns in other parts of the world, among which may be mentioned *Carthage*, were originally formed of the word CAER.

ANTIQUITIES.

INSCRIPTION AT PENTREVOELAS.

In the former volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 359, a brief account was given of the Inscription discovered, about a year ago, in forming the new line of road to Holyhead, at Tre'r Beddau, near Pentrevoelas, in the county of Denbigh. Since that account was written the Editor has been favoured with two transcripts, or *fac similes*, of this curious relic of past times*, and of which the following, it is hoped, will be found to be a pretty accurate representation.



The stone, on which this Inscription appears, and which is now at Lima Hall, in the neighbourhood of the place where the discovery took place, is about five feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and four inches thick, and is quite rough and unpolished. As to the Inscription itself, it cannot, perhaps, be deciphered with any certainty at this distance of time, and in the absence of any probable information respecting the event, to which it relates. It may not, however, be uninteresting to subjoin the opinions of the two correspondents above referred to, and to each of which considerable plausibility may be attached.

P. B. W. thinks, that the Inscription ought to be read thus:—"'Brohomael (or *Brochmael*) hic jacet (or *jacit*) et uxor ejus Canne.'—Brochmael lies buried here, and his wife Canne or Canna. But I cannot," he adds, "discover the meaning of the I A at the commencement of the second line, unless we take the L and the I from the first line, and then it will be read thus—Brohomael Lia or Leia, or Junior, (as there may have been two Brochmaels) lies buried here, and his wife Cann, or Canne, or Canna;—for Canne, as well as Gwen, signifies white or fair."

* For one of these he owes his thanks to P. B. W., a gentleman, to whom the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON have before been so much indebted, and for the other to Mr. Owen Pughe, who received it from his son, Mr. Aneurin Pughe, by whom the transcript was made.—ED.

Mr. Owen Pughe, on the other hand, conceives, that the letters will bear the following interpretation:—"Brychymaeliat hic jacit et uxor ejus Cawne," *Brychymaeliat* signifying—One belonging to, or a descendant of, Brychmael, or a Brychmaelian. And he observes, what, I presume, is well known, that the letter Y, which he substitutes for the O in the original, was not in our alphabet at the period, to which this Inscription may be supposed to have reference.

Should any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON be able to throw any farther light on this subject, it is scarcely necessary to state, that their communications would be extremely welcome.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

There's not a Welshman, with a bed of leeks,
Who traces not his pedigree to Adam.—ANON.

PRIDE of pedigree has been a characteristic of the Welsh since the days of Giraldus Cambrensis*; but it is now passing fast away. Among the middling and lower classes of society an example of this long retained custom may yet, indeed, be sometimes found, but under circumstances which render it ridiculous and amusing.

A most curious instance of this innocent vanity existed in the person of an individual, who, seven or eight years ago, held a *high* official situation in the little town of Dolgellau, in Merionethshire. This person, however, has been dead some time; and, as no biographical account has appeared relating to him (a circumstance "marvellous in our eyes"), a short sketch of his arduous career and harmless eccentricities may, perhaps, be amusing. His birth, parentage, education, and titles are set forth at length in an advertisement, which was distributed, during his life time, to the strangers who visited Dolgellau;—and which I take the liberty of transcribing.

"ROBERT EDWARDS,"

"Second son of that celebrated Tawer (Tanner), William Edwards, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Llewelyn,

* "Genealogiam quoque generis sui," writes Giraldus, in his *Cambriæ Descriptio*, "etiam de populo quilibet observat, et non solum avos, atavos, sed usque ad sextam, vel septimam, et ultra procul generationem memoriter et promptè genus enarrat."

ap Cadwalader, great, great, great grandson of an illegitimate daughter of that illustrious hero, Rice ap Thomas,—no less famed for his irresistible prowess, when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely Venus, than when sternly advancing with the terrific banner of the bloody Mars,—by Anne, *alias* Catherine, daughter of Howel ap Jenkin, of Ynys-y-maengwyn, who was the thirteenth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant from Bleddyn ap Cynvin, Prince of Powys. Since his nativity full four and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice. Fifty years was he host of the Hen and Chickens, Pen-y-pont, Dolgellau; twenty of which he was apparitor to the late Right Reverend Father in God, John, Bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors.—By chance made a glover, by genius and choice a fly-dresser and angler, is now, by the All-divine assistance, conductor to and over the most tremendous mountain, Cader Idris, to the stupendous cataracts of Cain and Mawddach, and to the enchanting cascades of Dol-y-melynllyn, with all its beautifully romantic scenery, Guide General, and magnificent expounder of all the natural and artificial curiosities of North Wales, professor of grand and bombastic lexicographical words, knight of the most anomalous, whimsical, yet, perhaps, happy, order of hair-brained inexplicables!"

The worthy Robin, with all his accomplishments and oddities, is now gathered to those fathers, whose memory he so highly and piously venerated. I remember him well, and am indebted to him for many an entertaining hour during my childhood. He was a curious, but an honest, man; and he certainly fulfilled the duties of his several avocations with assiduity, integrity, and zeal.

Robin's glory (good man) consisted in *heading* a party "to and over the most tremendous mountain, Cader Idris, to the stupendous cataracts of Cain and Mawddach; or to the enchanting cascades of Dol-y-melynllyn, with all its beautifully romantic scenery." On such occasions, habited in an old-fashioned blue coat,—a family piece, no doubt,—ornamented with large metal buttons,—his head covered with a most capacious and formidable equilateral cocked hat,—and his diminutive person, (the said person, by the way, affording an admirable representation of a slender rushlight under a full-sized extinguisher,) bestriding a pony as diminutive almost as himself, would the *apparitor* bravely take the van, and, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," experience the enviable satisfaction, a Guide General always must

experience, in the performance of the functions of his office. Then, indeed, would Robin boldly lead the way, followed by a "train of gentlemen and ladies gay," regardless of the salutations, with which he was wont to be constantly greeted by the merry urchins in the street;—regardless, I say, of the reiterated cries of "Robin *bach!* (little Robert) your hat is on one side, or, your hat is falling off," the object of their mockery would gallantly continue his course, contented with looking unutterable disdain upon the young fry, and heedless alike of the shouts of his tormentors, the uncontroled laughter of his own party, and the curvetting and plunging of his frisky little pony.

Poor Robin had attained the patriarchal age of 88 before he was gathered to his fathers; and, full of years and of honesty, he went hence and was no more seen! But his memory, humble as was his rank in society, will not be despised: his eccentric manners, convivial temper, and just dealings, will not be forgotten by those whom fortune has placed in a loftier—but, perhaps, not happier—sphere of existence; and we may truly say of him—Farewell!

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!" R.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XII.

LATIN EPIGRAM AND TRANSLATIONS—CHARLES EDWARDS.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As you say you are in want of a fresh stock of *Pennillion*, I send you the following Epigram, with a translation in English and Welsh, which may, perhaps, should you think them worth your notice, supply the place of a *Pennill* or two.

IN SOMNUM.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima Mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma Quies, optata veni! nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est; sic sine morte mori!

Tho' Death's strong likeness in thy form I trace,
Come, Sleep, and fold me in thy soft embrace;
Come, genial Sleep, that sweetest blessing give,
To die thus living, and thus dead to live!

"The above Latin Epigram," (says the St. James's Chronicle for June 29, 1813,) "which appeared among the CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA, has been universally admired, and often attempted in English; but the translation, here given from the elegant pen of the Rev. Dr. Symmons, is unquestionably the best that has ever appeared."—The last line is certainly beautiful, but it may, perhaps, appear like minute criticism to object to the word "form," as well as to the jingle of "*tori*" and "*mori*" in the Latin.—Will you allow another attempt?

Tho' Death's grim likeness in thy features shine*,
Yet to thine arms, sweet Sleep, I gladly fly;
O! that with thee to rest the lot were mine,
Thus without life to live, and without death to die!

Nor will you, perhaps, quite despise this in our native Welsh:

HUN, eilun Angau, tyr'd yn hy,
A bydd bob nos fy ngyfaill cu:
Hyfryd, fal hyn, heb fywyd, fyw,
Ac, heb farwolaeth, marw, yw!

Whoever inserted the Epigram in the St. James's Chronicle was mistaken in supposing it ever appeared among the CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA; but it was printed in a volume of Latin Poetry of later date, and is supposed to have come from the pen of the Rev. Thos. Warton, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Poet Laureat. I remain, Sir,

Your well-wisher and obedient servant,
CHWILIEDYDD.

P. S. I should be obliged to you, or to any of your correspondents, if you would state in the CAMBRO-BRITON, who Charles Edwards, author of "*Hanes y Ffydd*," was, where born, and what other books were written by him, &c. Mr. Owen, in his Cambrian Biography, only says, that "he was a theological writer, who flourished from about A. D. 1660 to 1700, and that his principal work was Hanes y Ffydd, or the History of Christianity"†.

* The Editor hopes Chwiliedydd will not accuse him of hypercriticism, if he objects to the strict propriety of this word, when applied to "Death's grim likeness". In every other respect the translation is most happy.

† If any of the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will favour the Editor with a communication on this subject, it shall appear in the next Number.

CRITICISM.

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ; or, STUDIES in ANCIENT BRITISH HISTORY, containing various Disquisitions on the national and religious Antiquities of GREAT BRITAIN, in two Volumes. By JOHN HUGHES. LONDON. 1819.

[*Concluded from page* 326.]

THE resumption of the review of Mr. Hughes's work brings us into the company of the renowned Arthur, the hero at once of history and of romance. And, indeed, so much of both does his character partake, that, like the Centaurs of old, it eludes all our powers of discrimination to fix it, exclusively, to either attribute. A satisfactory inquiry into the real history of Arthur, as conveyed to us by our most authentic records, and not as it is blazoned forth by our ancient fabulists, is still a *desideratum;* but it is one, which there is no space, even if there were the inclination, here to supply*. The following concise view, taken of it by Mr. Hughes, if it be not strictly accurate, will certainly not be charged with any undue partiality to our national champion.

"The Silurian princes claimed ascendancy over the chiefs of the Cymry; and the exigency of the times elevated Arthur to a post of high honour, of which in general he shewed himself worthy. The Cambro-Britons and the Cornish Britons equally revered him: but he sometimes used his influence to aggrandize himself; and this awakened a spirit of jealousy, which ultimately proved fatal to him.

"Mr. Turner has collected certain notices respecting Arthur, that cast some light upon his personal character, and accord with the manners of the age in which he lived †. Meeting with a prince in Glamorganshire, who was flying from his enemies, Arthur was at first desirous of taking by force the wife of the fugitive. But he was persuaded to refrain from the injustice, and to assist the prince to regain his lands. Arthur is also stated to have plundered St. Paternus, and to have destroyed a monastery. 'These incidents,' says the Anglo-Saxon historian, 'suit the short character which Nennius gives of him, that he was cruel from his childhood.'

"Arthur appears to have been unfortunate in his domestic connexions, for the unchastity of his wives is recorded in the Triads;

* It will be recollected by the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON, that Mr. Hughes himself was the author of the Prize Essay, at the late Wrexham *Eisteddfod*, on this very subject. And it is to be hoped, that the public will, sooner or later, be gratified with the perusal of it, as it may supply the *desideratum* here noticed.—ED.

"† See Turner's Anglo-Saxons, vol. i. c. 2."

and from a life of Gildas, by Caradoc of Lancarvan, it appears that Melvas, the king of Somersetshire, carried off Arthur's wife, by force, to Glastonbury. Arthur, with his friends, whom he collected from Cornwall and Devonshire, assaulted the ravisher. The ecclesiastics interposed, and persuaded Melvas to return her peaceably. Arthur received her, and both the kings rewarded the monks for their useful interference. This shews Arthur to be a man of only 'moderate greatness.'

"That Arthur was not always the patriotic warrior appears from his contests in the north, where, in an engagement, he killed Hoel, a native prince, and triumphed as having slain his most powerful enemy. 'Thus, Arthur,' to use the words of Mr. Turner, 'by his wars with his own countrymen, as much assisted the progress of the Saxons, as he afterwards endeavoured to check it, by his struggles with Kerdic.'

"As to Arthur's greatest achievement, the battle of Badon Mount, this victory only stopped the progress of Kerdic, and gave repose to the Silurian territory. But Arthur was not able to retaliate on the foe, and Kerdic retained the conquests he had made.

"Arthur is represented by the Bards, his coevals, very differently from what is advanced respecting him by the romancing Geoffry. Neither Llywarch nor Taliesin say extravagant things of this hero; nor do they ever speak of him as king of all Britain. The continual and rapid conquests of Kerdic, of Ella, and of other successful warriors among the Saxons and Angles, totally disprove the accounts of Geoffry. And yet he, upon the whole, was the most gallant of all the British princes; and his name deserves to be enrolled among the ancient heroes of the Isle of Britain."—P. 202.

To this extract succeeds a brief inquiry into the settlement of the Angles in the North, and the final establishment of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, in the course of which several historical quotations are introduced from Taliesin and Llywarch Hen. The following translation of an Elegy by the latter on the death of Cynddylan, although wanting the peculiar plaintiveness of the original, will not be uninteresting. It is from the pen of the late Mr. Walters, of Cowbridge, to whom Welsh literature is under no small obligation.

The Death of Cynddylan, the son of Cyndrwyn, Prince of Powys: Imitated from the Welsh of Llywarch Hen.

"Come forth and see, ye Cambrian dames,
Fair Pengwern's royal roof in flames.
The foe the fatal dart hath flung,
(The foe that speaks a barbarous tongue),
And pierc'd Cynddylan's princely head,
And stretch'd your champion with the dead:

His heart which late, with martial fire,
Bade his lov'd country's foes expire.
Such fire, as wastes the forest hill,
Now like the winter's ice is chill.
O'er the pale corpse, with boding cries,
Sad Argoed's cruel eagle flies;
He flies exulting o'er the plain,
And scents the blood of heroes slain.
Dire bird! this night my frighted ear
Thy loud ill-omened voice shall hear.
I know thy cry that screams for food,
And thirsts to drink Cynddylan's blood.
No more the mansion of delight,
Cynddylan's hall is dark to-night,
Nor more the midnight hour prolongs,
With fires, and lamps, and festive songs:
Its trembling Bards afflicted shun
The hall, bereaved of Cyndrwyn's son:
Its joyous visitants are fled,
Its hospitable fires are dead.
No longer ranged on either hand
Its dormitory couches stand:
But all above, around, below,
Dread sights, dire sounds, and shrieks of woe.
Awhile I'll weep Cynddylan slain,
And pour the weak desponding strain:
Awhile I'll soothe my troubled breast,
Then in eternal silence rest."—P. 212.

It is now time to return, with Mr. Hughes, to an examination of the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and which he resumes with the following judicious observations:—

"During that historical epoch, which we have been surveying, we can distinguish few things favourable in the civil character of the Britons, when contrasted with their Pagan invaders. The ambition, the treachery, and the fierceness of the chief, and the indolence and apathy of the common people, afford us but very faint outlines of the Christian virtues. The animosity, which subsisted between the different states, obstructed the union which was necessary to enable them to repulse their public enemy. It was seldom they could be induced, by a sense of the common danger, to unite their counsels for the general security. Had they been animated in due season with the spirit of genuine patriotism, and sought help from heaven, their enemies could never have prevailed over them; for the number of the Anglo-Saxon adventurers was at no time so formidable, but

that, by means of a well-concerted coalition on the part of the Britons, their whole force might have been discomfited. Arthur, Ambrosius and Urien, Owen and Cunedda, Cynddylan, and the sons of Llywarch, excelled in military bravery; but their ferociousness was such, that we see little distinction between these Christian knights and their Pagan antagonists. In the poem of Golyddan we perceive raging thirst for blood, and delight in the trade of slaughter. In the great battle of Cattraeth, the Bard laments, that the warriors went to battle in a state of intoxication; so that, however endued with native courage, their defeat can excite no astonishment in the reflecting mind.

"The Saxons are represented as carrying fire and sword before them, and destruction attending all their steps. As heathens, they were doubtless implacable against the religion of Christ; and we may easily believe, that they destroyed the churches, and persecuted the clergy. Gildas gives us a dismal picture of the devastations of the Saxons, the effects of which were felt by his own family, who were obliged to retire into Wales for a refuge from the storm. But he regards the whole as the just visitation of heaven upon a stupid and profligate people, who neglected to make a proper use of the bounties of heaven; and upon a church that was become so corrupt as to abuse the light and privileges they had enjoyed."—P. 220.

Such, in reality, was the deplorable state of society amongst the Britons, and especially the Northern Britons, during the fifth and sixth centuries. It cannot, therefore, be surprising, that the progress of religion during that period was both slow and uncertain. The raging thirst of conquest and devastation on the part of the Saxons, and the consequent feelings, whether of active revenge, or of inert despondency, engendered amongst the Britons, seem to have brutalized the human mind, and to have deprived it of all susceptibility for those gentler emotions of our nature, which only could have been congenial with the growth and diffusion of Christianity. In Wales alone a better spirit seems to have had any general prevalency. The zealous exertions of Garmon, and Bleiddan, which have been already noticed, strengthened, as they were, by the ministry of succeeding teachers, appear first to have given any stability to the roots of that sacred Tree, which has since flourished, amongst our native hills, with a somewhat excessive luxuriance. Among the immediate successors of the two holy men, above mentioned, are particularly to be enumerated Dewi (St. David) Dyvrig, Teilo, Padarn, Catwg, Cadvan, and Asav, all of whom are still commemorated in the names of various religious places, which they either

founded or restored. Mr. Hughes enters summarily into the history of a few of these Cambro-British saints; and notice sof some may also be found in the former pages of this work.* Notwithstanding the pious labours, however, of the two founders of the Welsh Church, as Garmon and Bleiddan may justly be styled, the darkness of heresy, as we are informed by historians, threatened, at the beginning of the sixth century, again to obscure, if not to extinguish, the light of the Faith; and, accordingly, in order to avert this evil, a synod was held in the year 519, at a place since called Llan-Ddewi-Brevi, of which Giraldus Cambrensis, as quoted by the writer before us, gives the following succinct account.

"The detestable heresy of the Palagians, although formerly extinguished through the labours of Germanus of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes, when they came over to this island, this pestilence, although once put a stop to, sprang up anew, and gave occasion to the convening of a general synod of all the churches of Wales. All the bishops and abbots, and religious of different orders, together with the princes and laymen, were assembled together at Brevi, in the county of Cardigan. When many discourses had been delivered in public, and were ineffectual to reclaim the Palagians from their error, at length Paulinus, a bishop, with whom David had studied in his youth, very earnestly entreated, that that holy, excellent, and eloquent man might be sent for. Messengers were, therefore, dispatched to desire his attendance; but their importunity was unavailing with the holy man, he being so fully and intensely given up to contemplation that it was urgent necessity alone that could induce him to pay any regard to secular concerns. At length two holy men, namely, Daniel and Dubricius, went over to him. By them he was persuaded to come to the synod; and upon his arrival he silenced the opponents, and they were utterly vanquished. But Father David, by the common consent of all, whether clergy or laity (Dubricius having resigned in his favour), was elected primate of the Cambrain churches."—P. 231.

Other synods succeeded this, and the zeal, subsequently manifested by the religious orders, especially in the foundation of churches, monasteries, and other ecclesiastical establishments, tended to settle the exterior forms at least, if not the more essential attributes, of Christianity among the mountains of Wales. That vice and disorder may, notwithstanding, as recorded by some ancient writers, and especially Gildas, have gained too great an ascendancy during these comparatively uncivilized times

* See the first volume, pages 11, 59, 170, and 171.—Ed.

is not to be deemed surprising. But, it is to the period now under consideration and to the pious devotees, by whom it was distinguished, that we must ascribe the foundation in Wales, on any fixed principles, of the grand fabric of our holy religion. The bishoprics of Llandaff, Margam, St. David's, Llanbadarn, St. Asaph, and Bangor were established during this æra, which includes the fifth and sixth centuries; and, whatever may have been the laxity of public morals, the Church was at least exempt, as Mr. Hughes properly observes, from those gross superstitions, by which the cause of Christianity was in other countries, at the same period, so greatly debased.

The two chapters, which immediately follow Mr. Hughes's examination of the subject just noticed, are devoted to the mission of St. Augustine and his successors, and relate more particularly to the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Saxons,—a portion of history, with which the theological reader must already be intimately acquainted. Mr. Hughes gives a full account of the synod, in which the Romish Saint endeavoured to gain over the Welsh prelates to the Papal power, and which the latter are known to have so resolutely withstood. Upon this event Mr. Hughes has the following passage.

"Thus nobly did the Cambro-Britons stand up for the independency of their churches; and refused to submit to the encroachments of the bishop of Rome, and his legate Augustine the monk. But if we can suppose the proposal made to them to join in preaching the gospel to the Saxons, to have been any thing more than a snare to entrap them; it was to be lamented that any ceremonial differences should prevent their engaging in a work of that kind. What encouragement, if any, they had for such an undertaking, before the coming over of Augustine, history does not inform us: but we have already observed that, from the complexion of the times, there is too great reason to infer they were rather backward than ready to enter upon any mission, for the purpose of converting their enemies to the Christian faith."—P. 268.

One fatal result of this resistance on the part of Bishops was, as the reader well knows, the massacre of the monks of Bangor Iscoed by Æthelfrith, king of Northumberland, who, at the instigation of Æthelbert, the "patron and defender" of Augustine, marched an army into Powys, in which province the synod, just alluded to, had been held. The number of Monks, slain on this occasion, is variously stated. According to some accounts, they amounted to nearly twelve hundred, but the Saxon annals men-

tion only two hundred. To this tragical deed succeeded the destruction of the famous monastery of Bangor itself, of which, although supposed to be the largest in Wales, not the least vestige is now to be seen. However, this monstrous barbarity on the part of the Saxons did not pass entirely without its reward; for "the Welsh princes," as Mr. Hughes observes, "roused at the devastation committed by Æthelfrith, combined their forces, and routed him with great slaughter, so that he did not long remain without chastisement for his ambition and cruelty."—A long state of warfare between the Welsh and Saxons seems to have been consequent on this event, and to have united with other causes, already adverted to, in preventing the former from assisting either St. Augustine or his associates in their endeavours to convert the Saxons from their idolatry. This circumstance, added to the continual contentions of the Saxons amongst themselves, contributed to render the progress of Christianity amongst them extremely tardy, notwithstanding the acknowleged zeal and indefatigable perseverance of the missionaries, who followed St. Augustine in the exercise of his holy functions. Mr. Hughes appears to have particularized with much accuracy, considering the necessary obscurity of the subject, the gradual diffusion of the divine light amongst the Anglo-Saxons; but want of room renders it impossible to transfer his statement to these pages.

The remainder of the work, from which one extract only can be made, is occupied chiefly in investigating the introduction of Christianity amongst the Picts and Scots, and with a view of the state of the Church in the eighth century. It appears that the spirit of independence, evinced in the opposition of the Welsh prelates to the attempted innovations of Angustine, had not lost much, if any, of its force about two centuries afterwards. One of the principal points, on which St. Augustine insisted, was an alteration of the time as to the observance of Easter, and with respect to which, as appears from the following extract, the Welsh still adhered to their ancient usage about the middle of the ninth century.

"The *Culdees* were, in the following age, persuaded to comply with the use of the Roman computation, respecting the time of observing Easter: but they still refused to yield absolute submission to the Roman see. *Adomnan*, their countryman and associate, first induced the Irish to concede the point; and soon after Naitan, king

of the Picts, by his regal authority, commanded Easter to be observed, throughout his dominions, according to the Roman cycle of 19 years; instead of the cycle of 84 years, which had been the former custom. At the same time the Roman tonsure was enjoined; that is, all priests and monks were obliged to be shorn crown-wise, after the manner of the Roman clergy. The monks, also, of the island of Iona, (by the persuasion of Egbert, an English priest, that had been bred in Ireland), in the year of our Lord 716, forsook their usual custom, as to the feast of Easter, and the clerical tonsure, by now conforming to the Roman rite; about eighty years after the departure of bishop Aidan, on his mission to Northumberland. The Britons, in the time of Bede, still retained their old usage, until Elbodus, who died about A. D. 800, brought in the Roman custom. But, howsoever, says Archbishop Usher, North Wales did, it is very probable that West Wales (which of all other parts was most eagerly bent against the traditions of the Roman church) stood out yet longer. For we find, in the Greek life of St. Chrysostom, that certain clergymen, who dwelt in the isles of the ocean, repaired from the utmost borders of the habitable world to Constantinople, in the days of Methodius (who was Patriarch there, from the year 842 to 847), to enquire of *certain ecclesiastical traditions, and the perfect and exact computation of Easter.* It is inferred from hence, that as there can be no doubt that the British isles are referred to, that the disputes respecting Easter were not yet laid to rest; and that our Britons, not being satisfied with the determination of the Pope of Rome, resorted to the decision of the bishop of Constantinople." —P. 318.

The volume concludes with an Appendix, in which are collected some interesting particulars relating to the "Antiquities of St. Alban's, Glastonbury, Caerleon, Lantwit Major, the Cornish Cathedral, Whithern in Galloway, controversy respecting Easter, splendour of the Saxon Churches, the last days of Bede, the Welsh and British languages," and other particulars. But the time is arrived, when we must part with Mr. Hughes, whose work has already occupied more space than can generally be allotted to a single publication. But its national character, and the valuable information with respect to Wales, which the author has brought within one focus, sufficiently justify this preference, and may be even allowed to atone for that want of originality, which is obvious throughout the work. In this point of view, however, the second volume is evidently superior to the first: and both may, finally, be recommended to the lovers of our national lore, as forming a judicious and interesting compilation of Ancient British history, both civil and ecclesiastical.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXXXIX.

LLE bo cariad y canmolir
Fwy, ondodid, nag â ddylir;
A chynfigen a wyl feion
Lle na byddo dim achosion.

XC.

E haera llawer dyn yn ddiball,
Fod ganddo gariad mawr at arall,
Heb fwriadu, minwedd fechan,
Ond ei les a'i fudd ei hunan.

XCI.

Yr afanc hyll, ar ol wylofain,
A ladd y dyn a daliom gelain;
A llawer dyn, a'i wylo oerllyd,
A huda'r llall i dranc anhyfryd.

Y MILWR MARW.

FE GWSG! awr marwol boen, a balchder bèl,
Un wedd ynt drosodd iddo ef; ei ruddiau nan
A wywant yn y terfysg gwyllt a ffròm:
Y boreu arnynt oedd o ddysclaer wawr,
A gwrid gwrolder gwgus oedd a bàn;
Y boreu hwn y dwylaw hyn oedd dwym,
Y llygad llon oedd fywyd heinif oll—
Ti ardum claiog oer!—ai hwn yr un
A garem?—dim ond hyn!—Ti fenyw, ffwrdd!
Na wyla mwy—á all y MARW tru
Ddychwelyd serch am serch!—á all y bedd
Glywed dy ochain di!—Darfu ei rhawd,
Ei ENAID á ehedodd fry àr fànt!—
A wyli di àm lwch a lludw gwael?
YMAITH!—dy GARIAD di nid yma yw:—
Edrych i NEF—os dwfn oedd CARIAD cu
Ar ddaiar lawr—DAU dyfnach YNO yw!

IEUAN DDU O LAN TAWE.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIX.

WHERE there's love, 'tis ten to one,
Praise too lavish will be found,
And, as truly, where there's none,
Causeless censure will abound.

XC.

Many boast, and without end,
How great the love they bear their friend,
Never thinking, piteous elves,
'Tis but at last to serve themselves.

XCI.

The crocodile's false plaintive art
Hath slain the wretch, whose corse you see;
Thus man lures man, with icy heart,
To some sad cruel destiny.

DIAL MADOG*.

BY S. R. JACKSON.

INTRODUCTION.

LAND of the bard and warrior! land,
For minstrelsy renown'd so long;
Whose noble sons, with matchless hand,
Could wield the sword or wake the song:

Oh! whither is that spirit fled,
Which music breath'd, and love inspir'd,
The spirit of the mighty dead,
Why has it not their children fired.

Alas! when Cambria's monarchs died,
Soft Music bade the land farewell,
And buried long has lain the pride
To bid the song of glory swell.

* Madog's Revenge.

But, thanks to those who love the strain
Of minstrelsy, the morning breaks,
When Cambria's harp shall ring again:
The goddess from her sleep awakes.

O! would that unto me were known
The tongue wherein thy children sing;
My song might take a sweeter tone,
My harp I might not idly string.

But, since 'tis not for me to speak
The language to thy minstrels dear,—
If Saxon words be rude and weak,
Unlovely to a Cambrian ear;

Yet, turn not from this lowly lay,
Albeit with deeds of terror fraught,
Nor slight his song;—another day
The bard may wake it as he ought.

DIAL MADOG*.

His father came with ruthless hand,
And robb'd me of my home,
And drove me from my native land,
In foreign climes to roam.

He laid my stately forests low,
He slew my fallow deer;
And thus it is with brand and bow,
Sir Knight you see me here.

I come in darkness, as he came,
To ravage in my turn;
And, ere I go, the blood-red flame
Yon lordly tower shall burn.

Dark the clouds of evening lower
Round Caereinion's lonely tower,
Shading its embattled wall
With a deep and gloomy pall.
Who that saw that gloom could tell
Fire within it soon would dwell.

* The story, on which the poem is founded, will be seen in Warburton's History of Wales, vol. i. p. 409-10.

From the mountain's solitude,
Madog comes in vengeful mood:
Hate and Envy drive him forth,
Deadly foes to human worth.
He from em'rald Erin's strand
Late had sought his native land,
Driven thence by Bleddyn's son:
Thus the fatal feud begun,
Which to death's embraces gave
Powis' chieftain, Iorwerth brave.

With him, breathing slaughter, comes
He, whose heart its pride benumbs,
Llywarch, sternest he of men,
Like the wolf from bloody den.
Vainly may the lost one call
For mercy, who his prey doth fall;
Vainly for compassion sue,
That his bosom never knew;
Like the adder Llywarch grew,
A lonely and vindictive thing,
Ever prone his foes to sting.

High that night the song arose
On the ear of Iorwerth's foes;
Who in silent ambuscade
Wait till eve's last gleam shall fade,
Till the night, with deeper frown,
Darkly o'er the earth came down,
And the lofty strain of pride
On the quiv'ring string hath died.
Pacing there with hasty foot,
In his purpose resolute,
With beating heart and anxious eye,
Full of dreadful scrutiny,
Madog eyes the torch-light fall,
Fainter from the banquet hall,
On the silver stream beneath;
Till silent all, and dark as death,
Night's broad veil was o'er them thrown,
And his prey to rest had gone.

'Tis stillness! down the mountain side,
Slow the star of night hath died;
From their ambuscade they creep,
Winding up the rocky steep.
The wall is gain'd! they breathe, they pause,
They listen: what can be the cause?
The warder's challenge meets their ear,
And his bugle, loud and clear,
Echoing on the midnight air,
Holds them in suspension there.
This is not a time to choose
If to win or if to lose:
Swift they ply the axe and brand,
Firm of heart and strong of hand.
Words of fierce intent they breathe,
And the falchion, from the sheath
Issuing, glitters brightly;—now
Darker lowers stern Llywarch's brow.
From the nearest standing there,
Of those who bow and falchion bear,
Swift he takes the stubborn yew,
To the head the shaft he drew,
Like a statue from the wall,
Down they hear the Warder fall,
And the gates, he ne'er shall close,
Shatter'd by a thousand blows.

But where are those who dwell within,—
Hear they not the mighty din?
See they not the bubbling blood
Pour on earth its purple flood?
Not unheeding tarry those
At the summons of their foes:
Bleddyn's son his father's sword
Takes from off the banquet board;
At his bugle's thrilling sound,
His retainers gather round;
'Mid the foe their weapons fly,
Like the drift from winter's sky.
Back the brother foes retire,
Like two wolves in baffled ire.

Hither bring, stern Madog cries,
Fury flashing from his eyes,
Yon blazing torch;—perchance its flame
The reptile in his den may tame.
Hither, slaves! advance and scare
Yon grinning monster from his lair.
Loudly, from the inner wall,
Iorwerth heard his foeman call:
High the spreading flame ascends,
Firm he stands amidst his friends.
Fierce they combat, wound for wound,
Slow the flame approaches round.
So the serpent we behold
Winding round his prey its fold,
Ere its head to sting is rais'd;
Sternly on it Iorwerth gaz'd,
As he felt its growing heat;
Must he from his post retreat?

O'er this mind a passing thought
Came, and painful feelings brought;—
Must he perish in the flame,
Alone, unknown to future fame;
Or upon the hostile spear
Nobly end his proud career?
Better that dark Madog's sword
His defenceless bosom gor'd,
Than by yielding up his breath,
There to die that fiery death.
Such his thoughts,—awhile he stood,
Black with smoke and wet with blood.

Then, with fierce and sudden spring,
Headlong he rush'd amid the ring
Of opposing foes, whose steel
Deeply he is doom'd to feel.
Thrice ten spears within him stood—
Thrice he hurl'd the broken wood
On the wond'ring crowd again,
Till beneath their iron rain,
In unconquerable pride,
Down the hero sunk and died.

'Tis morn! with hate's exulting smile
Dark Madog views the blazing pile,—
Till, of oak and massy stone,
Dust and ash remain alone;
Pillar, column—all are gone!
Years roll'd away—as years may roll—
O'er those who feel not Time's control:
Forgetful of that fatal strife,
Still Madog liv'd a lawless life;—
Man was his prey—at length, though late,
The ruthless robber met his fate:
None bade the flower above him bloom,
No sculptur'd stone adorn'd his tomb,
No friendly heart above his sigh'd—
Unhonour'd and unwept he died.

WALES.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—It will be seen by an advertisement on the wrapper of this Number, that this Society has selected "The Fall of Llywelyn, last Prince of Wales," as the subject of the Prize Poem for the present year. The candidates are to transmit their effusions to the Secretary before the first of next August; and the Medal will be awarded to the successful competitor on the second day of the *Eisteddfod* at Carnarvon. ***

WELSH DISPENSARY.—An advertisement, accompanying this Number, announces a Meeting to take place, on Saturday the 5th inst., of the Members of this laudable Institution, of which an account was given in the former volume. It is to be hoped, for the sake of Wales, and for the sake of humanity, that the Meeting will experience the encouragement it so well deserves. The cause is that of charity and benevolence, and is, therefore, one, in which none can say, that they are not in some degree interested. Whatever indifference or whatever apathy may have been evinced on other occasions, there can be no excuse here: it is the relief of disease and of infirmity, to which we are invited, and who is there, having it in his power to afford the relief, that will refuse to obey the call? The following letter on the subject explains briefly and explicitly the objects and advantages of the Institution.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Amongst the numerous Reports of Charitable Institutions, that do so much honour to the country, I was lately led to examine a private statement of the good, actually done by the Welsh Dispensary. This institution first received encouragement from a few benevolent individuals in 1818. The first report was read in March 1820, and in that short time 560 poor persons have received medical advice and assistance; since which, in only twelve months, 3468 patients have been relieved, and at an expense, in medicines, not exceeding £50. Can there be a stronger instance of the astonishing degree of good, that may be produced from only trifling means? I must, however, add, that this could not have been accomplished without the incessant exertions of a medical gentleman*, who has hitherto devoted a greater portion of his time to this benevolent purpose, than the most sanguine friends of the institution could hope for. The effects are now ascertained beyond a doubt, and a meeting will shortly be called, of which a full report will be made. And I trust every Welshman, who reads this, will feel inclined to attend and satisfy himself as to its merits.

Kensington, 9th March, 1821. W.

ANCIENT URNS.—The following account of the discovery of some sepulchral urns in Carnarvonshire is extracted from the provincial papers. Perhaps among the readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON some one may be able to supply a more detailed description of these ancient relics; and in the mean time the following deserves to be recorded :— ***

"During the latter part of the month of March last ten sepulchral urns were found among rubbish, about a foot below the surface, by the tenant of Llysdu farm, the property of Joseph Huddard, Esq. situate a short distance from the Roman military communication, between the Tumulus, at Llecheiddior, and that of Dolbenmaen, Carnarvonshire. The urns occupied a circular space of about five yards in diameter, which had the appearance of having been surrounded by a stone wall. The urns were found in a strait line, and filled with bones and ashes, a small piece of copper in the first. Each urn was protected by four upright stones, in a rectangular form, with a flat stone on the top, and a few handfuls of pure gravel underneath. They were of

* The gentleman, here alluded to, is Mr. Morgan, of Great Newport Street, whose active and beneficial exertions in the cause merit the highest eulogium. Indeed it may, without much hazard, be affirmed, that the charity has hitherto been supported by his zeal alone.—ED.

rude workmanship, and do not seem to have ever been exposed to the action of heat, as they all crumbled into ashes as soon as the ploughmen attempted to remove them, and not a single fragment, above the size of a square inch, could be found, a few days after the discovery. Perhaps the hopes of finding some treasure rendered the men more indifferent to their preservation. From the circumstance of there being several Druidical remains in the immediate neighbourhood, it is probable, that it was a place of sepulchre, consecrated by the Druids, at a period prior to the Roman invasion. A great part of the sepulchre still remains untouched. It is rather to be lamented, that some degree of respect is not encouraged for these primæval monuments of the religion and sacred rites of the Aborigines of the country. They are proofs, that, however misrepresented the Druids have been by the early historians, Idolatry formed no part of their religion; while the doctrine of a future state seems to have had a powerful influence in the formation of their civil and religious institutions."

OBITUARY.

On Sunday the 25th of March, 1821, at Rose-Hill, near Wrexham, died Evan Jones, Esq., of Gellewjg, in Carnarvonshire, most sincerely esteemed and regretted by all who knew him. Mr. Jones was born in June, 1771, and entered the army as Ensign in 1791. In 1793 he embarked from Cork with his regiment, viz. the 23d, or Welsh Fusileers, for the West Indies, under Sir Charles Grey, and landed at Martinique. He was at the reduction of Pigeon Isle, Fort Royal, St. Pierre, Fort Bourbon, and other French possessions in that island. He was present, also, at the taking of Guadaloupe and other French islands in the Caribbean Sea, with many of their possessions in St. Domingo. He was nearly carried off in that climate by the yellow-fever; but a negro woman, his nurse, wrapped him, when given over, in a sheet or blanket strongly impregnated with vinegar, which arrested the rage of that dreadful malady. He and his gallant regiment distinguished themselves at the Helder, in 1799, and in subsequent battles in Holland, under that veteran and gallant general, Sir Ralph Abercrombie. He served also under the same general in Egypt. At the memorable battle, on the heights of Nicopolis, near Alexandria, on the 21st of March, 1801, when the brave Abercrombrie fell, the 58th, 42d, and 23d regiments charged with the bayonets the *Invincibles* of France, as they had been hitherto called, took their standard,

and drove them off the field; the 23d and 40th reg. forming the advance of the British Army in dislodging the enemy from the sand hills, on which they were stationed. Col. Jones [for he rose to the rank of Lieut. Col.] and the gallant Twenty-third were employed in other expeditions of inferior note till 1807, when they were attached to that under Lord Cathcart against Copenhagen. In 1808 he married Anna Maria Kenyon, daughter of Roger Kenyon, Esq., of Cefn, near Wrexham, brother of the eminent Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, and uncle to the excellent nobleman who now bears that name and title. He then quitted the army, and retired to his maternal property in Carnarvonshire, where he amused himself with agricultural pursuits, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. In his domestic relations Col. Jones was not only unimpeachable, but most exemplary, fulfilling the several duties of son, husband, friend, and master, with that affection and rectitude, inseparable from a character of his magnanimity. He was a sincere Christian, and, therefore, anxious to discharge every duty towards God and man. Though temperate, he was very cheerful and fond of Society. "Col. Jones, with the brave 23d," was a standing toast in every convivial meeting in this part of the Principality; and it was at some such meeting that an officer of very high rank said, "I drink Col. Jones with infinite satisfaction, for a braver soldier never trod the field of battle." And a most respectable magistrate, who lived nearest to him in the country, a colonel also in the service, observed of him to me after his decease:—"When living I loved my neighbour as myself. No man deserved the esteem and respect of his friends more than Evan Jones, of Gellewig. He was an upright, honourable, honest man. And he, like his late commander, poor Sir Ralph Abercrombie, is embalmed in the memory of his countrymen." Emphatic words, and full of meaning. Although I was not in the habit of meeting him above five or six times in the year, yet I knew him well, and had the most sincere respect and esteem for his character as a friend and as a man. He has left no family, except an amiable widow and a mother, with many a feeling friend, to deplore his departure from among us.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

Such *artless* meed who would not fain indite,
To greet his spirit in the realms of light?

Carnarvonshire, April 6, 1821. P. W.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

JUNE, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus*.

THE TRIADS.—No. XX.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

XCVII. THE three Powerful Swine-herds of the Isle of Britain: the first was Pryderi, the son of Pwyll Pen Anwn, who kept the swine of Pendaran Dyved, his foster-father; and it was in the valley of Cuch in Emlyn, that he kept them; the second was Coll ab Collvrewi, who kept the sow of Dallwaran Dabllen, that came burrowing as far as the headland of Penwedig in Cornwall, and, there going into the sea, she came to land at Aber Tarogi in Gwent Iscoed, and Coll ab Collvrewi having his hand in the bristles whithersoever she went, on the sea, or on the land; and at Wheat-field in Gwent she dropped three grains of wheat, and three bees; and ever since there have been the best wheat and honey in Gwent; and from Gwent she travelled into Dyved, and there, at Llonis Llonwen, she laid a grain of barley and a pig; and from that time the best barley and swine have been in Dyved; afterwards she proceeded as far as Arvon, and in Lleyn she laid a grain of rye; and ever since the best rye has been in Lleyn and Eivionydd; and on the skirt of the ascent of Cyverthwch, she laid a wolf cub and an eagle chick; and Coll gave the eagle to Brynach, the Gwyddelian, of Dinas Faräon; and the wolf he gave to Menwaed, the lord of Arllechwedd,—and there is much talk about the wolf of Brynach and the eagle of Menwaed; and, from thence going to the Maen Du in Arvon, she there laid a kitten, which Coll ab Collvrewi threw into the Menai; and that was the Palug Cat, that became afterwards a molestation to the Isle of Mon. The third was Trystan ab Tallwch, who kept the swine of March, the son of Meirchion, whilst the swine-herd went

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 71—75.

on a message to Esyllt, to desire an interview with her; and Arthur, Marchell, Cai, and Bedwyr, were the four, on the look out for an opportunity, but they were not able to get so much as one pig, by gift nor by purchase, by deceit, nor by force, nor by stealth. They were thus called the powerful swine-herds, because it was not possible to gain or prevail over them for one of the swine that they kept, but they restored them with their full increase to those who owned them.

[The original text of this Triad, as to Pryderi, is—Pryderi, the son of Pwyll Pendaran Dyved, who kept his father's swine, while he was in the unknown world, which appears to be incorrect. It has therefore been made to agree with Triads XXX of the first series, and LVI of the second series. The second series has an addition to the account of Coll, that he tended the swine of Dallwyr Dallben in the valley of Dallwyr, in Cernyw, and one of the swine was with young, which had the name of Henwyn, and there was a prophesy that it would be worse for the Isle of Britain from that gestation; and therefore, Arthur assembled the host of the Isle of Britain, and proceeded to endeavour to destroy it. The other Triads say, that the sow laid a grain of barley and of wheat at Llovion, or Llonwen, in Dyved. Triad LVI for Brynach has Bread, a prince of the North; and respecting the cat thrown into the Menai, it has this addition.—And the sons of Palug in Mon reared it, for evil to them; for it was the Palug cat, which was one of the three chief molestations bred in Mon: the second was Daronwy; and the third was Edwin, king of England.—This Triad is made up of traditions, so worded as to be now inexplicable. Triad LVI in page 98 of this volume, throws some light on Coll, the son of Collvrewi, from which it may be inferred, that the sow was a ship, that brought grain and some animals to Britain, not known here before. The particulars, here related concerning Pryderi, are also recorded in the Mabinogion in the tale of Math ab Mathonwy, of which a short account may be seen in page 32 of this volume.]

XCVIII. Three men with their progeny, who were consigned to everlasting disgrace and disfranchisement, and who could not be otherwise than in the condition of slaves: the first was Avarwy ab Ludd, who invited the Romans first into this Island, in the train of Iwl Caisar their emperor, and gave them land in the Isle of Taned; the second was Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, who invited the Saxons first into this island, as auxiliaries to him in his usurpation, and gave them land in the Isle of Taned—and may

evil befal whoever gives land to stangers in that island! And he intermarried with Rhonwen, the daughter of Hors; and to the son that he begat of her, called Gotta, he gave, by usurpation, the monarchy of the Isle of Britain; and through that cause the Cymry lost the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain; the third was Medrawd, the son of Llew ab Cynvarch, who held the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain, under the title of regency, whilst Arthur was opposing the men of Rome beyond the Mountain of Mynnau, when they would return as a molestation to this island, wherein the best of Arthur's men were slain; and, when Medrawd heard this, he joined himself with the Saxons, and brought on the battle of Camlan, where Arthur with his men were killed, only three escaping; and thence the Saxons became a prevailing molestation upon the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain, killing and driving away such of the nation of the Cymry as did not join with them; and there were only the tribes of the country of Wales that maintained an opposition to the molestation of the Saxons; the men of Rome also confirming privilege and lands to the Saxons in the Isle of Britain, as if one intruding nation identified itself with the other, until it befel the men of Rome in the manner that envy consumed itself by the coming of the black molestation upon them.

[Triads XCI of the first and VI of the second series agree generally with the above, with the addition of some particulars in the Welsh Chronicles being incorporated with the latter Triad. The substance of the account in the above Triad appears also in Triads XXIV and XXV, in pages 171, and 201 of vol. i. of this work.—The name of *Mynydd Mynnau*, the Mountain of Peaks, is understood to imply the Alps.]

XCIX. The three Amorous Gallants of the Isle of Britain: first, Caswallawn ab Beli, for Flur, the daughter of Mygnach the Dwarf, who, to obtain her, went as far as the land of Gascony, against the men of Rome, brought her away, and slew 6000 of the Cæsarians, and to avenge which insult it was, that the men of Rome came to the Isle of Britain; the second was Trystan, the son of Tallwch, for Esyllt, the daughter of March ab Meirchion, his uncle; third, Cynon, for Morvudd, the daughter of Urien Reged.

[Triad LIII of the first series is thus—Caswallawn, the son of Beli for Flur, the Daughter of Mygnach Gôr; and Trystan, the son of Tallwch, for Esyllt, the wife of March Meirchiawn, his uncle; and Cynon ab Clydno Eiddyn, for Morvydd, the daughter of Urien. This Triad is not in the second-series. Notices of

Caswallawn may be seen in the former volume, pages 87 and 169. Trystan and Cynon lived in the sixth century; the former is commemorated in a preceding Triad in this Number.]

C. The three Bull Elves of the Isle of Britain: the Elf of Gwidawl; the Elf of Llyr Merini; and the Elf of Gwrthmwlwledig.

[Triad LXIX of the first series agrees with the above; but Triad XLIV of the second series has Stag Elves for Bull Elves.—What could have been meant by these elves is left to the readers imagination.]

CI. The three Sylvan Elves of the Isle of Britain: the prominent Elf; the yellow Elf; and the Elf of Ednyvedawg the Amorous.

[Triad LXX of the first series, for Melen and Melan, yellow, has Melw, as a different reading; and Triad XLV of the second series, for Banawg, prominent, has Manawg, spotted.—This Triad is equally mysterious with the preceding one.]

CII. The three Viragoes of the Isle of Britain: Llewai, the daughter of Seithwedd Seidi; and Maderai Badellvawr; and Rhorai Vawr, the daughter of Usber Galed.

[Triad LXIV of the first and XVIII of the second series agree with the above. There are no other notices of these viragoes, by which their history can be ascertained.]

CIII. The three Chaste Damsels of the Isle of Britain: Trywyl, the daughter of Llyngesawl Law Hael; Gwenvron, the daughter of Tudwal Tudglyd: and Tegau Eurvron, who was one of the fair ladies of the court of Arthur.

[Triad LIV of the first series names the damsels—Traul Divevl, Gwenvadon, and Tegau Eurvron. The Triad is not in the second series.—The last of these chaste damsels lived in the court of Arthur; the history of the other two is uncertain.]

CIV. The three Chaste Wives of the Isle of Britain: Arddun, the wife of Catgor ab Collwyn; Eviliau, the wife of Gwydr Drwm; and Emerchred, the wife of Mabon ab Dewain Hen.

[In Triad LV of the first, and XLVII of the second series, Collwyn called Colwyn and Gorolwyn; and in the latter Eviliau and Dewain are named Eneilian and Dewengan.]

CV. The three Unchaste Wives of the Isle of Britain, who were the three daughters of Culvynawyd Prydain: first, Esyllt Vyngwen, the mistress of Trystan ab Tallwch; second, Penarwen, the wife of Owain ab Urien; third, Bun, the wife of Flamddwyn.

[Triad LVI of the first series agrees with the above; but it is not in the second series.]

CVI. The three Sprightly Ladies of the Isle of Britain: Angharad Tonvelen, the daughter of Rhydderch Hael; Annan, the daughter of Maig Mygedwas; and Perwyr, the daughter of Rhun Ryseddvawr.

[Triad LXXIV. of the first series, for Annan, Mygedwas, and Perwyr, has Anan, Mygotwas, or Mogotwas Aneirin, and Penvyr; and this Triad is not in the second series.]

CVII. The three Fair Ladies of the Isle of Britain: Gwên, the daughter of Cywryd ab Crydon; Creirwy, the daughter of Ceridwen; and Arianrod, the daughter of Don.

[Triad LXXIII. of the first series agrees with the above, with the different reading, for Ceridwen, of Caridwen the Hag, the wife of Tegid. This Triad is not in the second series.—The names in the five last Triads are often mentioned by the ancient bards, and in the Mabinogion.]

CVIII. The three Useless Bards of the Isle of Britain: first, Arthur: second, Cadwallawn ab Cadvan; and Rhyhawd ail Morgant Morganwy.

[Triad XVIII of the first, and IX of the second series agree with the above.]

CIX. The three chief Christian Bards of the Isle of Britain: Merddin Emrys; Taliesin Ben Beirdd; and Merddin ab Madawg Morvryn.

[Triad XCII of the first series agrees with the above; but it is not in the second series.]

CX. The three Gold Shoemakers of the Isle of Britain: first, Caswallawn ab Beli, when he went as far as Gascony to obtain Flur, the daughter of Mygnach Gor, who had been seduced and carried thither to Caisar the emperor, by one called Mwrchan the Thief, king of that country, and friend of Iwl Caisar, and Cadwallawn brought her back to the Isle of Britain; second, Manawydan ab Llyr Llediaith, when he was as far as Dyved laying restrictions; third, Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he was along with Gwdion, the son of Don, obtaining name and arms from Arianrod, his mother.

[Triads LXXVII of the first, and LVIII of the second series are this.—Caswallawn ab Beli, when he went as far as Rome to fetch Flur; and Manawydan, the son of Llyr, when he was as far as Dyved; and Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he and Gwydion were obtaining name and arms from Arianrod his mother.—The Mabi-

nogion of Manawydan and of Math ab Mathonwy explain this Triad: therein it is described that they went, to obtain their objects, disguised as shoemakers.]

CXI. Three Royal Domains, that were established by Rodri Mawr in Wales: first, Dinevwr; second, Aberfraw; third, Mathraval. There was a prince wearing a diadem in each of the three dominions; and the oldest of the three princes, whichever of them it might be, was to be the sovereign; that is to say, King of all Wales; and the other two obedient to his word, and his word imperative upon each one of them; and he was chief of law and chief elder in every conventional session, and in every movement of country and nation.

[The events, commemorated in this Triad, are recorded in the histories of Wales. The division of the country into three provinces, as here mentioned, took place about the year 843, when Rhodri Mawr, or the Great, succeeded to the throne. Upon his death, about thirty years afterwards, the three provinces were divided amongst his three sons, Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn.]

This collection of Triads contains 17 more, which, as they relate to Arthur, and form a part of a larger class upon the same subject, are omitted here, as they may appear on some future occasion. At the end of this copy of Triads is a memorandum, of which the following is a translation:—

"These Triads have been extracted from the book of Caradawg of Nant Carvan, and from the book of Ieuan Brechva, by me, Thomas Jones of Tregaron; and these are all that I could obtain out of three hundred. 1601."

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

APHORISMS ON STRENGTH*.

The strength of the learned is his exertion:
The strength of a teacher is his arrangement:
The strength of the wise is his reason:
The strength of the discreet is his consideration:
The strength of the ingenious is his sciences:
The strength of the brave is his courage:
The strength of a host is his courtesy:

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii p. 60. Another collection of "Aphorisms on Strength" was inserted in the former volume, page 129, from which, however, this differs in most particulars.

The strength of a foreigner is his peaceableness:
The strength of a bard is his genius:
The strength of a domestic is his diligence:
The strength of the just is his conscience:
The strength of the fortunate is his patience:
The strength of the pious is his God.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A PATRIOT*.

He is not a patriot who has not dignity:
There is no dignity without nobility:
There is no nobility without learning:
There is no learning without manners:
There can be no manners without courtesy:
There is no courtesy without morality:
There is no morality without justice:
There is no justice without obedience:
There is no obedience without piety:
There is no piety without love:
There is no love without God.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[*Continued from page* 399.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Porter.

He is entitled to his land free, and to his house within the porch. He ought to have his victuals always from the Palace, and a dish of meat when the King is there. Out of every present, coming through the gate, he shall have a handful†.

He shall have a billet out of every load of fuel passing through the gate, which he can pull without stopping the horse with his hand on the gate‡.

* Arch. of Wales, vol iii. p. 64.

† To this Wotton adds, in his copy, "viz, of fruit, eggs, and herrings;" in the original, *o aeron, wyeu, a phenweig*.—Ed.

‡ The Cotton MS., according to Wotton, explains this more fully, and adds, that, if the Porter did not succeed in taking a billet, he was still to have one for his pains, but not the largest.—Ed.

He is entitled to four-pence from every prisoner, upon whom the gate shall be shut.

He ought to stretch out the skins of the animals, which shall be killed in the Palace: for each of them he shall receive one penny.

Out of the booty of swine, that shall pass through the gate, he is to have the sow, which he can lift up by the bristles with one hand, so that her feet shall be as high as his knees. Any animal without a tail, passing through the gate, shall belong to him*.

He ought to act as Serjeant over the vassal-town. For every maiden fee, coming from it, he shall have four-pence. It is his business to summon the men of the vassal-town to work. Out of every fine and commutation, levied upon them, he shall receive a reward.

He ought to have his errands in the palace gratis. He should have the remains of the cheese, which he toasts†.

He ought to prepare the court as far as to giving orders for the straw to be brought and for lighting the fire.

His protection is to keep the person, that commits trespass, until the Steward of the Household passes through the gate to go to his lodging; and the Steward of the Household sends him out of the reach of danger.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and sixty pence. His price is six score and six cows.

Watchman.

He is entitled to have his land free, and his commons of victuals and his clothes, and a loaf, with its allowance of butter and cheese‡, for breakfast.

He ought only to watch from the time of going to bed until day-break. In the day he shall sleep, and shall do nothing without a reward.

* Wotton adds, that he was also to have the last of the beasts, that went through the gate.—Ed.

† It is to be hoped, that the English reader will know how to reverence this high authority for one of a Welshman's favourite dainties.—Ed.

‡ The word, here translated, "butter and cheese," is, in the original, *enllyn*, which implies any victuals, that may be eaten with bread. Wotton accordingly renders it *companagium*, a barbarous Latin word, which, according to Spelman, was sometimes written, though it should seem improperly, *compernagium*.—Ed.

Some say, he is entitled to the eyes of the animals, which are killed in the Palace, and that he is entitled to his clothes, except cap and stockings.

If he should be found asleep during the time that he ought to watch, though any one were to beat him, he could get no satisfaction; and, if he should not be beaten while found asleep, let him pay a fine to the King.

His protection is from the time he begins to blow his horn, when he goes on the watch, until the gate is opened next morning.

His satisfaction for injury is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows*.

Provider of Fuel.

He is entitled to his land free, and his commons of victuals and his dish meat, when the King is there, and his clothes.

He ought to have what may be necessary for procuring fuel for the Palace, and, if he loses any thing, he ought to pay for it.

He must keep the horse for carrying the fuel, and receive his provender every night from the Palace, and ride him in going to the wood; and, should he lose him when under his care, he ought to pay the value.

He is not obliged to cut the fuel after it is brought home on the horse, but to leave it in the state he brings it in.

He is entitled to the necks of the animals, which shall be slaughtered in the Palace, because they are chopped on the block with his hatchet.

His protection extends as far as he can fling his hatchet or his bill-hook.

His satisfaction for injury is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

Baker-woman.

She is entitled to have her victuals from the Palace, and her clothes and dish-meat, when the King is there, and her cake, after baking, out of every kind of flour, with which she bakes, and her bed in the provision-house.

* It appears from the copy of the Laws in Wotton, that the Watchman was to be a native Welsh gentleman, which, on account of his near attendance on the King, was, perhaps, considered necessary in those unsettled times, when a distrust of the English was, by no means, unnatural.—Ed.

She is not obliged to rise up to any one while she is baking.

Her protection extends as far as she can throw with her spattle.

Her satisfaction for injury is the third of that for her husband: if she have no husband, then half as much as for her brother.

Her price, whether she be sole or otherwise, is half the price of her brother.

Smith of the Palace.

He is entitled to his land free, and to his commons of victuals and dish-meat, when the King abides there.

He is bound to perform the necessary work of the Palace without pay, except three things: these are a stirrup-iron, the rim of cauldron, and the edge of a coulter; or a hinge, a hatchet for fire-wood, and the head of a spear. For each of these three things he ought to be paid down.

He ought to do the jobs wanted by the Officers of the Court *gratis;* but they should make him a present for his labour.

He is entitled to maiden-fee of the daughters of all the other smiths.

He is to have the rarities:—the rarities mean the first liquor, that is brought into the hall*.

His station in the court is on the end of the form, close to the Domestic Chaplain.

His protection extends from the time he begins to work in the morning, until he finishes at night.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence: his price is six score and six cows†.

Washerwoman.

She is entitled to have her victuals from the Palace, and her dish-meat when the King is there, and her clothes; and on the

* The original word, here rendered by "rarities," is *ceinon*, which Wotton translates *canon*, a word used by some Latin authors in reference to a certain rate, or allowance for victuals. Accordingly Wotton thinks, that the Welsh word was derived from the Latin, though it is obviously formed from the word *cain*, and consequently implies ornaments, or delicacies of any description. A Welsh bard has the following lines:—

"Ni ddyly corn medd *ceinion* meddwaint,
Bardd ni wypo hwn, hyny dy gaint."

He deserves not the mead-horn with the *delicacies* of inebriety,
The bard, that knows not this, that it is thy song.—ED.

† The Laws, relating to the Smith, are much more numerous in Wotton's Translation; but there is not space to transcribe them here.—ED.

day, when she washes for the Queen, she is to receive a present from her.

Her protection extends as far as she can fling her washing beetle.

Her satisfaction for insult and her price are the same as for the Baker-woman.

Chief of Song.

He is entitled to hold his land free; and his station is by the side of the Judge of the Palace.

He ought to commence singing in praise of God, and then of the King, who holds the court, or of another.

None but the Chief of Song is entitled to ask a gift; and, in dividing with his companions, two shares come to him.

He claims from every minstrel, at the close of his tuition, twenty-four pence.

From every woman, who shall have formerly slept with men, he is entitled to four-pence *.

He has a right to the maiden-fee of the daughters of the other minstrels.

His lodging ought to be with the Heir Presumptive.

His protection is from the time, when the singing shall commence in the court, until the last song shall be finished.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows, and six score pence; and his price is six score and six cows †.

Miscellaneous.

Above we have treated of the Officers belonging to the Court, those who are so according to law, and those by usage and custom, and of their privileges and duties; here we take notice of some other things.

The three indispensables of a King are his Chaplain to say grace at meat and to sing mass, the Judge of the Palace to explain every thing dubious, and his family to execute his commissions.

The three indispensables of a Gentleman: his harp, his cloak, and his cauldron.

* To this Wotton adds, "unless he shall have received a present *(honorarium)* from her before hand."—Ed.

† The same observation applies to the Laws in Wotton under this head, as was made in the last note but one respecting those relating to the Smith.—Ed.

The three indispensables of a Villain: his trough, his borer, and his fire-hob.

Three things, which the King should not divide: his treasure, his hawk, and his breeches.

Three other things, which the King ought not to divide with another: gold and silver, bugle horns, and a garment, that has golden fringe to it.

The King's three nets: his horses, his swine, and his cattle; if a man should lose a beast and find it amongst the cattle of the King, for every one so found he shall pay four-pence.

The three nets of a Gentleman: his horses, his cattle, and his swine; should a person find his beast amongst them, let him pay four-pence.

The three nets of a Villain: his herd of swine, his cattle, and his winter cottage from the first of May until August: should he find an animal astray in either, he is entitled to four-pence.

Three things, which a Villain cannot sell without the license of his lord; a stallion, honey, and swine; and, should he sell them, let him be finable, but, if his lord does not buy them, let him sell them in any way he may choose.

Three professions, to which the son of a Villain has no claim, without leave of his lord; and, should he learn them, he must resign them again, unless he be a clerk and has taken orders: these are scholarship, the trade of a smith, and bardism*.

The eight carriers† of the King: a stormy sea, a fugitive of another country, a thief, a person dying childless, and person dying without obtaining a heriot, a transgressor, one, from whom a fine is obtained, and a commutation for wrong.

Whoever shall say an intemperate word to the King, let him him pay a double commutation.

Wherever the Chaplain, the Steward of the Household, and the Judge shall be assembled together, there shall be the onour of the court.

The King ought not to go with his army out of the country above once every year. His men are obliged to attend the King in his own dominion, whenever he may call for them; and he

* The foregoing Miscellaneous Laws, though inserted here in the Cambrian Register, belong more properly to the Law Triads *(Trioedd Cyfraith)*, among which they are published by Wotton. The Book of Law Triads occupies in his work 120 folio pages.—Ed.

† The Welsh word is *pynvarch*, which Wotton translates *jumenta sarciaria*.—Ed.

has a right to have from every vassal town a man, a horse, and a hatchet for forming encapments; but they are to be at his own cost.

There are nine buildings, which the King's villains are obliged to build for him: the hall, chamber, provision-house, stable, dog-kennel, barn, kiln, privy, and dormitory.

All chattels without an owner go as an escheat to the King.

Whoever shall commit any wrong in a Cathedral Church*, let him pay fourteen pounds, the one half to the Abbot, if he be a Professor of Divinity, and the other half between the Priest and the Cloister. If a wrong is committed in the church-yard, then seven pounds in two shares like the other.

Whoever commits a wrong to any other Church, let him pay seven pounds, one half to the Priest, and the other to the Curate.

[*End of the Laws of the Court.*]

ANTIQUITIES.

ANCIENT TUMULI.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As the following extracts from that interesting tourist, Dr. E. D. Clarke, throw light upon the controversy as to the original design of the ancient *Tumuli*, which, according to some antiquaries, were sacred edifices, and according to others merely sepulchral, I have to request the insertion of what follows in your interesting miscellany.

The Doctor, in his first volume, speaking of the antiquities of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, observes, that "the neighbourhood of Sienna was entirely covered with *tumuli* of a size and shape that could not fail to excite a traveller's wonder, and stimulate his research." He describes the inside of one of those sepulchres accompanied with a plate.

Similar tombs, he remarks, (p. 399.) are found upon all the shores of the Bosphorus. "Close to this now described," says our tourist, "are many others, and some nearly of equal size. Pallas mentions the frequency of such appearances all round the Bay of Taman. Indeed it would be vain to ask where they are not found.—In view of labour so prodigious, as well as of expen-

* The original is *Maneglwys*, literally a Mother-Church.—ED.

diture so enormous, for the purpose of inhuming a single body, customs and superstitions are manifest, illustrating the origin of the pyramids of Egypt, the caverns of Elephanta, and the first temples of the ancient world. In memory of the mighty dead, long before there were such edifices as temples, the simple sepulchral heap was raised, and this became the altar whereon sacrifices were offered. Hence the most ancient heathen structures, for offerings to the gods, were always erected upon tombs, or in their immediate vicinity. The discussion founded on a question, whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples, seems altogether nugatory; being one they were necessarily the other.

> Et tot templa Deûm Romæ, quot in urbe sepulchra
> Heroum numerare licet.—*Prudentius.*

The sanctity of the Acropolis of Athens owed its origin to the sepulchre of Cecrops: without this leading cause of veneration, the numerous temples, wherewith it was afterwards adorned, would never have been erected. The same may be said of many others. On this account, ancient authors make use of such words for the temples of the gods, as, in their original and proper signification, imply nothing more than a tomb or a sepulchre. In this sense Lycophron uses Τυμβος, and Virgil TUMULUS." Thus far the learned tourist.

There have been various discussions respecting the *Cromlechau* as well as the *Tumuli*, and there can be no doubt, that, in many instances, both of them were dedicated to sacred, or rather to superstitious, purposes. The author of the History of Brecknockshire is decidedly of the opinion, that the Cromlechs were always sepulchral, but the author of "The Mythology of the Druids" regards them as in general devoted to the purposes of superstition, though he allows they were, in some instances, sepulchral. That the monuments of sepulture, especially of the mighty and illustrious, became the objects of religious veneration in ancient times appears pretty evident. Affection for the departed relative, and admiration of the deceased hero, soon degenerated into superstition, and the only religious rites of some modern savages seem to be paid at the tombs of their ancestors.

Dr. Borlase speaks well on the subject of ancient stone monuments in the third Book of his History of Cornwall. The doctor observes, that, "he who has a just regard for the first ages and customs of mankind, and is willing to inquire into the original of those monuments, which are dispersed not only in the

British isles, but in most other nations, will not lose his labour wholly, nor miss of entertainment. He may see the same monuments in Asia and at home at his own doors; the same in Egypt and the westernmost parts of Britain, and may, perhaps, discover the intent and design of them, set forth in other histories, *better than we can expect from the history of our own country.*" This learned author infers, "that some of these monuments were of a truly religious institution, that others were sepulchral, and that both these sorts of monuments became, afterwards, places of public national worship." The doctor has a curious chapter on the ancient Tumuli or Barrows, of which a large extract might prove interesting; but at present I shall be brief. It is observed, "that these are called *Lows* in Staffordshire, and *Lawes* in Ireland; in Wales they are called *Tommen*, in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire *Cops;* in Teutonic *Brogh*, in Saxon *Byrigh*, whence comes our English word, and in Cornwall they are called *Burrows.* That erected by *Achilles* over his friend *Patroclus*, and the sumptuous one of *Alexander* over *Ephestion*, are the most remarkable in classic history." I shall conclude this paper with the remark, that the most remarkable ancient monument in Britain, COR GAWR, or STONEHENGE, was the grand place of national congress and of worship, in the midst of the tombs of heroes and of princes. J. H.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SWANSEA, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Guilmus Thomas Arm. his solus est.

KIND reader, underneath doth lie
The true pattern of courtesie;
A lover of king, church, and laws,
Of a sound peace the proper cause;
The scourge of atheists, and profane,
Such drolling was to him a paine;
A kind father unto his owne,
As kind to those that had none;
Storms of lawsuites his power laid,
The costs and damages he paid;
Favourer of arts—'tis wished the grim
Destroying Death had favoured him.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, 1753.

Here lyeth a man, both body and bones,
He was by his trade a joiner of stones,
Ingraving of letters, and edging all,
And his coat of arms was three towers tall*.

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE IN A CHURCH-YARD IN WALES†.

Dust from dust at first was taken,
Dust by dust is now forsaken:
Dust in dust shall still remain,
Till dust from dust shall rise again.

IEUAN DDU O LAN TAWE.

Swansea, April, 26, 1821.

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT TOUR.

OWAIN GLYNDWR.

THERE are few tracts in North Wales, of equal extent with the road from Llangollen to Corwen, which present so beautiful a variety of scenery, and are so powerfully interesting in an historical point of view. About four miles from the former is Glyndyfrdwy, a delightful spot, and celebrated as having once witnessed the generous hospitality of the "last of Cambria's Patriots, wild Glyndwr." A green hillock, surrounded with oak and fir-trees, marks the place where the mansion of the chieftain was situated, and all the signs, that now remain of it, are a few loose and straggling stones, scattered about on the eminence. I have always entertained an enthusiastic veneration for the character of this heroic Welshman: but I am well aware that he has been often depreciated as an incorrigible traitor—as a cruel and blood-thirsty rebel. I do not, however, acknowlege the justice of this accusation. We are not to estimate his actions by the nice standard of civilized judgment, nor must we overlook his own

* The original word, for which *tall* is here substituted, is not legible.

† This is copied from an English periodical publication, which does not name the place.

private wrongs, and those of his suffering countrymen. Plunged as Wales then was in a state of the most oppressive slavery, the revolt of her brave people was an act of venial, nay of commendable, self-defence, rather than of traitorous disloyalty; and that man must have been bold and patriotic, indeed, and without one single particle of treason in his heart, who ventured to restore his country from a domination so despotic and powerful. But Owain Glyndwr would not have been that man, had he not been driven to arms by infamous and unendurable oppression. Amidst the recesses of his native hills, and in the bosom of an affectionate family, he lived in unambitious and contented retirement, delighting all with his hospitality, and dispensing numerous blessings among his devoted and happy dependants. But a malicious fiend broke in upon his solitude, and disturbed the even tenour of his life. Lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, who had large possessions contiguous to those of the Welshman, upon some frivolous pretence or other, seized a considerable portion of land, which had long been the property of the Glyndwrs; nor would he give it up, till a suit in the courts of law was decided in favour of his adversary. This happened in the reign of Richard the Second; and, when Henry the Fourth ascended the throne, Grey, relying on the King's protection, again seized those lands which had been legally awarded to Owain. The chieftain sought redress by a petition to Parliament, but without effect, as his application was not even noticed; even this, aggravating as it must have been to a choleric Welshman, was not sufficient to provoke retaliation: there wanted however but another provocation, and that was quickly given. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, he summoned all his chieftains to attend him with their vassals, and Glyndwr amongst others was ordered to attend the monarch with a certain number of his retainers. The writ of summons for his attendance was entrusted to Lord Grey, who purposely withheld it, till it was too late for the chieftain to obey: and the crafty nobleman then represented to the King, that Owain's absence was the result of his disobedience, obtaining at the same time a grant of all the Welshman's land, who was forthwith declared a traitor. It will be readily imagined, that this insult was too provoking to be endured unresistingly. Owain had endured enough already, and, with a chosen band of trusty followers, he laid waste the territories of Lord Grey, and soon recovered those lands, which had

been so unjustly taken from him. But this was not all. He had long witnessed the miseries of his country, smarting, as it was, under the tyrannic yoke of England, and he determined if possible to break this yoke, and restore Wales to her ancient independence. Besides, he most heartily detested the usurper Bolingbroke; for he was ardently attached to his unfortunate predecessor, and had served him in weal and woe with the most affectionate and unremitting fidelity*. There was yet another, and a powerful, incitement. Owain was a lineal descendant from the Royal House of Wales, and the sceptre of the Principality might be the reward of his valour. It was a splendid prize, well worth a contest. And England and Wales were soon involved in one of the most disastrous civil wars, which ever shook the stability of the English throne. Long and eagerly did the Welsh contend for the recovery of their rights, and, although they were considered in the outset as a puny barefooted rabble†, they speedily proved themselves the worthy inheritors of their fathers' heroic patriotism and sturdy valour. But the strong arm of England finally prevailed, and the Welsh were cast into a state of deep and merciless bondage, from which they did not emerge till the union of their country with England. But, notwithstanding the ill-success of Glyndwr, his undaunted spirit was unbroken and unsubdued to the last; and the English Monarch (Henry Fifth) did not deem it derogatory to his dignity to propose to him terms of mutual accommodation. Death, however, put an end to all the hero's enterprises, and, although more than four centuries have elapsed since he fought the battles of his country, the fame of his gallant achievements still lives unfaded in the breasts of his admiring countrymen.—Well, indeed, may we say of him :—

> And he was once the glory of his age,
> ——————— with every virtue
> Of civil life adorned, in arms excelling.
> His only blot was, that, *too much provoked*,
> He raised his vengeful arm against his sovereign.

* Glyndwr adhered to the cause of Richard the Second till the very last, and was taken prisoner with him in Flint Castle. He was knighted by this monarch, and appointed his *scutiger*, or body-squire. When Richard was deposed, he retired to Wales, where he resided till provoked to rebellion by Lord Grey.

† The Bishop of St. Asaph recommended in Parliament that measures somewhat less severe should be adopted with regard to Owain Glyndwr, and his partisans. He was answered by one of the English Peers in these words: "Se de illis seurris nudipedibus NON curare."

It was a lovely evening when we stood on the mount where the Cambrian Patriot dwelt of yore; and the birds, as they nestled in the oaken boughs above us, carolled in gladness their grateful song to the departed day. We sat down on one of the stones, which had perhaps formed a part of the chieftain's mansion, and indulged ourselves with one of those delightful reveries, which the serenity of the evening, the extreme beauty of the fertile dell, and the romantic associations, connected with it, were so well calculated to inspire. Here in this very spot (I thought) dwelt the heroic and spirited Glyndwr. Here did he exercise those hospitable rites, which so well became the Welsh Knight, and the man of goodly substance. Here was it that the first sparks of that valour were kindled, which burnt so fiercely ere they were quenched for ever! Here, perhaps, were witnessed those signs, which are said to have ushered the Patriot into the world,—the "fiery shapes" in the heavens, the "frighted flocks and herds"—and all those portents which marked him extraordinary. And here was raised the voice of mourning and woe, when death conquered that spirit which man could never conquer! And where are the tangible signs of his existence?—Alas! there are none in the secret valley of the Dee. His bones, with those of his brave warriors, have long since mouldered into dust, his mansion has fallen to the ground, and his fair domains are enjoyed by others. Yet the green hills surround the valley as they were wont, the verdant meads put on their gay attire in spring, and lose it again in autumn, and the river still glides on, unconscious of its vicinity to a spot so dear to the memory of the mountain peasant of Cambria. And thus it ever is: the stupendous and beautiful mechanism of Nature is not deranged by individual misfortune. "When I reflect," observes an elegant writer, "what an inconsiderable atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." R.

LETTERS ON RADNORSHIRE.

LETTER I.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Among all the different counties of the Principality, it may be affirmed, that perhaps not one is less noticed by our tourists, nor more generally slighted, than the county of Radnor. Its population, it is true, is slender, its towns and villages small, its antiquities and mansions not numerous, and a great part of the country sterile and uninteresting, Its inhabitants are not bold and enterprising, nor have they to boast of their ancient warriors, such as the Gams, the Tudors, the Vaughans. It has lost its ancient language and thereby its connexion with other parts of Wales, and it is greatly deficient in not being properly intersected with good roads. For want of completing the road from Newtown to Llandrindod, the conveyance from the Wye to the Severn is interrupted, whereas, by remedying that defect, there might be a direct carriage road from the Bristol Channel through Brecon, Builth, Newtown, &c. to Chester.

Radnorshire, for the most part, once pertained to the province of Powys, and is within the diocese of St. David's, with the exception of six parishes in that of Hereford. In having for the most part entirely lost the Welsh language, it forms an anomaly among the other counties of Wales; though there are districts of Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, in the north, and of Glamorgan and Pembroke in the south, where the Welsh language is not now spoken; and we may add Monmouthshire, which is foolishly called an English county. Yet even in the last named county there are tracts, where the inhabitants are still tenacious of the ancient language of Arthur's court, and retain the bold character of the old Silurians.

But this county is far from being uninteresting in all its tracts. On the banks of the Wye, and the Teme, it exhibits fine pasture lands, and nothing can exceed the fertility and pleasantness of the country on the south of the forest of Radnor. As to bold and striking features, this county is not destitute, whether we look to the banks of the Wye, which divide it from Brecknockshire, the grand scenery of the forest, or the varied hills which overlook the Teme. The artist need not complain for a want of subjects for the pencil. The Stanner rocks between Radnor and Kington are

grand and romantic; but from the summit of the forest he, that has an eye to see nature, and a heart to feel the pleasures of the sublime, may feast the senses in the most delightful manner, with the distant view of mountain over mountain. In ascending from Llanvihangel, you seem to leave behind a grotesque set of inferior hills while you mount to the summit, and on your right you have hollows, vales, and eminences, surmounted at a distance with a still loftier region of hills and mountainous tracts, until you gain the height, and Cadair Arthur, or the Brecknock Beacons, then shews itself in the clouds. Looking westward and northward, you see some of the proudest fortresses and garrisons of Nature's kingdom, and in a different direction the Malvern Hills, dividing the counties of Hereford and Worcester, may be seen. But, besides the distant views, the traveller cannot fail being struck with the singular waterfall, called *Water-break-its-neck*. The dreadful chasm, which nature has there formed, and judged to be 70 feet high, is bold and precipitous, so that, when the stream is copious, the appearance is awfully grand. The wild shrubbery growing out of the pendant rocks, which break the continuity of this waterfall, and the breadth, as well as height, of the chasm gives the whole a variegated as well as tremendous aspect; but I desist from any farther attempt at describing a scene, which imposes on the fancy a mingled sensation of terror and delight.

The character of the people of this country is in general unassuming, modest, and inoffensive. They possess not indeed much of the fire and ardour of the Cambrian. Their manners are civilized, and rather tame than enterprizing. There are few resident gentlemen, and a central town is wanted. As to their agriculture, there is more pasturage than tillage, and some parts of the county are productive of excellent cattle. As the principal road from Worcester and Hereford to Aberystwith lies through Radnorshire, that promises some advantage to the country. Llandrindod waters might be rendered of more utility to the inhabitants, and more serviceable to the public, if more generally known; but the uninviting appearance of the vicinity, and the want of those attractions, found in other watering places, will continue to prevent this spot from being a place of general resort. The exertions of a few public spirited men would conduce much to the improvement of this neighbourhood, especially as there is some reason to believe, that beds of coal might be discovered. A few plantations would prove both an ornament and shelter to

the country. In attempts of this kind a proper example has been set in the contiguous county of Montgomery worthy of imitation.

I shall defer any farther notice of Radnorshire until my next.

IEUAN AP BRYCHAN.

LETTER II.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Among the principal antiquities of Radnorshire may be considered that territorial boundary, called Offa's Dyke, being attributed to that powerful prince, Offa, king of Mercia, whose territories extended to Shropshire and Herefordshire, comprising also Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Nottinghamshire. He had frequent conflicts with the Welsh, and, either by compulsion or treaty, the rampart, we are speaking of, was thrown up, and of which we have evident remains on the borders of Herefordshire, Radnorshire, and Shropshire, pretty nearly marking the present division of the counties. It is very conspicuous, being not much wasted by the lapse of time, for some miles crossing the hill from the Teme side to Newcastle, in Shropshire, and from thence along the edge of that county, and that of Montgomeryshire, over the Long Mountain to Oswestry, from whence anciently it went near to Wrexham, not far from which town, on the Ruthin road, is *Adwy'r Clawdd*, a memorial of its existence as we are apt to think. There is no plain vestige of it through Flintshire; but the common assertion of our antiquaries makes it complete, from the mouth of the Wye in Monmouthshire, to the estuary of the Dee in Flintshire. But, on the one hand, I believe it cannot be traced in Monmouthshire, and the supposed extremity of it northward has been confounded with another similar work, called Watt's Dyke. As this mound was raised by the Mercian king to serve as the boundary of his domains, it probably terminated with the Wye somewhere between Hereford and Willersley southward, and on the borders of Denbighshire northward, where the Dee flows between that county and Shropshire, or near to its bounds. If any of your readers can correct me, it would give me pleasure to be set right where I labour under any misapprehension*.

* Offa's Dyke is now generally presumed to terminate in the township of Treuddin, in the parish of Mold, Flintshire, not far from the borders of Denbighshire. See Vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 137.—ED.

The situation of Caractacus's camp is certainly in Shropshire, both according to the boundary of Offa and the present division of that county from Radnorshire; but from the high grounds, above the river Teme in the latter county, you have a fine view of the difficult access to the situation where the Britons encamped. The camp is now called the *Gaer Ditches*, from the evident marks of an entrenchment still visible. That this was the situation, described by Tacitus, there can be, on the whole, little doubt, as it presents a precipitous front, and capable of a fine defence. The river, especially if swollen by a recent flood, seemed likely to present an obstacle to the Roman progress, while the nature of the country behind facilitated the escape of Caractacus, when he saw the day was lost.

It was on the opposite side of this county, that Llywelyn ab Gruffydd drew up his little army, with the view of contesting the fate of a battle, on which the existence of his life and power depended; but, having crossed the Wye into Brecknockshire, he was surrounded in a wood, while waiting the coming of some of his friends, and there became a prey to the enemy.

I shall here beg leave to observe, that this county, though so little known to fame, has had some names of note worthy of being recorded: such were Dr. John Davydd Rhys, and Mr. Lewis, the author of "The Ancient History of Great Britain." More recently, the Rev. author of "Celtic Researches" reflects an honour on this his native county, and, for his sake, the foul disgrace of Aberedw, as his native spot, should be at length wiped away. The translator of Aneurin* I also conceive to pertain to the same county, and one of your most respected correspondents, and a zealous friend of the Cambrian Societies, is a clergyman of Radnorshire†. The venerable bard of Maelenith is not the least ornament of his country, being possessed of a genius and an ability, which would do credit to a more enlarged circle than that in which he moves.

Prejudices may exist against any country; but we should acknowledge that every district has some excellencies, while there is none without defects. What I have done with respect to Radnorshire I wish some of your correspondents would do as to other counties or particular tracts. I may, perhaps, attempt something farther if this should succeed. A history of Radnorshire is

* The Rev. William Probert, of Alnwick.—Ed.

† The Rev. W. J. Rees, of Cascob, in whom the cause of Welsh literature has always found an active friend and supporter.—Ed.

in contemplation, if the gentleman who proposes it meet with due encouragement. The history of Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire we have from able hands; and the Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire, by Mr. Fenton, is no mean performance, any more than the History of Cardiganshire by Mr. Meyrick. But when shall we have a history of the interesting county of Glamorgan? I am, Sir, your's truly,

IEUAN AP BRYCHAN.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XIII.

MODERN STATE OF WALES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In a work, like your Miscellany, devoted to the promotion of Cambrian Literature, it will not be deemed, I presume, inappropriate to offer some remarks on the present state of the Principality. The crude notions, advanced too frequently respecting poor Cambria even by men of some emience, it is hoped, are now pretty well exploded, and that her sons in general are not now to be treated with such contempt, as to make a respectable Cambrian "hide his diminished head" at the mention of this country's name, when he finds himself at a distance from home. An Anglo-Saxon friend of mine once observed, as he thought very shrewdly, that, as the Welsh are made little of by other people, they take care to make the most they can of themselves. I wish there were more truth in the remark, as it has respect to those of the sons of Cambria, who are capable of doing honour to their native land. There are certain views of the subject, that would induce us to wish all distinctions done away and to blend in one all the inhabitants of the British Isles in matters of general literature as well as politics and civilization. But why should not Wales as well as Scotland have some institutions of her own, to distinguish her sons, by calling forth their talent and genius, and embodying whatever may give dignity to the descendants of the primordial Britons? There can be no doubt that many will follow, if spirited individuals continue to lead the way; and what more auspicious names can there be, than Bishop Burgess, Lord Dynevor, and Sir Watkin William Wynn? The ancient institutions, recently revived, will soon afford convincing proofs, hat the genius of former days is not extinguished, while we

endeavour both to cherish a regard for the institutions of our ancestors, and to cultivate compositions in the modern language of the British empire relative to our national traditions and remains. Let all ancient prejudices of a hostile nature be buried in eternal oblivion, while the Cambrian is gratified in preserving the historical and poetical relics of his ancestors, and encouraging modern genius and native talent. We may thus emancipate ourselves, and enforce our claims to the respect due to the country of Pennant, and of Johnes. The project of a Cambrian Plutarch is in connexion with my subject, and, it is hoped, will not be abandoned. But it is not the literary cultivation of Wales only that I plead for, but the efforts of native genius in every shape and form that can conduce either to ornament or utility. Let the agriculture and the mechanic arts of Cambria meet with due encouragement, and let the advantages of our interesting country be duly improved. What has been already done may be extended to other instances. The iron works of Glamorgan are now become the most celebrated perhaps in the world, and in that county, as well as in the counties contiguous to it, the manufacture of coarse woollens and blankets might be carried on to a great extent, as they have been long since upon a small scale. If the capital of our gentry were embarked in speculations of this nature, though perhaps some loss might be sustained in the first instance, the use of machinery, which might all he had at home, would prove as productive upon the streams of our vallies as in other parts of the island. One branch of manufactures, that of flannels, has been carried on with spirit in Montgomeryshire, and some good specimens of home-made cloth have been produced in Glamorgan, Brecknock, Radnor, and Merionethshire. In point of weaving and milling, the Welsh makers would soon improve, and, if capital were employed, they would also improve in the finishing of their fabrics.

The improvements in many of the Welsh towns have been very great within the last thirty years. The progress of education has also been considerable. New or improved roads, train-ways, and navigations are numerous in South Wales; and the ports of the Bristol Channel, in consequence of the collieries, iron and copper works, are frequented by a great number of vessels, as are the ports of Caernarvon, Bangor, and Amlwch, in North Wales. The importance of Milford and the celebrity of Tenby and Abeyrstwith, as bathing places, are well known. J. H.

HU GADARN.*

THE following wood-cut is the copy of a Bas Relief found under the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, in the year 1711, and which was first published by Montfaucon, in his "L'Antiquité Expliquée," from whence it was copied, in the "Early History of the Cymry," by the Rev. Peter Roberts, who considers the Hesus of Gaul, and the Hu of the Cymry, to have been one person, and that the attitude, in which he is here represented, "denotes either clearing the ground or pruning, either of which is," according to the Triads, "suitable to the character of Hu Gadarn."



* The Editor is indebted to Mr. Cathrall, Author of the "History of North Wales," now coming out in numbers, for the use of this wood-cut, which has already appeared in his publication.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ARWYRAIN MADAWG MAB MAREDUDD.

GWALCHMAI AI CANT*.

Arddwyrëav deyrn eurgyrn addawd,
Eisor cor cwblddawn, estrawn drallawd,
Ystryw dramesur,
Ysgawl pybl pobl-ddur,
Present benadur,
Prysur ddurawd.
Prydain a danad,
Prydyddion borthiad,
Boed cyvoed dy rad
A'th wlad a 'th wawd.
Ethyw dy ergyd
Yn eithavoedd byd,
Arthur gadernyd,
Menwyd Medrawd.
Madawg, maws odrudd,
Mygr-vab Maredudd,
Meiriau drabludd,
Drablawdd fosawd.
Ag ysid arnad âr neb vwy gnawd,
Na mwy gròni aur nog erwaint vlawd:
Ni rydd rhwysg eryr
Hyd troed o'i dymhyr
Er ovyn herwyr
Yn herw ystawd:
Nid haws i'th esgar dy gosbawd
No chafael tywyn ni bo tywawd;
Nid oes gysdedlydd
I hael hevelydd
Or à byrth bedydd
A fydd a fawd:
Nid ydyw yn vyw,
Ni ddaw, ni ddoddyw,
Ni chynan, ni chlyw,
Ni chlud molawd,
Hyd pan ddel Cynan, cain addvwyndawd,
A Chadwaladr Mawr, mur pob ciwdawd.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 200.

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE PRAISE OF MADAWG *.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM BY GWALCHMAI.

A PRINCE I sing, whose teeming boards contain
Rich horns of gold, who lives the foeman's bane,
In skill supremely bright,
His people's shield and might,
The age's proud delight,
With steel of furious flame!
Yes, Britain owns thy sway,
Friend of the bardic lay,
And blended e'er be they—
Thy country and thy fame!
To farthest climes hath flown
Thy worth, thy high renown;
Thy might, as Arthur's grown,
With Medrawd's skill arrayed!
Madawg, of mind so fair,
Maredudd's splendid heir,
Let cowards, with despair,
Crouch to thy matchless blade.

Never shone fitter charms than grace thyself,
Thou, who as dross e'er deem'st the hoarded pelf!
Madawg, of eagle-course,
Who of thy ample lands
Ne'er gavest aught to force,
Nor fear of hostile bands!

Sooner thy foes a sandless shore may see
Than from thy chast'ning arm and vengeance flee:
Nor rival e'er may claim
To match thy generous fame,
'Mong those of Christian name,
With faith and fortune bless'd.

* This poem by Gwalchmai, of whom notices have appeared in the former pages of this work, was addressed to Madawg ab Maredudd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powys from 1138 to 1159. It evidently wants the fire, that pervades the poet's other productions, but is not without its merit as an encomiastic ode.—ED.

Such may not now be seen,
Nor, haply, e'er hath been,
Nor in time's round, I ween,
Shall one be so caressed;
Till Cynan come, in fairest virtue bright,
And great Cadwaladr, of every tribe the might*.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR RECITAL AT THE LATE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION†.

Redeunt Saturnia regna.—VIRG.

WHO, that hath strayed near Tyber's ancient stream,
Rapt into visions of some classic dream,
Musing, perchance, on some long-vanished age,
Bright with the fame of hero and of sage,
Haply on that, when Genius, all refin'd,
Triumph'd in Cæsar's sword or Tully's mind;
'Till now the wanderer, waking from his trance,
Throws o'er the altered scene his rapid glance,
And eyes each mouldering fane, each prostrate dome,
The gorgeous wreck of all that once was Rome:—
Who, that hath lost himself in dreams like this,
Hath never long'd to realize the bliss,
Hath never wish'd, that some enchanter's pow'r
Might from the past redeem the splendid hour,
When Roman arts and Roman genius gave
Their mingled triumph, Tyber, to thy wave?

Yet lives not Rome, as in her mightiest day,
Still in th' historian's page and poet's lay?
Lives not, as ever lived, th' Horatian lyre,
And all its strings e'er caught of Grecian fire:—
Blooms not the Mantuan muse in all her charms,
Chaunting her rural themes or feats of arms,

* The two concluding lines contain the substance of repeated predictions by Merddin and other ancient bards.—See p. 262 of the present volume, where an instance occurs of their use by Merddin. Their adoption here appears somewhat strange, as both Cynan and Cadwaladr must have been long anterior to Gwalchmai's time.—ED.

† These lines, which were intended to be read at the late Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion, are inserted here, not on account of any particular merit they possess, but because they seem applicable to the occasion, for which they were written.

As now she revels 'mong the pastoral train,
Or now sublimely sings of Latium's ancient reign:—
Teems not the page with Sallust's pregnant sense,
Ovid's soft musings, Tully's eloquence?
And thus, as erst, we find all-conquering Rome
Rear in each clime her empire and her home.

Hear this, ye sons of CYMRU'S ancient race,
Hear it and ask, if none for you may trace,
With magic skill, some vestige of the past,
And bid your country's genius live and last.
Though, CYMRU, not in arts or arms thy name
May vie with Roman or with Grecian fame,
Yet hath the Muse, with an unsparing hand,
Her bounty scattered o'er thy mountain land.
From earliest time thy AWEN gave its bloom,
To cheer thy freedom, or to deck its tomb;
From earliest time, thy woods and rocks among,
Thy gifted bard hath weaved his varied song,
To chaunt of Druid lore, or tune his lays
To themes of love, or peerless Arthur's praise.

Methinks, e'en now, as o'er the waste of time
I throw my ravished eye, a band sublime
Starts from the mist of ages, to display
The glories, CYMRU, of thy prouder day.
Methinks, I see, first in the glowing dream,
Him, Chief of Bards, who sang near Tywy's stream,
Who tuned to mystic lore his 'raptured string,
Or, haply, gave his muse a loftier wing,
To tell of Uthyr's or of Urien's fame,
And wed to their's his own immortal name *.
But who is he, with pace so sad and slow,
That seems to bend beneath a nation's woe?
'Tis he, who sang of Cattraeth's bloody field,
And wept that Britons should so basely yield;
'Tis he, who saw Gododin's deed of shame,
Mourn'd o'er the sickening sight, and made it fame,
Sigh'd o'er his country's fall 'mong floods of gore,
And gave the world one deathless epic more †.

* Taliesin,—of whom see a short Memoir in the former volume, p. 10.

† Aneurin,—the author of the Gododin, which, although here called an epic, is, more properly, an heroic, poem.—See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. pp. 91 & 389 for some notices of Aneurin and his poem.

Now, hark! a deeper strain, a holier sound,
In sorrowing numbers, trembles all around,
As to the winds yon aged minstrel throws
The plaintive record of his matchless woes:
His plunder'd home,—his friends, his patrons slain,
His twenty sons, stretch'd on the battle-plain,
And, ah! himself an exile, doomed to stay,
Through sadly lingering years, for life's decay,
Friendless and childless sinking to the grave,
None but his muse to cheer him or to save*.
But lo! another comes:—with eye of fire
I see him seize old Pindar's long-lost lyre,
And Grecian spirit glows in CYMRU's lay,
As Gwalchmai sings of Owain's glorious day,
When routed armies owned the hero's might,
And CYMRU's banner waved o'er Moelvre's height†.
But cease!—of arms no more:—a softer strain
In Lydian measures floats along the plain,
While sweetest music fills the ravish'd strings,
As CYMRU's Petrarch of his Laura sings,
And all his soul melts into fond desire,
As now his Dyddgu's charms, his Morvudd's now inspire‡.

Much still of CYMRU's bards could I rehearse,
Might all, that crowd my vision, fill my verse;
But who shall count that long and splendid line,
By AWEN nurtured with her flame divine?
Who, in that brilliant galaxy of fame,
Shall tell each star, that bears an honour'd name?
Yet, one remains, of all the gifted race,
Whom most the Muse's charms conspired to grace,
Latest and mightiest of the Bardic throng,
Who gave to varied themes his varying song;
Now tuned his moral strain to Happiness,
That richest, rarest GEM, supreme to bless;

* Llywarch Hen,—of whose life, sorrows, and writings an account was given in the former volume, p. 287. He is recorded to have lived to the extraordinary age of 150 years.

† For some specimens of Gwalchmai's muse see vol. i. p. 229 and the present volume, pp. 183 and 459.

‡ Davydd ab Gwilym,—one of the most eminent poets of the fourteenth century. A considerable portion of his effusions, now extant, are devoted to Morvudd and Dyddgu, but much the greater proportion to the former of these fair ones, who may therefore be considered his Laura. An edition of the poet's works, with an excellent preface by Mr. Owen Pughe, was published in 1789.

Now raised to Heaven the soul-ennobling lay,
And sang sublime of Judgment's awful Day.
Ill-fated seer! whom wrongs condemned to roam
Far from his much-loved plains and early home,
Forbidden there a resting-place,—a grave,
And doomed to perish o'er th' Atlantic wave.
Yet lives not still Goronw's magic name,
CYMRU, at once thy glory and thy shame*?

But happier scenes approach:—I see the ray
Relume our land, that shone in Gruffydd's day†;
A brighter æra o'er our hills ascends,
And in one orb the scatter'd fragments blends
Of all, that 'raptur'd bard or studious sage
Had mused of yore, to gild a deathless page;
Of all, that now, perchance, may lend its beam,
To shed new light o'er learning's sacred stream,
As song and science mingling flow around,
And all is life on CYMRU'S classic ground.

Then hail, auspicious hour! and welcome thou,
Queen of the heavenly smile and sparkling brow;
Welcome, sweet Hope, to Genius ever dear,
Friend of the AWEN, when no friends are near!
And, with thee, welcome CYMRU'S earlier fame,
When patrons loved and felt the bardic flame!
New Ivors‡ now, new Owains§ shall arise,
To foster Genius, drooping as she lies,
And point the path to yonder kindred skies;
While CYMRU'S name shall triumph as of yore,
And her bright halo beam more widely than before.

* * *

* Goronw Owain, who was born in the early part of the last century, was a native of Anglesea and a minister of the Church of England. After a series of misfortunes, among which the neglect of his countrymen was not the least, he emigrated in 1757 to America, where he died. His works have been printed in the *Diddanwch Teuluaidd*, now become very scarce: there are also two of his letters in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, and one in the Cambrian Biography, in which he gives an interesting account of his life. The effusions of his muse have never been surpassed by any child of the *Awen*.

† Gruffydd ab Cynan,—Prince of North Wales during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and a distinguished patron of the bards.

‡ Ivor Hael,—patron of Davydd ab Gwilym.

§ Owain Cyveiliog,—Prince of Powys in the twelfth century, a friend of the bards, and himself a successful votary of the muse.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., a numerous meeting of gentlemen, connected with Wales, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern in honour of the first Anniversary of this Institution. The day was selected as being also the first Anniversary of the birth of an heir to Wynnstay, whose patriotic owner, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., President of the Society, took the chair upon this interesting occasion. There were besides present many gentlemen of the first respectability, as well resident in the Principality as in London, and among them several known friends of the *Awen* and promoters of our national literature.

The business of the day commenced at four o'clock, and soon afterwards the judgment of the Committee, appointed to decide on the merits of the several Odes, seven in number, which had been received as competitors for the medal, was announced by the members *seriatim;* and Mr. Thomas Jones, of Long Acre, *(Bardd Cloff)*, proved to be the successful candidate. It was, however, at the same time stated, that, if it had come within the plan of the Society to bestow two medals, the other would have been awarded to an Ode of great merit with the assumed signature of P I. The next transaction of interest was a resolution, into which the meeting entered, to purchase the valuable MSS. of the late Mr. Owen Jones, now in the possession of his widow, embracing the numerous productions of the Welsh bards during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. And, as, from other demands on the funds of the Institution, they were not at present adequate to this patriotic object, it was also resolved, that a special subscription should immediately be set on foot for the purpose: and it may not be improper to add here, that one has since been commenced under the auspices of Sir W. W. Wynn and the Bishop of St. David's, who have come forward on this, as on every other, occasion, connected with the interests of Wales, in a manner the most liberal. In the course of the meetting,—all the proceedings of which there is not space here to detail,—a copy of the "Horæ Britannicæ" was presented to the Society, with an able and spirited letter from the ingenious author, the perusal of which excited considerable interest. The business of the meeting closed with the nomination of Officers for the year ensuing, when the gentlemen, before in office, were unani-

mously re-elected. It should now be noticed, that two or three productions, connected with the views of the Society, had been prepared for recital on this occasion, but, from a want of time, were unavoidably reserved for a future meeting.

At six o'clock the company, in number about seventy, sat down to a dinner, which, it is but justice to say, was, in every way, worthy of the acknowledged reputation of the Freemasons' Tavern. To particularize every national trait of the festivities, that succeeded the dinner, would go far beyond the necessary limits of this account. It must, therefore, suffice to state generally, that a variety of toasts, connected with the objects of the day, were drank with characteristic enthusiasm,—several Welsh airs and melodies were played,—and our favourite national custom of singing *pennillion* with the harp was enjoyed in a superior degree. Mr. Edward Jones, Bard to His Majesty, performed also his "Welsh airs with variations" in excellent style, and received in return the rapturous cheers of the company. The exertions, likewise, of Mr. Parry, Editor of the "Welsh Melodies," who so ably arranged and conducted the musical performance, as well as of the professional gentlemen with him, towards augmenting the interest of the occasion, were frequently acknowledged by long and loud plaudits*. Nor would it be just to pass unnoticed the services of Mr. Prichard, Harper to the Gwynedd-igion, who so happily succeeded in extracting the soul of melody from the favourite instrument of theCymry.

In the course of the evening the Prize Ode on the "Revival of the Cymmrodorion" was recited with great effect by the Rev. Mr. Williams of Ystradmeirig, and received with an applause enthusiastic and well-merited. In a word, the first Annual Festival of the Cambrian Institution was marked by those peculiarities, which are so well qualified to ensure permanence to the cause, for which the Society was established. It was the reign of harp and song, of hilarity and good fellowship; and it is especially due to the worthy baronet, who presided, to add, that his patriotic conduct on the occasion contributed, in an essential respect, to promote the general festivity†. ***

* The Welsh words, adapted by Mr. Owen Pughe to "Non nobis Domine," and finely sung on the removal of the cloth by Mr. Parry and his professional friends, as well as Mr. Parry's beautiful air of the "Minstrel Boy," given with such admirable effect by Master Smith, deserve particular notice.

† Sir W. W. Wynn took an occasion during the evening to state, that His Majesty would visit Wales in the course of the summer. It is, in fact, known, that he intends honouring Wynnstay with a visit about the latter end of July.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—It is the intention of the Members of this Society to have a Jubilee Dinner on the 3d of September, as this is the fiftieth year of their establishment, in honour of the birth-day of their founder the patriotic Mr. Owen Jones, whose inestimable exertions in the cause of Welsh literature are too well known, and too generally appreciated, to need any eulogium here. There can be no doubt, therefore, that due honour will be done by the Society to an occasion, at once so interesting to themselves, and so honourable to their country.

WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.—It will be seen by an advertisement accompanying this number, that the Report of the proceedings of this Eisteddfod, as well as the Poems, which were produced on the occasion, are now published: and they cannot fail to interest all those, who take any delight in the spirit of literary inquiry now excited in Wales. The Report, in particular, is drawn with judgment, copiousness, and fidelity, and will always remain an accurate and important memorial of one of the most interesting assemblies that ever Wales presented to the admirers of our national lore. It would, perhaps, be an act of injustice, even if space permitted, to make any large extracts; but something is due to the occasion, and the reader may besides be the more induced by a short specimen to consult the publication itself. The following brief passage, therefore, extracted from the speech of Mr. Heber will be admired not merely as conveying the sentiments of an Englishman, and a gentleman of distinguished talent, but as being remarkably applicable to the occasion on which it was delivered.

"'Though not myself a Welshman, and though I have not the good fortune to be able to appreciate, any otherwise than through the medium of translation, the treasures of your elder Bards, I cannot at all forget that it is from them Gray and Southey have borrowed some of the most striking poetry which my own language contains, or that the British tongue had already attained a high degree of cultivation. Nor can I forget that in the pedigree of almost all existing tongues, and in the history of all civilized nations, a knowledge of your antiquities is necessary to a certain extent, whether to the Philologist or the Antiquary; inasmuch as they were your ancestors, who first colonized the widest and fairest regions of Europe, and who have left behind them, intermixed with the language of their successors, and impressed on the most striking features of nature from Caucasus to Denmark, the traces of their previous occupancy.

"'But even, if the language of the Cymry were less ancient, or its stores less valuable, yet so long as it is the living language of half a million of our fellow christians, and fellow subjects, it must richly deserve, and abundantly repay, whatever labour or encouragement may be bestowed on its cultivation. It is evident to all, who consider the subject with attention, that, as every man *thinks* in his mother tongue, so whoever is compelled to express himself in a language, different from that in which his conceptions are formed, is, however unconsciously, compelled to the act of translation. But we all of us know from a comparison of those classic writers which we read in the original with even the best translation, which modern talent and learning can supply, how much is lost in the course of such a transfusion: how much of fire, how much of originality evaporates, and how greatly the sharp touches of genius are effaced from each succeeding impresssion.'"

LITERATURE.

BLEDDYN.—A "Welsh National Tale" has recently been produced under this title by Mr. W. S. Wickenden, "Bard of the Forest," and author of "Count Glarus of Switzerland," and of which indeed a prospective notice has already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON*. In addition to this it was in contemplation to offer in the present Number a general review of this "nation tale;" but a considerable influx of original communications in the course of the last month, added to the circumstance of this being the last Number of the Volume, has occasioned an abandonment of this design, and obliges us to confine our remarks to a few of the most prominent features of the work. And to these if possible shall be subjoined one or two extracts.

It is impossible not to admit, that the Tale of "Bleddyn" evinces proofs of no common talent; and, when the situation in life of the writer,—who "is devoted to husbandry, and is as little blessed by education as fortune,"— is taken into consideration, the credit due to him is greatly enhanced. But, however desirable it may be on this account to encourage his present attempt, and however invidious the task of repressing, in the least degree, the flight of talent, there is a point however, to which we must still pay a paramount regard, without any reference to the considerations alluded to. *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* Under the influence of this impression it is, that we feel we cannot bestow an unqualified encominum on Mr. Wickenden's publication without compromising those very intersts,

* Vol ii. p. 46.

which he has so laudably endeavoured to promote. The Tale of "Bleddyn" is certainly not deficient in merit: it possesses many of those qualities, which indicate the work of a strong natural genius. But there are other requisites, indispensable to the writer of a "national tale," and which it is more than probable Mr. Wickenden has has not had the means of acquiring. These are such, as result from an intimate acquaintance with the people, whose manners he undertakes to describe; they are, in a word, such as have given to the great Scotch novels a charm at once matchless and imperishable. But it would be unfair to the author of "Bleddyn" to try his meris by this standard, notwithstanding the predilection, he expresses, in his introductory chapter, for this great "unknown." And the close approximation of one of his characters, Mabil Evan, to Meg Merrilies proves that he had not studied him in vain.

From the observations premised, it will not be expected that we should offer even an outline of this tale, which, however, is at once simple and sufficiently natural. The faults of the work consist more indeed in its particular features than in its general complexion. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, not such as a person will find amongst the Welsh mountains: nor did they perhaps exist at the period to which the tale relates, the time of the Commonwealth and the Restoration of Charles. Sir Llywelyn Meredydd, in particular, is rather ther a caricature than a faithful portrait: and the notion in p. 19 of the first volume of his "tracing his descent from Camber, third son of Brute," is quite at variance with the national possessions of the old Welsh gentry, who never dream of such a personage as Camber. The character of the Bard too is much overdrawn; but that of Hywel ab Meredydd and Cynan, as well as that of Col. Williams, generally speaking, offer nothing very objectionable, and, if separated from their local associations, are, in every way, respectably drawn. Upon the whole, therefore, we would repeat, that the blemishes in this novel do not affect its general character, but merely as it professes to be in every respect a faithful portrait of Welsh manners. We would also observe, that the word Welsh is misspelt throughout: it is not "Welch," as it is written in every page.

It is with real pleasure, after these prefatory remarks, imperiously demanded by the occasion, that we offer the following extract, which cannot fail to afford a favourable opinion of the

writer's ability. It describes the first discovery by Col. Williams of Bleddyn the hero of the story.

"It was on a dark winter's evening that Colonel Williams, of Llangalt, was returning home from visiting a friend. His way lay along the sea-coast to the north of Caernarvon. A large quantity of snow had fallen, and almost choaked the little rivulets that fell into the Irish Channel. Here and there the stream, rendered black by contrast, appeared struggling through the surrounding impediments, and slowly pursuing its noiseless course. A few oaks, with their branches encrusted over with an icy substance, gave a cast of the picturesque to the wintry scene, and oft a gust of wind brushed away the pendent ice wreaths, which fell clattering on the frozen snow beneath.

"Colonel Williams now entered upon the Lavan sands, which, according to tradition, once formed an exteusive valley. They were, at that period, very dangerous, the poles, which are now fixed as marks to avoid the quicksands, being then not so numerous. The winds began to blow with great violence, and the waves burst in dark eddies on the shore. Colonel Williams, however, with that buoyancy of spirit, which formed a prominent feature in his character, spurred his horse forward at a gallop, in order to keep time to the tune of Joe Pulleine's horn, which he vehemently whistled.

"The Colonel, after being more than once in danger of being swallowed up, cleared the sands, when the gigantic Penmaen Mawr arose like a dense cloud before him, and the pass by which it was ascended appeared a narrow white line, sometimes visible as it wound round some terrific precipice, at others lost amid the deep gullies torn in the mountain by the contending elements. On a nearer survey it appeared dangerous in the extreme. Immense masses of rock, which had been precipitated from the summit of the mountain, were arrested in their course, and hung suspended on projecting ledges, appearing to the terrified imagination in the act of taking another rebound.

"The storm which had long been gathering now burst with great violence, and the snow, which fell apparently in one solid mass, compelled Williams to seek shelter in a crevice beneath a protruding crag, well known as the spot where the Hermit Serriol, celebrated by David Ewain, once secluded himself. Here, in perfect safety, he listened to the elemental war. The dashing of the waves against the craggy rocks, the howling of the wind, as it rushed through the narrow ravines of the mountain, and the crash occasioned by the fall of disjointed pieces of rock from the sterile regions above, were awful and sublime.

"After an hour of continued snow the sky grew clearer, the snow abated, but the winds still blew a perfect hurricane, driving the waves on shore in foamy masses, which, without speaking hyperbo-

lically, might be said to be mountains high, and by the moon-beams, which faintly struggled from between two dense clouds, he perceived a ship obviously in distress drifting towards the shore, sometimes lost between the immense columns of water which appeared to burst over her.

"She now fired several guns of distress, which soon drew a large concourse of spectators, who formed in detached groups along the beach.

"'She'll founder,' said a short square-built man, in a blue jacket, 'the wind blows like the devil in her teeth.'

"'This is some of old Mabil's doings,' said another.

"'The old witch generally sends us a good wind,' said the first. 'See how she rolls!—that's it, blow, my bretty breeze; she founders by ———, and now, my boys, look sharp a head for the glorious kegs of prime old sack.'

"His words were true, she struck on a sunken rock; dreadful shrieks announced the fate of the unhappy crew, who were precipitated amid the waves without the least chance of assistance from shore. Several were seen struggling at intervals above the foam, for a considerable time after she struck.

This circumstance seemed the signal for an universal movement on shore. Several plunged into the water, not to save the unhappy sufferers, but to get possession of the kegs, bales, and other parts of the unfortunate ship's cargo that drifted near the beach. Nay, so intent were they on this disgraceful plunder, that several bodies which were cast on shore were inhumanly stripped, and again plunged in the waves. It was in vain that Colonel Williams endeavoured to stem this torrent of inhamanity; in vain he conjured them to remember the hospitable, generous, open-hearted character of their Cambrian brethren. His remonstrances were, at first, treated with derision, and afterwards with threats. Disgusted at this disgraceful scene, he was going to recommence his journey, when he saw something floating on the water, in a little creek, at the foot of a steep ledge of rock. He supposed, at first, it was a detached part of the wreck, but, on hearing a faint cry proceeding from it, he advanced, and found an infant floating in a small coracle, common among the peasants of Wales. Rejoiced that he had been the means of rescuing the little innocent from a watery grave, he wrapt it up warmly in his coat, and mounting his horse, proceeded on his journey."

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ.—The readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will be glad to hear, that the patriotic author of this national work contemplates the publication of a supplemental volume, "which will contain a translation of the Welsh Historical Triads, with two Essays presented to the Cambrian Society in Dyved," as well as other interesting matter connected with Welsh literature.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AT the suggestion of several friends of the CAMBRO-BRITON, the EDITOR has adopted the resolution of making an alteration in the manner, in which the work will hereafter be published. Instead of monthly, as heretofore, it will be published QUARTERLY, the first Number under the new arrangement to appear on the FIRST of next OCTOBER. The advantages, proposed by this change, cannot but be sufficiently obvious, since it will allow not only of more time for maturing the contents of each Number, but will also enable the EDITOR considerably to enlarge his plan, and consequently to avoid the inconvenience, which must occasionally have resulted from the limits, to which he has hitherto been confined. And, with reference to this subject, it is hardly necessary to add, that the Quarterly Number will be considerably larger than the present; and, of course, with the size, the price must be proportionably encreased. All, however, that can now be stated with certainty on this latter point, is, that the price shall not exceed *four shillings*, and that the four Quarterly Numbers will form a volume, about equal in size to the present.

The Two Volumes, now published, form in themselves a complete work, and will be found, perhaps, to possess some claims on the attention of those, for whom our national literature has any attractions.

To the Correspondents of the CAMBRO-BRITON, the EDITOR has only in general terms to return his grateful acknowlegement of their favours: and he hopes he may still look forward to a continuance of their kind and valuable co-operation. For he cannot have the presumption to rely, with any degree of confidence, on his own unaided exertions. He could here particularize many, to whose assistance he is especially indebted; but the space, to which he is limited, will, unfortunately, not permit him to indulge his feelings in this respect. However, he may say generally, that he has to renew the expression of his gratitude to most of the gentlemen, whose names were mentioned in the Advertisement to the first Volume; and he also owes it to two or three others, who have since favoured him with their assistance.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 21. P. 419 l. 13 *for* "Palagians" *read* Pelagians.
422 l. 32 *for* "British" *read* Breton.
428 l. 19. *for* "this" *read* his.
429 l. 14 *for* "his" *read* him.

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